

No. 27. June 1, 1868.

Weekly — One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



POLLY'S CARRIAGE.

HERE you see our pet Polly is having a ride
In a wheel-barrow swaying from side to side,
Tom tips it half over, but our brave little maid
Holds on tightly, and isn't the least bit afraid.
You fear she'll get hurt—topple over and fall,
But she thinks that would just be the best fun of all!
Folk, whose horses are frisky and carriages high,
May well quake for their limbs when danger is nigh;
But our Polly capsized is still safe and sound,
Because Polly's carriage runs so near the ground.
And thus as the Proverbs of Solomon tell,
'With the lowly is wisdom,'* and safety as well.



WILLIAM AND BERNARD.

(Continued from p. 203.)

WILLIAM HERWARTH—Herwarth—Willigshein, continued the stranger, thinking. 'Stop, I have read the name. Didn't you once, when you were taking care of cattle, show a stranger his way through the wood to the mine of Morgen-segen?'

'Yes, I remember,' replied William, looking at the stranger, but not recognising him; 'but where, sir, could you have read that?'

'That I will tell you,' answered the stranger. 'A few days ago, I was spending a leisure hour with my father, and we were looking through some old pocket-books. In one I read a note with a pencil, "Morgen-segen—Lost in the wood—Meadow in the district of Willigshein—Cowherd boys—Bernard Vierkant, a surly, good-for-nothing of the first class—mischievous fellow.—William Herwarth, active, modest lad—well brought up, mechanical genius, sun-dial—mills—sawyers—accompanied me for an hour." Then I asked my father to explain this to me, and he told me the whole story, so that I can now greet you as an acquaintance who has a double right to help from me as he assisted my father when he was in trouble, for I am the son of this proprietor of mines, Mr. Scharfenstein, of the town of Bachstein.'

William thanked God in his heart that he had sent him His angel in the person of this young horseman, but the latter urged him, and said, 'Now no more hesitation, get up,' and lifted him on the horse.

William allowed it as he could not move from the spot, and must get into some shelter for the night; he cast one sorrowful glance upon the ruins of his property, and then gave himself up completely to the guidance of the gentleman, who walked by his side. They spoke little, for the latter remarked from William's face that he was suffering much pain.

In about an hour they left this road, and a narrow foot-path brought them into the new highroad, and this led them to a public-house.

'I think you had better remain here,' said the gentleman, 'you must have whatever is necessary, and whatever you like, you have nothing to do with paying for anything. I shall ride on further to the nearest town, and send you a surgeon in an hour. You can write a line from here to the man to whom you had to deliver the slates, and mention me as surety for their value. In a week I will come back and see how your foot is progressing; then we can talk about several other things. Only one thing more—I shall see my father to-morrow, and tell him how I have met William Herwarth, his friendly guide of former days; then he will ask me what I have heard about Bernard Vierkant, the surly, lazy fellow of the first class. How is he getting on?'

'You met him to-day, too, just before you were so kind as to stop to help me, sir,' replied William; and then he told him in as mild a way as possible how Bernard had met him in the road and refused to help him.

'Was that he on the coal-cart? He looked like such a one, and your story proves that all the titles which my father gave him in his note-book, ten years ago, hit off his character exactly. Now farewell! In a week we will discuss other matters.' He left William no time to express his thanks, said a few words to the hostess, and soon his horse's hoofs were heard clattering on the road.

CHAPTER III.

Again many years have passed away. Early one morning three gentlemen came from the iron mines and visited all the different mills along the banks of the stream, and at last they stayed some time in the smelting-house. When they came out they all went together into the pretty-looking house of the inspector, and made themselves comfortable after their long walk, while one of the three, the inspector himself, rang the bell, and a good lunch was served. The meal over, the inspector opened a high chest, books on books stood in rows, with titles and numbers neatly written on their backs. He took them out one after another placing them before the two gentlemen. 'Here is the Mining Company's books—here is the account book of Mill No. 1—here that of No. 2—the great ledger of the Rainold's forge,' and so on, book by book.

The elder of the two gentlemen, whose beard was already grey, looked hastily over them one by one; he praised the order and care with which they were kept, and said to the younger, 'Rainold, you have been here lately more than I have, so I will entrust this to you. Last year's accounts balanced to a penny, and I know when we come to the year's end again, all will be just as exact. Mr. Herwarth, I must express to you my complete satisfaction. I trust you may long continue with us!'

'Yes,' added the younger, 'Mr. Herwarth, I wish the same as my father.'

The inspector thanked them politely: 'Mr. Scharfenstein, my greatest desire is to make myself worthy of your confidence, and to fulfil the round of duties which you have so kindly entrusted to me. Your hand has made my happiness, in

* Prov. xi. 2.

your hand it rests for the future, and my strict fidelity, even to the smallest matter, is only a trifling payment of that debt of gratitude which it is your right to demand of me.'

'My debt was the oldest,' said the elder gentleman; 'do you remember, Mr. Herwarth, that day in the meadow?'

'Oh, don't speak of that, Mr. Scharfenstein,' said the inspector, reddening.

'But I like particularly to speak of it, and it pleases me to think that the note in my pocket-book, "mechanical genius," has been so thoroughly proved. In the boy's play his future calling is often manifested. I often felt sorry that I had lost sight of you for so long. Then for some time you employed yourself in an occupation which was not suited to you, and only through the accident which happened to you were you brought to that occupation in life which is so fitted to your talents.'

'Yes,' said the inspector; 'not a day passes in which I do not think God's ways are wonderful! Mr. Rainold, when I then sat down by the lonely roadside, and gazed down upon the fragments of my little property, I did not expect that from those ruins my success in life would arise, and a happy future dawn. And the compassionate hand which was stretched out to the unfortunate proved itself also the strong hand which interposed in my fate, and so arranged that I can now exclaim with joy every morning and evening, "God be praised!" With reverence I look up to this hand,—permit me to take it and shake it warmly as a mark of my gratitude!' With these words he seized the hand of the young master and held it in his own.

'Do not estimate my actions too highly, Mr. Herwarth,' he replied; 'I simply fulfilled the universal duty of man, which orders us to help our neighbour when he is in distress. That I consulted with my father as to what could be done for you, and found you ready to join us, has been proved to be as much for our advantage as for yours; for, believe me, we know how to prize what we and our widely-extended business have found in you. Therefore, remember that we, too, place our thanks in your hand.'

'Remember that next to God, you have to thank yourself for a good deal,' added the elder Scharfenstein. 'When my son came to me, and reminded me of the boy I had met in the meadow, I reflected where in all my extensive business I could find a suitable situation in which you might earn your bread. You worked in a subordinate position in the smelting-house, there you proved yourself trustworthy. I was able to go further and place a number of workmen under your oversight; you were soon intrusted with all the business in that house. The excellent knowledge you picked up at school, so useless to your life as a waggoner, now came to your service; you were able to recollect it, in those hours of leisure which others spent in pleasure; then you studied works on mines and mining, you did not despise the experience of any; you found you could learn something from the poorest miner, you profited by every glance, and soon became the well-informed and experienced man upon whose shoulders I can place a great portion of my own cares, and to

whose orders I can confidently intrust my works and workpeople. And you cannot be more pleased at this than I am myself; believe me that I have followed your gradual advance with much pleasure. Often have I rejoiced and said, "Now look there at my boy of the meadow in the wood!"'

'But it was this very favour on your part,' said the inspector, 'which was to me the strongest incentive to my own progress. Your satisfaction was like a warm sunbeam in which I and all I did seemed to grow and prosper; and then they went on chatting about old times.'

As they were doing so there was a knock at the door. The inspector went out, and a workman told him that a strange man, who was looking for work, wanted to speak with him. 'We would not let him in to you,' he said, 'because —'

'Is his appearance not very good?' said the inspector.

'No,' was the reply, 'he looks rather starved, though he seems to have been drinking, but he said he must see you, as you were an old acquaintance.'

'Let him in then,' replied the inspector.

The workman went out, and soon a broad-shouldered man, with a very dirty face, in a torn blue smock-frock, and ragged white trousers, and faded soldier's cap on his head, which he never touched or took off, entered and stuttered out, 'Well—Mr. William, Mr. Inspector, I mean to say—I have tried in so many places, now I am going to try with you. We have always been good friends, as cowherds and as waggoners, too,—fellow-countrymen, companions—now you must make a sort of inspector of me too. Just as you are. That is by no means the worst post. You have a fire—fine room—better than with the farmers. Mr. William, good fellow—get such a post for me for old companion's sake.'

'Bernard,' said the inspector, 'not another word. In the state in which I now see you, I will not talk to you for a moment longer! Sleep off your drunken bout, then you can come back again, if you have anything to say to me. Now go!'

'Ho! Mr. William—Inspector—or whatever you are called. You have become proud and will not recognise a good old friend.'

'Bernard! you can speak to me when you are sober. Now go!'

'Sober! I am sober, Mr. Inspector—sober as a calf, only a little drop and more; only —'

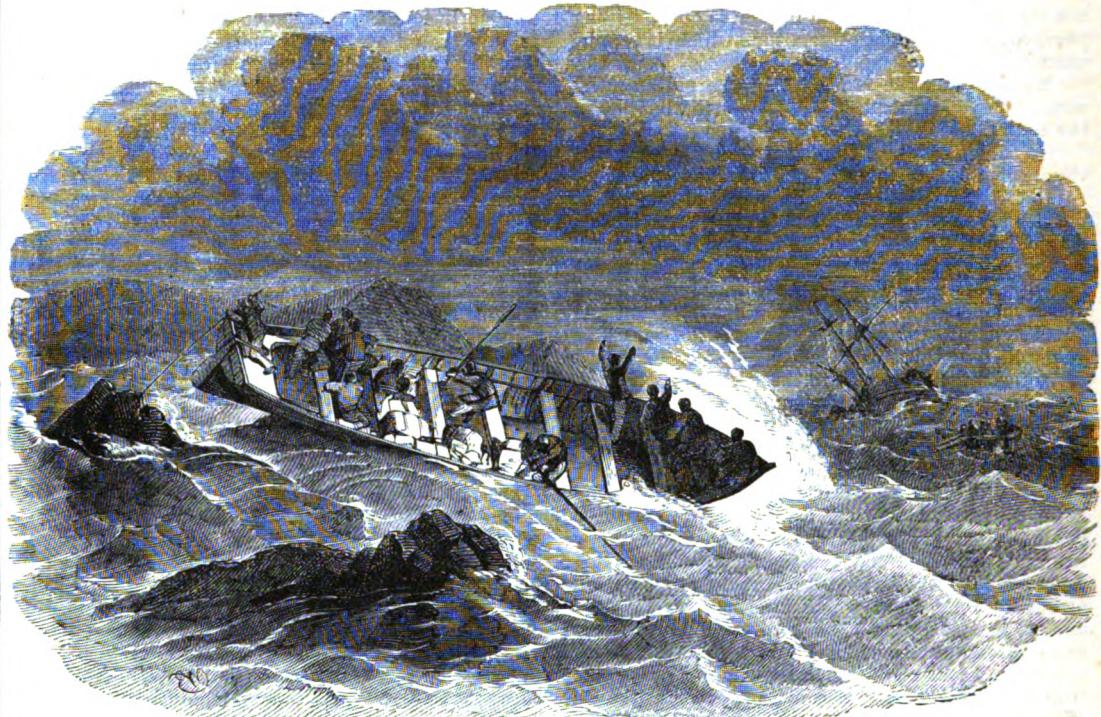
'Turn that fellow out, or have him turned out by the men,' cried the elder Mr. Scharfenstein, who had come to the door of the adjoining room. 'If he is sober he can come again, or, better still, stay away altogether.'

'Bernard, now go at once, or I shall call the workmen,' said the inspector, sternly. 'When you are sober I will hear you. Now go.'

'Ho! and to an old companion!' he began to cry.

But the inspector opened the window, and beckoned to a workman. 'Look after this man,' he said—'he must sleep it off, then bring him to me!'

(To be continued.)



The boats leaving the wreck.

THE STORY OF A LUMP OF GOLD.

(Continued from page 206.)

PART IV.

THE perils I have alluded to were the perils of shipwreck and hunger. Of course I could not suffer by these — indeed I should be more content to lie for ages at the bottom of the sea than to be where I am now,—in a crucible shortly to be melted away.

When the man Brown saw the ship quite out of sight, he returned to Auckland, sought out a goldsmith, and parted with all his gold except me. By his exchange he pocketed as much as a hundred and fifty pounds. He then bought new clothes, and resided at an hotel for a month ; after which, he took his passage in a ship named the 'Eliza,' bound for New York, in America.

I am particular to name the ships he sailed in, because one of them, that which he deserted from, the 'Peveril Castle' reached England in safety, while the 'Eliza' was shipwrecked.

She was a bark which had come southward on a whaling expedition, and had been a good deal knocked about by ice in the South Pacific. Brown entered as a passenger, when her repairs, for which she had put into Auckland, were finished. The voyage at first was favourable. The ship passed through the icebergs off Cape Horn in safety, and had the trade-winds with her afterwards ; but when off Guiana, in South America, she went on a rock in a gale of wind.

And now there was indeed fear on board and a fight for life. It was evident the ship's timbers were breaking up, and that she could not hold together long. There were only two boats on board, and as these were lowered, so many tried to spring into them together, that several men were washed away by the waves. At length, as many as thirty persons got into the boats, which then were pushed off, and the 'Eliza' was left to her fate.

In one of these boats was Brown, ready to throw everything away now, if only he could save his life. If I had not been in the neckerchief which he still wore, I believe he would have left me behind in his haste to escape.

The boats soon parted company, and the two crews never saw each other again. In the hurry of getting out of the wrecked ship before she went to pieces, those in our boat had only been able to bring a few biscuits ; and there was no fresh water. We were thirteen in all.

It was thought by some of the sailors that land could not be very far off, and so when we had cleared the rocks where the ship struck, all hands pulled their oars westward. For hours they worked very hard until the sun set, then they divided two biscuits among the thirteen, and lay to for the night. Next morning the sea was as smooth as glass, and now thirst began to set in. As I have said above, there was not a drop of fresh water on board, but all the men still worked at the oars, and so passed that

day ; and on the next four men sank down and could row no more. On the same night the crew was reduced to nine.

Next day all the biscuits were gone ; one or two more men sank down and died, and so it lasted for a week. The sun ascended, crossed the sky and sank ; that was all the change. The crew numbered now only four, among whom was Brown, my owner.

I cannot tell you all they went through in that week. At length they were mercifully cast on shore, when, bad men as they had been, they all went down on their knees and returned thanks to God.

It was a wild, open country, the land upon which they had been cast, but they soon found water, and by-and-bye some fruits, which strengthened them. They saw no inhabitants, however. After two or three days' rest, the four men resolved to march forward in hopes of meeting some human creature. They had no notion of where they were, and strange ideas took possession of their minds : ' Were they in a country of savages ? — Were their lives, which had been saved from the sea, now to be taken on dry land ? ' Brown would have parted with me now for a single morsel of dry bread.

One day, tired and almost hopeless as they were, trudging onward, their clothes tattered and shoes gone ; the foremost of the party, who was in advance, was seen by the others to step suddenly on a bank, raise his arms, and then he cried out as the others came near, ' Safe ! safe ! safe ! '

The hearts of all beat high. How did he know



they were safe ? ' Safe ! safe ! ' he continued. ' There it is ! Look at it ! '

Brown and the other men ascended the bank and looked, and there, in a valley, nestling among trees was a church-spire.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE TWO FOREIGNERS.

A SKETCH FOR THE BOYS.



On an excursion which I lately made through the country, I met with a brace of foreigners who, I noticed, had a way of rendering themselves agreeable to persons of all ranks—to the prince as well as to the beggar. They seemed to spend much of their time in taverns, though I met with them now and then at private houses ; but here they generally conducted themselves, at least on their first introduction, with much modesty and quietness. I observed that many appeared to be highly delighted with their company, although the foreigners never failed to pick their pockets and often played them vile tricks.

I took particular notice of the apparent pleasure with which an old man received them on entering a tavern where I had called for the purpose of taking some refreshment. His eyes sparkled with pleasure on seeing them. He seemed to enjoy their company for some time with more and more satisfaction, until at length they began to abuse him. After robbing him of his little stock of money, dashing him rudely around the room, and tumbling him over the benches, they at last tripped up his heels, and threw him headlong out of the door. The old man

received a severe wound of the head in his fall, and it was some time before he recovered himself. But, upon opening his eyes and seeing the landlord near him, he requested to be again favoured with the company of these abusive foreigners. I confess I was much surprised that he should manifest no resentment for the wrong they had done him, inasmuch as I was told they were old acquaintances, and that they had frequently abused him in a similar manner. Indeed, the marks of violence which the old man had received from them on former occasions were still to be seen on his countenance.

He possessed, as I was informed, a handsome fortune when he first made the acquaintance of these foreigners. They insinuated themselves into his confidence until they found that they had him completely under their control. They then swindled him out of large sums of money, and in the course of a few years reduced him almost to beggary. They had several times assaulted him, leaving him, even in cold winter nights, quite insensible ; in which condition he had several times been found by his neighbours, who, with great trouble, had saved his life.

At the time I saw him he was clad in tattered garments, his face was swollen, his eyes red and inflamed, and his limbs partially palsied. These were some of the injuries he had received at the hands of those villainous foreigners. But, notwithstanding this, he could not be persuaded by any

arguments to forego the pleasure which he felt in their company.

Children, you will meet with these two foreigners at your entrance upon the world; you will be introduced to them, and solicited to receive them as friends. They will try to make you like them by pretending to add to your pleasures. But, as you value your happiness and the esteem of the wise and good, spurn them and their friends from your society; for, if you become familiar with them, they will surely bring you to poverty and wretchedness. Their names are Rum and Brandy!—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*



AN ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

OME years ago, in a hunting expedition in America, my companions had left me to follow the track of a stag which they had discovered the day before. I rode on alone through the dense forest, enjoying the clear morning air. After an hour's ride I came to an open space and saw before me a small lake. I immediately pulled up my horse and sprang down, for I perceived on the opposite shore a buck and two deer which had come down to drink. They looked fat and strong, and I was very anxious to kill one of them, both to replenish our store of food, and also I wished to have a laugh at the expense of my companions from whom I had not yet heard a single shot.

I saw drawn up on the bank close to me a little canoe, and, as soon as the deer turned their backs on me, I tied up my horse, got into the canoe, and crossed over.

I then crept stealthily after the deer, and, getting within shot of them, I brought the buck to the ground. When I came up to him I found he was dead, and I stung him across my shoulders, put him in the canoe, and brought him back to the other side.

Just as I was fastening him behind my saddle, I heard a rustling. My rifle was speedily cocked, for in these woods one is never sure against a surprise, when, suddenly, I saw a huge mass arise out of the long grass, and before me stood in his full height a grizzly bear. He snorted and gnashed with his teeth. I took aim, though I trembled to my very heart, for in all my hunting expeditions I had never yet met with this formidable wild beast. I fired, but instead of his eye I had aimed at his heart. The bear raised himself up and looked still larger, and then, with a fearful cry, half a growl and half a roar, he rushed upon me. I had not killed the bear, and my position was a terrible one. I had no pistol, not even a knife, for, being on a riding expedition, I had only brought my gun. My horse was still tied up; how could I jump on him and escape? A blow with the butt-end of my gun on the bear's skull would be of little avail, even if I could manage it. The only thing I could do was to hide myself behind a tree, hoping I might succeed in climbing up it, and,

that, as the grizzly bear cannot climb, I might hold out till my cries were heard at our encampment. I hid myself behind a great oak and narrowly watched all the bear's movements. The bear became furious and showed his teeth, and, as often as he uttered his dreadful howl, a cold shiver passed through my whole frame. Now and then he stood still for a moment as if to consider, and I used these opportunities to run behind another tree. He followed me and drove me half-a-dozen times round the tree, and once almost struck me on the head with his paw, but he did not succeed in mastering me. The circle which the beast had to make was considerably larger than mine, and this saved me.

I knew that I was a long way from the camp and that my shouts could not penetrate the dense forest, nevertheless I cried out with all my might. But no answer came. My only hope was to reach one of the thinner trees to climb up it, and shoot the bear from thence. But this was too dangerous a risk, for scarcely had I left the tree than he was after me, and before I could have climbed the tree he would have seized me by the leg. As the time went on the bear became more and more furious, while I became gradually more weary. I could not hold out much longer, and the fear of death almost overcame me. I fixed my eyes on the huge bear, and felt myself already in his clutches, imagining how he would tear my flesh and enjoy the morsel he had so long been waiting for.

The bear seemed to have lost none of his strength. He glared at me, and sometimes ground his teeth as if he wished me to understand that I was his prey, and I feared that he was right. I looked at my gun and wished that I could load it; scarcely had I made up my mind to do this at the next time he stopped, when he sprang upon me. I ran round the tree once, twice, three times. I could do so no longer. It required all my strength to drag one leg after the other. The fourth time he paused. I now seized my powder-horn; but at the same moment my enemy rushed upon me. My gun no longer helped me, its weight only added to my fatigue, so I determined to let it fall; I did so. The bear stopped and made a circuit to avoid the gun. He now raised a strange sound such as I had never before heard, and ran after me. I sprang up and threw myself full length upon the ground.

I closed my eyes and earnestly breathed from the bottom of my soul 'May God protect me!' My strength was exhausted. Had I got up I should not have been able to run any more. The thought struck me, the bear will perhaps think that I am dead, and therefore not touch me, but should I make the slightest motion he will spring upon me. It was a long and painful struggle which I then underwent. But I did not hear a sound from my enemy. Where was he? Was he watching me so silently? I listened attentively, but I heard nothing. This horrible suspense I could no longer endure. Death itself would be better. I raised my head, looked round, and sank back again quite overcome with joy. There lay the monster,—on his side, his huge paws stretched out towards me, and a great stream of blood flowing out from his mouth. I got on my

feet and looked down on my dead enemy. He had at last sunk from the effects of the shot. I sat down to recover my strength, and, after I had rested myself a little, and had thanked God with all my heart for this narrow escape from death, I went to the lake where I found my friends waiting for me on the opposite shore. When I had rowed across to them and brought them back to the other side, I forgot all about the buck; but I led them to the bear, telling them my adventure whilst we skinned him. The ball had penetrated the right lung. He must have been bleeding all the time till his lungs were filled with blood, and his fearful yell had been just before his death. The negro who was with us assured us that he was the biggest bear he had ever seen. We brought him home where he was received in triumph. My feet are now resting on his skin.

J. F. C.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A LESSON ON QUARRELLING.

A FINE, bright-eyed Needle was resting one day, After two or three hours of labour, When a pert little Pin, that had plenty to say, Began to find fault with its neighbour. 'Fray, what are you good for,' the little Pin said, 'A poor, slender creature without any head!'

The Needle was vexed by such comments as these, So gave this uncourteous reply : 'Of what use is your head, I would ask, if you please, So long as you have not an eye?' 'What use is an eye,' said the Pin in a minute, 'If from morning till eve you have got something in it?'

'Well, I am more active,' the Needle went on— 'Than you, and more work I get through.' 'Yes,' answered the Pin, 'but you will not live long, So I am the best of the two.' 'Not live! and pray why not?' the Needle replied. 'Because you have always a *stitch* in your side.'

'How crooked you are!' said the Needle, 'how small Is your figure, how awkward your make!' 'But you are so proud that you can't bend at all,' Said the Pin, 'or your back you must break!' Thus foolishly quarrelled the Needle and Pin, For the battle was one which neither could win.

A little girl came to the workbox and tried— Imitating her mother—to sew; She soon broke the Needle, and threw it aside, Then she took up the Pin, but you know That it has not an eye, so she tied on the thread, But in jerking it through she tore off its head.

'We have something to cry about now,' said the Pin, 'As here in misfortune we lie.' 'Ah! how silly we were such a strife to begin,' The Needle replied, with a sigh; 'And people, I fancy, when they disagree, A picture in us of their folly might see.'

THE TENTH BIRTHDAY.

IT was on a bright and lovely day in June when Mr. and Mrs. Keane took a drive with their children to visit some friends at Wilton.

Harry Upton, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Upton, had just reached the age of ten, and his parents promised him that when his age was expressed by two figures he might invite as many friends to spend his birthday with him, as there were years in his life. Charlie and Ellen Keane were amongst the chosen ten, and they were very proud of the invitation, as they were younger than Harry.

When the day of their visit arrived, the two children were so excited that they could scarcely contain their joy. Mr. and Mrs. Keane, and the children, left home soon after breakfast, as they had to drive round by the market-town that the children might buy some birthday presents for Harry. Ellen, who was fond of reading, bought a book as her present, and Charlie chose a bow and arrows. And as they were really generous, and not selfish children, they felt greater delight in being able to give these presents than they would have felt if they had been going to receive them themselves.

When they arrived at Welcom Hall, their friends were delighted to see them, and the day passed very pleasantly. Harry was very pleased with the presents which Ellen and Charlie had brought, and showed them a little pony, and a big Newfoundland dog, a cricket-ball, and other birthday gifts which had been given to him, for his father and friends were rich people. When the day was over all the children said that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The younger ones wished that birthdays came once a-month, instead of once a-year; and, above all, they thought that to be ten years old was a thing to be much desired.

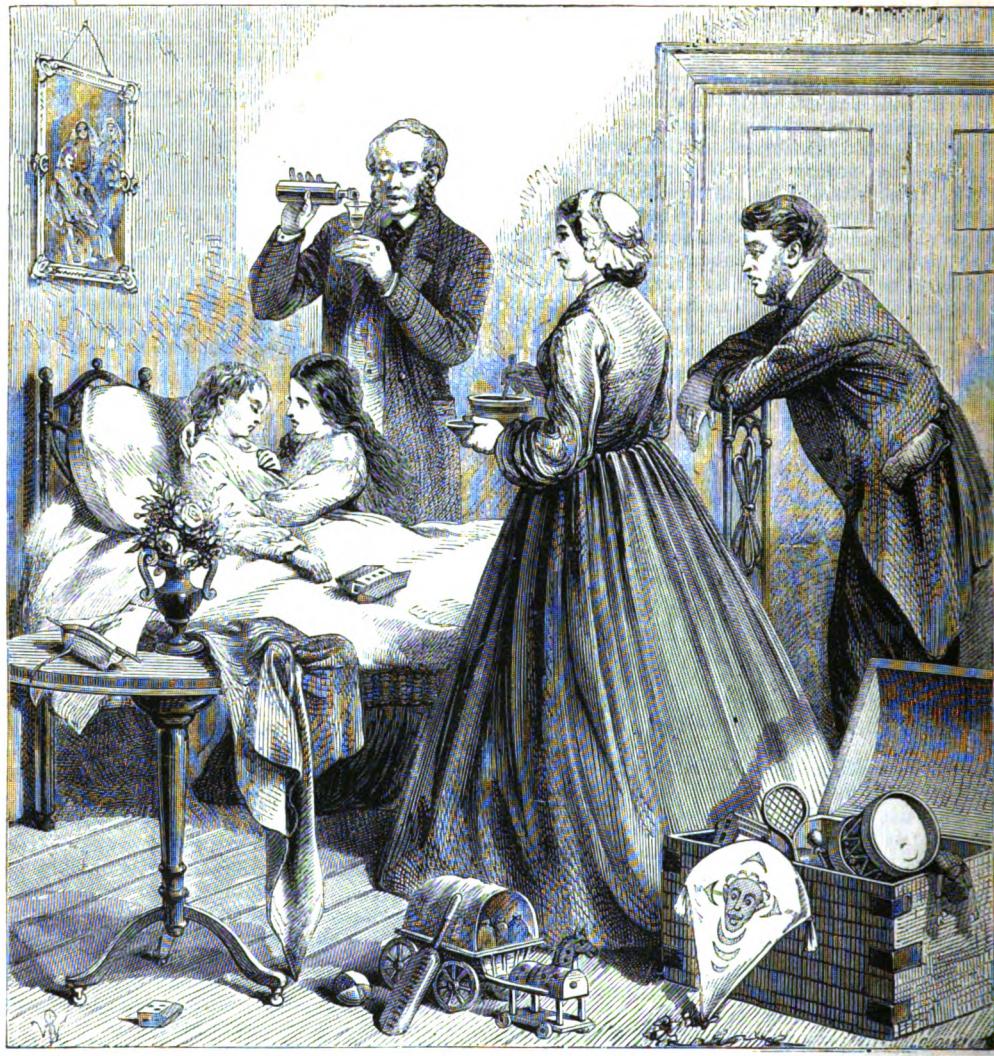
The arriving at the age of ten seemed such a tip-top of happiness and grandeur to Charlie that he could not get it out of his mind.

'When I am ten,' he constantly said, 'I shall have a party: shall I not, mother? When I am ten, father, will you give me a pony like Harry's? And when I am ten, Nelly, you must give me a cricket-bat.' But this little boy, young as he was, had to learn that many things may happen before a child passes from seven to ten years of age which may change all his little plans.

'How the horses prick up their ears, father!' said Charlie, 'what is the matter?'

'They seem to be a little frightened at something on the side of the road, it must be a man asleep.'

The coachman was driving his horses carefully, but, alas! just as they got quite close to the man, he jumped up suddenly, as if aroused from sleep, with a loud 'Halloa.' This terrified the horses, they set off at a furious gallop, and the coachman could not hold them in. Presently they came in sight of a timber-waggon just as they were at the turn of the road, the waggon was going the same way as they were, and was exactly in the middle of the



road, and the waggoner did not see or hear the carriage in time to get his lumbering team to one side. All Mr. Keane's coachman could do was to pull hard to the right, they cleared the waggon, but ran over a great heap of stones and were overturned.

Mr. Keane and the coachman were thrown forward, and were not much hurt. Mrs. Keane was very much shaken and bruised, Ellen escaped with a few scratches, but poor Charlie was so much hurt that his life was despaired of. For some days he was quite unconscious, and for nearly a fortnight he was kept very quiet. At last the doctor said he was well enough to see his sister.

Ellen went up to his bed quietly, and gently put her arm round his neck and kissed him. After this time she quite became his nurse. His large box of toys was brought in, and when he was tired

of these she read stories out of some of her favourite books.

Before Charlie's illness it could not be said that these two children were as kind to each other as they ought to have been. Scarcely a day passed without some little quarrel. Ellen was obstinate, and Charlie was selfish, but after the accident they were most loving and kind. If Charlie seemed to desire anything, Ellen would give it him almost before he expressed a wish for it, and he, in return for his sister's kindness to him in his sickness, was ever ready to please her in all things. Thus the brother and sister grew up together in peace and love, and though their parents seldom praised them, yet they were very proud of them, and thanked God daily for giving them such good, and obedient children.

W. M.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED, price One Halfpenny each.
Parts I. II. III. IV. V. and VI. price 3d. each, are now ready.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

STRANGWAYS AND WALDEN.]

Digitized by Google

[28 Castle St. Leicester Sq.

No. 28. June 8, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.





THE DABCHICK.

OFTEN wish, whenever I see young goslings, that we could keep them always just such as they are during the first few weeks of their lives. The nearest approach to this and a sort of mixture of the charm of goslings, ducklings, with somewhat of a chicken, is found in the first dabchick, at least I thought so the first time I had the opportunity of watching one alive when quite close to it.

You may often see dabchicks at a distance, sometimes you may get tolerably near them when well hidden, or when in a railway train. The game and other wild creatures know perfectly well, that that snorting iron monster, thundering along like a great linked snake upon wheels, will never do them any harm, so one can sometimes get a good look at a dabchick in the lakes or ponds, which are often seen on the side of our railways. But no chance of seeing a dabchick was ever so acceptable to me as when I found one, seemingly happy, in a large cage in the fish-house of the Zoological Gardens; where you may see also water-wagtails, meadow-pipits, kingfishers, dunlin, sand-piper, and other birds, which one loves to see about, but to whom one can never get as close as one would like.

Dear little innocent as the dabchick appears to us, the young fish, or small fry, as they are called, (and which we do not wish to fry now-a-days, but protect if we can), must think it a very wolf. Because, while we fancy it is only paddling in the sunshine and looking at the diamond drops on the water-weeds, its bright eye is watching what is going on underneath the surface.

Noisily it disappears, for a moment, and then you see it with outstretched neck racing a poor little fish at a tremendous pace, and soon it takes hold of it with its dagger-like beak and gobble it up. Although being imprisoned is not pleasant, however pretty and large that cage in the fish-house may be, Dabby may be thankful that he is there, because that was the means of saving his life. People who want to fish themselves do not like anybody else to do so; and, if Dabby when free ate at the rate of thirty, or forty, young trout a-day, there were so many less to grow up for hook or net. So one day when Mr. B. of the Zoological Gardens went for a day's fishing at a friend's pond, he found the keeper was catching these pretty little fellows, the dabchicks, with nets, in order to destroy them. He begged to have them for his long cage in the fish-house; and that is how it came there, and how I could make a drawing from life, and how you can go and see it yourself.

The dabchick belongs to a group of birds called 'grebes,' and is the smallest of those of the species which are to be found in England. It is common enough, as its skin is of no value, but the larger and handsomer ones are nearly all destroyed, and are rarely to be seen. If they do show their face, some people will never rest until they have persuaded

them by powder and shot to get themselves stuffed and put in a glass-case, or to get themselves skinned and made into muffis, tippets, and hat-feathers for big and little ladies. It is a pity, as they are much more interesting to look at alive. But the first people, I mentioned, wish to be called naturalists, and fancy they are very scientific; while the others wish to please their lady friends, or wish the money for which they can sell the poor grebes' fine clothes. So our dear little Dabby gains by his modest suit that nobody cares for. If he only had the sense to eat valueless fish or such as are not prized for sport, nobody would think of interfering with him.

WILLIAM AND BERNARD.

(Continued from p. 211.)

THE workman seized him firmly, the inspector shut the door, and they heard from the street the half-begging, half-angry cry, 'To turn me away, an old acquaintance, a good friend!' and as a fitting end to the whole scene, there might be heard in the distance, interrupted by drunken cries, the song—

'I have never done any good in my life;
One sees by the feathers I bear what sort of a bird I am.'

'Who was that then?' said the elder master when the inspector had sat down again; 'who was that who made so much of his old acquaintance and friendship with you?'

'An old acquaintance of yours too, Mr. Scharfenstein,' he replied. 'It is Bernard Vierkant, of Willegshein, my comrade in the meadow.'

'Well, indeed!' cried the old gentleman, 'a noble weed has grown out of him.'

'Mischiefous fellow—sury lazybones of the first class, as your note said, father!' added Rainold. 'It exactly hits off what you then wrote of the boy,—the drunkard only is wanting.'

'That naturally is added to the rest,' said the old gentleman.

'I think I recognise, too, our waggoner of the coal-cart,' added Rainold; 'how idly he leant over the side, and blew the smoke out of his pipe, after he had proved himself so kind and helpful to our friend, the inspector.'

'Inspector,' said old Scharfenstein seriously, 'you won't have anything to do with that man? I think you had better not let him in again.'

'Mr. Scharfenstein,' replied the inspector, 'I must listen to him, he has a right as a fellow-countryman and old companion.'

'But he has long ago forfeited that right, when he destroyed your boyish works in the meadow, and caused you so much grief and pain.'

'And doubly so at the quarry,' added Rainold.

'And threefold and tenfold more so,' said the inspector, 'if I were to remember all that he has done to me. But that old right comes plainly up before me, now that he has fallen both outwardly and inwardly,—now that he is more wretched than I was at the quarry,—cast out, as it appears, from the ranks of all decent men, and needing the hand that shall give him the last trial, and endeavour to draw

him up from the depth of his degradation. If no one takes compassion on him, he must be utterly ruined ; but no one will do it unless I do, his oldest acquaintance and comrade, and I have just perhaps the chance, if I treat him kindly, of making a useful man out of him.'

'The experiment will fail, Mr. Inspector,' replied the old gentleman, 'and you will get little thanks for it. When I picture to myself the Vierkant of the meadow, how good and kind words had no effect on him, his stolid idleness, and, in spite of that, his mean malice and mischief—and then what you have just mentioned, Rainold, his unfeelingness at the distress of others—'

'And now his complete degradation and drunkenness,' added Rainold, 'and his behaviour before you, Inspector, of which I have just been witness—I think he is a man whom we must simply give up.'

'Allow me, Mr. Scharfenstein, to give him a last trial,' said the inspector, 'and to give him some employment in one of the many branches of your establishment, either at the smelting-house, or at one of the saw-mills, or in the mine ; I will steadily watch him, warn him, and encourage him to regular work. Who knows ? perhaps I might succeed, and that would be a great joy.'

'Your kind heart speaks for him,—nothing else,' said the old man. 'Well, I shall not oppose you : I have nothing to say against your trying. But I am quite convinced that you will not succeed.'

The three consulted together about several other things, surveyed this and that, both within and without the smelting-house, then the two Mr. Scharfesteins took leave of the inspector, got into their carriage, and drove off to the town.

Towards evening Bernard had become sober, and he asked the man who had charge of him if he might see the inspector. He was admitted. William gave him something to eat, and talked to him seriously and kindly, and then asked for a true account of how he had passed the last years of his life. The interest which the inspector plainly showed that he took in him did not fail to arouse the last remnant of feeling in the degraded man, and the confession of his profligate career appeared to be a true one.

He had been servant to one farmer after another, had spent his wages in liquor, was constantly driven out of service, got into trouble for enlisting at all the fairs, and the magistrates had at last taken care that he should be drawn to serve in the army ; as a soldier he was always getting into scrapes ; he was more in the watch-house than on the parade-ground ; and, at last, having been insubordinate to an officer, was sentenced to imprisonment in the fortress. When at last he had served his time, he took service and left it, earned something, and then drank all his earnings, was often locked up for fighting at public houses, worked as a day-labourer, idled about, tried this and that, kept to nothing, no one would have him any longer, he became degraded and ragged, and was constantly drunk, so he had arrived to-day at the forge, as he said, 'to try once more with Mr. William.'

Thus then he stood before the inspector, the

companion of his youth, who, by just the contrary conduct, had risen to a respectable and confidential position, and had won universal esteem.

The inspector spoke to him seriously, but kindly ; he promised he would not touch another drop of spirits, that he would live regularly, be diligent at the post at which he was placed, keep the peace with his fellow-workmen, give his weekly wages to the inspector to take care of, and punctually follow his directions in everything.

So, dressed anew from head to foot, Bernard Vierkant left with a feeling such as he had seldom experienced before, to begin in the morning, when the bell rang, his new life in the smelting-house.

The inspector commanded him to the care of the best and steadiest of the workmen, asking them to keep an eye on him, to treat him kindly and strictly, and to give him from time to time a faithful report of him. The simplest work, which required no skill, was intrusted to him.

The first few days' report was satisfactory, and he seemed to be contented himself when, on the first Saturday evening, he handed the inspector his wages, who encouraged him in the kindest manner. The second week, too, there was a fair report, but on the Saturday he kept a few pence back out of his wages, as he wished to make some purchases. But the third Saturday he did not appear, neither did the inspector see anything of him on Sunday.

On Monday, about noon, one of the overseers came and told him that Bernard Vierkant had just come to the smelting-house fearfully drunk ; he had thrown himself down by the fire and would not move ; they scarcely knew whether he was dead or alive.

A cloud of sadness passed over the inspector's face when he heard this. He went to the house, and was horrified at the spectacle he saw there. He ordered the drunken fellow to be removed, who stuttered out, 'Eh, Mr. William—Mr. Inspector, I should say—only a little Sunday brandy, an egg-shell full, nothing more.'

They took him away, and next morning he ventured to appear before the inspector. After severe reprimands and admonitions, and new promises, the inspector allowed him to work again.

Some complaints came that Bernard would not do as he was told, and that only when the inspector was near he pretended to work. Others complained that they could not get on at all with the surly fellow, that he caused quarrels such as had never before been in the smelting-house. Others complained of his indecent talk, which they did not like to listen to. He began to forget by degrees, also, to bring his wages on Saturday to the inspector, and passed Sunday in drinking so that on Monday the drunken scenes were repeated. The inspector at last gave him no more wages, but kept them all back ; then the tavern-keepers of the neighbourhood informed the inspector of bills he had for spirits which the wages had to go to pay.

(To be concluded in our next.)



THE STORY OF A LUMP OF GOLD.

(Continued from p. 213.)

PART V.

The land upon which the shipwrecked men had

had given them such delight. The party hastily descended the hill towards the church. 'No fear of being killed by savages now,' said the same man who only half-an-hour before had said there *was* fear of it.

Hayannah.

been thrown was one of the West India islands belonging to England, which, though neither very large nor important, yet contained a few English people who dwelt in a small town, the church-spire of which, seen by the men from the hill,

'Where there is a church,' said another, 'there are sure to be friends.'

'And,' said a third, 'I never knew before how beautiful a church was. Hark! there is the clock striking!'

'A clock!' said Brown; 'then it must be striking thirteen. It is not a clock, but a bell. Who knows? perhaps it may be Sunday!'

At this thought the men rejoiced, and as they came nearer, and the bell continued to ring—its sweet sounds carried up the valley so peacefully and still—they all felt it *must* be the Sabbath-day.

'Friends,' said the chief speaker, 'we cannot do better than go to church at once. We have been delivered from the raging sea, from hunger, and from death, and we should remember Who it is that has protected and saved us. Shall we all go to church?'

It was agreed to, and the congregation present there that day, wondering who the four ragged men could be, knew well when they heard the clergyman read,—'Four persons now in this congregation desire to return thanks to Almighty God for their deliverance from shipwreck, hunger, and death.'

After church there was no need for the men to tell their story. It was known all through the town, and their friends vied with each other in supplying their wants. Never before had they been so happy.

There was, however, one hindrance to Brown's happiness, for his conscience, ever since his shipwreck had been pricking him. 'Oh, that lump of gold! that lump of gold!' he said frequently to himself, 'how hard it rests here.' He now resolved to make a clean breast of it, and, calling upon the clergyman next day, told him the whole history of his crime—how he had been tempted to turn robber in Australia, and how the man Green had been shot in the bush, 'though not by me,' he put in—'I am free from that part of the crime.' He narrated his wanderings, his fears at Melbourne, the conversation he had heard in the inn, his running away at Auckland and sailing in the 'Eliza' for New York, the shipwreck, and all that followed it. 'And now, sir,' he added, 'I cannot be happy while I possess this lump of gold. In this part of the world it will be impossible for me to restore it to its lawful owner, but I will carry it no more. I wish you to take it, sir, and get it exchanged into money. It is worth, at least, forty pounds, and the money will do good to the poor. I leave it in your hands.'

Such a confession touched the good clergyman. He could not attempt to persuade Brown to keep it, knowing how he had acquired it; he felt too, that it would be useless to seek the owner, who was in Australia; and so he consented to take it, its value to be spent in charity.

And thus I changed hands once more.

After some days' stay in the island, the men, three of whom were Americans, expressed a wish to get to their own country, and Brown, who could not stay behind, resolved to go with them. A small vessel was about to leave the island for Cuba, from whence there would be plenty of opportunities of getting to New York.

And so they sailed: a free passage was given them

to Havannah,* the port and capital of Cuba, from which place the whole party went in another ship as seamen to New York. Brown, unlike his companions, was not a sailor by profession, yet it was not the first time that he had handled a rope or gone aloft to reef sails; he did not forget the 'Peveril Castle.'

I know thus much of Brown's history after I quitted him, because I was often in his company. The son of the clergyman had gone with the party to Havannah, and had seen them sail for New York. The chief purpose of his journey, however, was to sell me to a Spanish goldsmith.

I fetched a good sum in dollars—quite equal to forty pounds in English money, with which the young man returned to his father, who spent it upon the poor, according to Brown's wish. I remained for a short time in the goldsmith's possession, and then was put into the crucible.

I am there now; the heat of the fire is intense, but I can bear it. I know that I shall soon be melted, but ere I became liquid, I felt I had a story to tell, and I have told it. I trust that, if ever I am made into watch-chains or other articles of jewellery, I shall not rest on so uneasy a breast as that of the man Brown.

W.

OLD PONTO.



NE of the most affecting stories I ever heard about a dog, was told me many years ago by an uncle of mine who once lived in Paris. My uncle was walking on one of the quays, when he saw a man approach, holding a dog by a chain. The poor animal was frightened, and yet did not attempt to struggle as he was being led along. He looked up piteously at his master, and every now and then tried to fawn about his feet as if pleading with him. 'Poor beast, he might know seemingly what was going to happen,' said the man.

'What is going to happen?' inquired my uncle.

'Sir, I'm going to drown him; that is what will happen.'

'But why, sir?—are you his master?'

'I am certainly his master, and he is old—Poor Ponto! I am sorry.'

The dog gave a low whine, and, trembling, crouched close to his master.

'He does not seem very old, and drowning is a hard death,' said my uncle.

'Sir, he is quite useless.'

While he was speaking the words, the man unmoored a little boat, lifted the dog in, and rowed to the middle of the stream. When he came to where the water was deepest, my uncle saw him lift up the dog suddenly, and throw him with great force into the stream.

If the master had thought that the dog's age and infirmities would prevent his struggling for life, he

* See the picture.

was much mistaken, for he rose to the surface, kept his head well up, and trod the water bravely. The man then began to push the dog away with an oar, and at last losing all patience, he struck out so far as to deal the dog a blow by which he overbalanced himself, and fell into the river. He could not swim, and now began the generous animal's efforts, not to save his own life, but that of the master who was trying to drown him. The dog swam to him, and seizing fast hold of his coat-collar, held him up until a boat put off to his rescue, and brought him, half drowned, and wholly frightened, to the shore, his faithful dog barking, crying, and licking his hands and face in the greatest excitement of affection. I remember still the look with which my uncle used to tell how he stepped forward and asked the man, 'Do you still think him useless—this generous dog?'

'I think he deserves a better master,' said a gentleman who had witnessed the incident, and there and then he made an offer to buy Ponto, but the man, embracing his dog, said hoarsely,

'No, sir, no; as long as I have a crust I will give half to my poor Ponto.'

A woman who had a basket on her arm came up at the time and said, 'I should think you would, indeed, or else you ought to be ashamed to look him in the face,' and out of her basket she took a piece of meat, and the dog was feasted and patted, and made much of; and from that time as long as my uncle stayed in Paris he often saw Ponto on the quay, and the story of his generosity to his master made him so many friends that the dog's keep was no longer burdensome. No one was suffered to molest him, and his old age was doubtless the happiest period of his life.

A TERRIBLE HOUR.

A YOUNG man in Dresden, the skilful workman of a locksmith in that city, who made strong money-chests and closets, found himself lately in a dreadful situation. One of these stumbling-blocks to the thieves of modern times had just come smooth and polished from the muscular hands of this son of Vulcan, and now the lock must be tried. But this did not quite satisfy the workman. The bolts and wards were not exact enough, it did not lock properly, but he could not just see where the fault lay. As it could not be seen from without, taking a tallow candle in his hand he went in-side, and had it locked from without. He examined here and there with the light, but could not find out the flaw. 'Well, the lock must come out; open the door,' said he. His fellow-workmen outside tried to unlock it, but the bolts would not move. They tried one after the other, but none succeeded. A long, anxious quarter of an hour had already elapsed. The prisoner, naturally courageous, and of strong nerves, now discovered, to his terror, that he was breathing with great difficulty, and that the light threatened to go out from want of pure air. He entreated them to go and fetch the master. He appeared at once, and worked about the lock, but with no more success than his apprentices. Mean-

while, the light flickered and became weaker, and at last went out. The cold perspiration burst from all the pores of the unhappy man, his difficulty of breathing became more than he could bear, and around him was the darkness of the grave. Light, only light! he thinks, perhaps it may burn yet, and he feels in his pockets and finds a packet of lucifers, and hastily begins to strike them, not reflecting in his terrible agony that the phosphorus and sulphur will make the air still fouler. But all endeavours to produce light were in vain. Outside the iron safe, all the locksmiths were working with might and main, and only stopping every now and then to inquire, 'George, are you still alive?'

'Yes; but make haste, or it will be all over with me. I have no longer any air.' And still more vigorously his friends exerted themselves with bores, chisels, and picklocks. All in vain! Now the poor fellow in his iron coffin folds his arms in despair. With all his strength he forces himself against the door, but the metal walls mock at the weakness of their maker. Gasping, he desists from the foolish attempt. Once more he tries to get a light, looks for matches, and finds—a screw-driver, which lay at the bottom forgotten. Now escape is possible. He collects all his strength, and, being acquainted with the fixings of the mysterious lock, he begins to unscrew them. His knees totter, his chest feels as if it would burst, but his hand does not tremble, it finds each screw, and turns and turns with lightning speed. Now the lock falls, the door opens, and the rescued workman throws himself with joy into his friends' arms.

J. F. C.

THE OLD SEXTON.

SAD seemed the strong grey-headed man,
Of lagging thought and careful heed ;
He shaped his life by rule and plan,
And hoarded all beyond his need.

One daughter, little Jane, had he—
The silent sexton's only child ;
And when she laughed aloud and free,
The grave old sexton smiled.

For she within his heart had crept,
Himself he could not tell you why,
But often he had almost wept,
Because he heard her cry.

All else to him appeared as dead,
Awaiting but the shroud and pall ;
It seemed that to himself he said,
'I soon shall dig the graves of all.'

And beast, and home, and man, and wife,
He saw with cold, accustomed eye ;
Jane only looked so full of life
As if that she could never die.

And when that she could hardly walk
By holding fast his wrinkled finger,
So well he loved her prattling talk,
He often from his work would linger.

Around her waist in sport he tied
The coffin-ropes for leading-strings,
And on his spade she learnt to ride,
And handled all his churchyard things.

* * * * *

One day upon a baby's grave
His morning's work must Simon spend,
And Jane her seat by him must have,
And all his well-known task attend.

Soon mid the herbage soft and green
The little place of rest was made,
Whence daisy-covered meads were seen,
And where the hawthorn cast a shade.

Old Simon, almost resting now,
With slackened stroke his labour plied,
And raising oft his moistened brow,
With longer looks his darling eyed.

Then Jane cried out in sudden glee,
'Oh, what a pretty grave is there !
It would be just a bed for me,
With room enough and none to spare.'

The father's hand let fall the spade,
His cheek grew pale, he heaved a groan ;
And when the children's graves he made,
Thenceforth he always worked alone.

JOHN STIRLING.

RUSSIAN TEA-HOUSES AND TEA-DRINKERS.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.



HOW greatly tea is used in England by every class of society, we all know. Cheap tea is undoubtedly a great blessing. It is a drink which has warmed and cheered many a cold and half-starved creature, and added comfort to many a workman's scanty meal. But greatly as tea is used in England, it is still in Russia more common. From the palaces of the great and wealthy nobles, down to the wretched hovels of the poor peasants, tea is the universal beverage.

The Russian peasant may be seen at all times of the day with his glass of tea in his hand, generally with a slice of lemon in it, instead of milk. Before or after his work, and at intervals of rest in his labour, he goes to the tea-house to sip his favourite tea.

Tea is dearer in Russia than it is in England, it ranges from six shillings to nearly four pounds per lb., it all comes overland from China, and is better flavoured than our tea, as the sea-voyage is said to spoil it. The very expensive tea is called golden tea, and is a rare luxury, only to be enjoyed at the tables of the wealthy.

The tea-houses in Russia are somewhat like pub-

lic-houses and gin-palaces in England. They are of different degrees of splendour and size to suit all classes. Those for the lowest of the peasants are mostly to be found in the suburbs of Moscow and St. Petersburg. One afternoon when passing through a low part of the former city on a grand national fête, I saw the tea-houses crowded with peasants, enjoying their innocent potations of smoking-hot fluid. Many were singing and making a great noise. But there are tea-houses too, for the higher classes. An evening may be very amusingly spent in one of the great tea-houses of Moscow. The more aristocratic ones are near the Kremlin ; the Iroitska, to which we went, is said to be the best. It contains a very fine barrel-organ, which was in the London Exhibition in 1851, and has since found its way to Moscow.

Merchants and traders of all nations come in here to settle their bargains and drink tea. The establishment is on the first floor, and consists of several large handsome rooms, opening into each other ; here the organ plays, and singers and musicians sometimes perform. It is said, that in this one tea-house fourteen pounds of tea, which require six tons of water, are daily consumed. The waiters are fantastically dressed entirely in white linen, but of course they have to abandon this airy costume during the severity of a Russian winter. If one ask for *Tchai*, tea, two white tea-pots, a large and a small one, are brought ; the former contains hot water, the latter tea ; and the right thing to do, according to Russian ideas, is to keep pouring the hot water on to the tea till you have drank it all, and then to have your hot water tea-pot replenished. The flavour of Russian tea is superior to English, but they drink it so very weak that there is little opportunity of judging of its merits.

Though so devoted to tea the Russians are anything but teetotalers. The cases of drunkenness one constantly seen in the streets are distressing and disgusting.

When in this very tea-house at Moscow, we saw a woman lying in the square opposite dead drunk ; not all the shaking she received from several people who had collected round her could restore her to consciousness. A policeman at last came and poured a quantity of water down her neck, shaking her at the same time ; this had no effect, so he took her off in a drosky to the nearest police-station. Formerly, the sale of spirits was in the hands of private individuals, who kept up the price and enriched themselves. On the 1st of January three years ago the government abolished this monopoly, and took the sale into their own hands, at the same time reducing the price. On that very day the peasants profited by the reduction, and there were everywhere hideous scenes of drunkenness. On returning that morning from the early train, my hotel-keeper assured me he had seen several people frozen to death, having fallen down drunk and insensible in the streets. *Vodki*, or corn-brandy, is the spirit in which these poor people so sadly indulge.

Our picture, from a photograph bought in Russia, represents three peasants at their tea. The great urn is for keeping the water constantly hot, a pipe



Russian Tea-drinkers, from a Photograph.

full of lighted charcoal runs through it; it is of brass, highly polished, and is to be found in every Russian house; on the top of it is one of the little white tea-pots, placed there to be kept warm. The peasants are young workmen, they wear long boots into which their pink calico trousers are tucked,

they have taken off their blue or red calico tunics, which they always wear in summer, but which give place in winter to thick sheep-skin coats. The hair is worn long, but cut straight all round. The peasants never shave, and always wear long and shaggy beards.

Reading Cases for 'CHATTERBOX' may be had, price 1s. 4d. each.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

STRANGWAYS AND WALDEN.]

Digitized by Google [28 Castle St. Leicester Sq.]

No. 29. June 15, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



WORTH BETTER THAN SHOW.



YOUNG Eastern prince was visiting at the castle of a duke in one of the finest counties in England. He looked from his window into a beautiful garden, and enjoyed the fragrance which is wafted towards him by the gentle breath of June.

'What exquisite perfume!' he cried; 'bring me, I pray you, the flower which has so sweet a smell. See you yon stately stalk, bearing those gorgeous lilies, whose snowy petals are veined with blood-red lines and with violet shade; that is, no doubt, the plant I seek.'

They brought him the curious lily of Africa.

'Its odour is sickening,' he said; 'but bring me that flower of a hue so much deeper and richer than even the beautiful roses of my own fair land. See how it glows like flame!—surely a rich odour should come from that splendid plant.'

It was a dahlia, and its scent was even less agreeable than that of the lily.

'Can it be then the white blossoms clustered on yonder bush, or the blue cups on that tall, graceful plant?' he asked.

No, the snowball and campanula proved alike scentless. The prince sent his servant to fetch various other plants, but he found not what he sought.

'Surely it must be that golden ball,' he said; 'for it should be sweet to the smell as well as bright to the eye.'

'Faugh!' It was a marigold.

At length they placed in his hand a little brown blossom.

'Such a withered-looking thing as this cannot surely be that for which I seek,' exclaimed the prince, 'this appears to be nothing better than a weed.'

He cautiously lifted it to his face.

'Is it possible?' he cried. 'It is really this plain brown weed which gives forth so precious an odour? Why, it hangs over the whole garden, and comes in at my window like the very breath of health and purity. What is the name of this little darling?'

'Precisely that, your highness,' answered his attendant—'this flower is called *mignonette*, the little darling.'

'Wonderful! wonderful!' repeated the astonished prince, placing it in his bosom.

'From this your highness may learn,' remarked his tutor, 'that the humble and unpretending often exhale most precious virtues.'—*Little Pilgrim*.

TRUE MEASURE.—To render good for evil is *God-like*; to render evil for good is *devil-like*; to render evil for evil is *beast-like*. Which is best to do?

WILLIAM AND BERNARD.

(Concluded from page 219.)



ERNARD was constantly drunk, and so bad was his conduct, which began to have an effect upon some of the less steady of the workmen, who followed his example, that the inspector was at last obliged to remove him from the smelting-house.

After fresh reprimands and exhortations, he sent him to a forge where he would have nothing to do but unload and measure out coals, a work which any one who had ordinary strength could do. But every week had the same wretched Saturday and Sunday. At last a load of coals was nearly set on fire when he was drunk, and the inspector had to dismiss him from the service.

But once more Bernard Vierkant solemnly promised that he would not touch a drop of brandy if the inspector would only give him this one more trial. And he did give him one more chance. Bernard was to break ore in the mine.

The foreman was contented with him at first; his strong hands knew well how to swing the hammer; but Bernard was the roughest of the whole gang; whenever there was a quarrel he caused it, and the work often ended with blows and bloody heads.

One afternoon there was a great noise in the mine; the foreman had lain down to rest for a few moments, and when he woke up he missed his watch and chain. All the workmen offered to be searched. Bernard kept on breaking the ore, as if he wished to do double work that day; but the others called out that he must be searched too. He refused, talked about his honour, threatened with the hammer; but he was overpowered and searched, and the watch and chain were found in his possession. A mounted policeman passing along the road inquired the reason of the uproar; he was soon after seen with a number of miners, Bernard well pinioned in their midst, before the inspector's door. The inspector was just coming from the forge, and heard with grief what had happened. The vacant stare of the prisoner showed that he was now half intoxicated. 'Mr. William—Inspector—I have never done any good in my life, and never mean to, either; but for the sake of old companionship, keep them off from me—say a good word for me!'

'Bernard! it is now at an end,' replied the inspector, severely, 'for nearly half a year have I tried with you, but every trial has failed, both kindness and severity are lost upon you, and from this day I have nothing more to do with you. Go—you have deserved nothing better.' With these words he turned into his house.

For a moment Bernard appeared to be affected, he gazed silently and fixedly on the inspector, but then he began to swear, and exclaimed, 'A nice thing, indeed, to turn your back upon an old friend in

trouble. I have long thought you wanted to get rid of me ; and then he began to sing,

' I have never done any good in my life.'

Meanwhile the prisoner's room was searched. In the straw of his bed all sorts of things were found which he could not have come by honestly, and many of the workmen said that they now understood how the brandy bottle was so easily filled.

On that evening Bernard Vierkant sat in a narrow cell, behind iron bars, and it soon became known at the mine, that he was condemned for several years' confinement in the house of correction.

Not long after this the two Mr. Scharfensteins again sat in the Inspector's house. ' Mr. Herwarth,' said the elder, ' I tell you now, as I said before, where hard-heartedness and indolence have taken deep root in childhood, they spring up in later life as strong weeds, round which every vice and sin flourish. Bernard Vierkant, as we have recently seen him, and as he now sits behind the iron bars, is only the natural growth of the lad in the meadow.'

' Mischievous fellow, surly ruffian, good-for-nothing of the first class,' added Rainold, smiling. ' Father, you have only to add drunkard, tavern rioter, and thief, and your list will be complete.'

But William Herwarth, also a lad of the meadow, increased more and more in the friendship of the two Mr. Scharfensteins, and at last he received the oversight of all their establishments, and acted as if he were the master of them all ; and whoever applied to the proprietors received the answer, ' Speak to Mr. Herwarth.'

Mr. Herwarth rode every now and then to the lead-mine in the neighbourhood of Willigsheim, as the elder Scharfenstein did once to the mine Morgensegen ; and every time he halted in the meadow, and gazed with emotion on the spot of his amusements as a child, and when he rode further on through the oaks and past the stone-quarry, he thanked God, and uttered a fervent prayer to Him for the kind gentleman to whom long years ago he had shown the way.

But Bernard Vierkant sits in prison, and counts the years and days that he has already sat there, and which he still has to sit there, till he can again go down to the smelting-house, and for the last time, ' for old companions' sake and friendship,' ask the inspector to give him his passage-money to America. Will he obtain it ? We think so. Will he become a different man in America ? We doubt it, when we think of the meadow in the wood, of the stone-quarry, of the days at the mine and in the smelting-house, and of his favourite song—

' I have never done any good in my life,
And never mean to either.'

BLUNTNES—Bluntness of manners is decidedly a fault ; it either shows a want of regard for another's feelings, an affection of sincerity, a bad education, or the neglect or abuse of a good one.

HOFER.



OST of us have heard of the grand Swiss mountains where brave men live, of whom it has been said, ' Their hearts are like the coats they wear, rough indeed, but right warm.'

In a deep valley of this hilly country the humble cottage stands in which Andrew Hofer was born.

The home of his father was ever open to give shelter to the weary or benighted traveller. Many a tale was told by that fireside of tyrants and their cruel power to oppress the people. When Hofer became a man he was sent by his countrymen to the court of the Emperor of Austria, to beg for help, or for leave to get arms and defend themselves, by fighting for liberty.

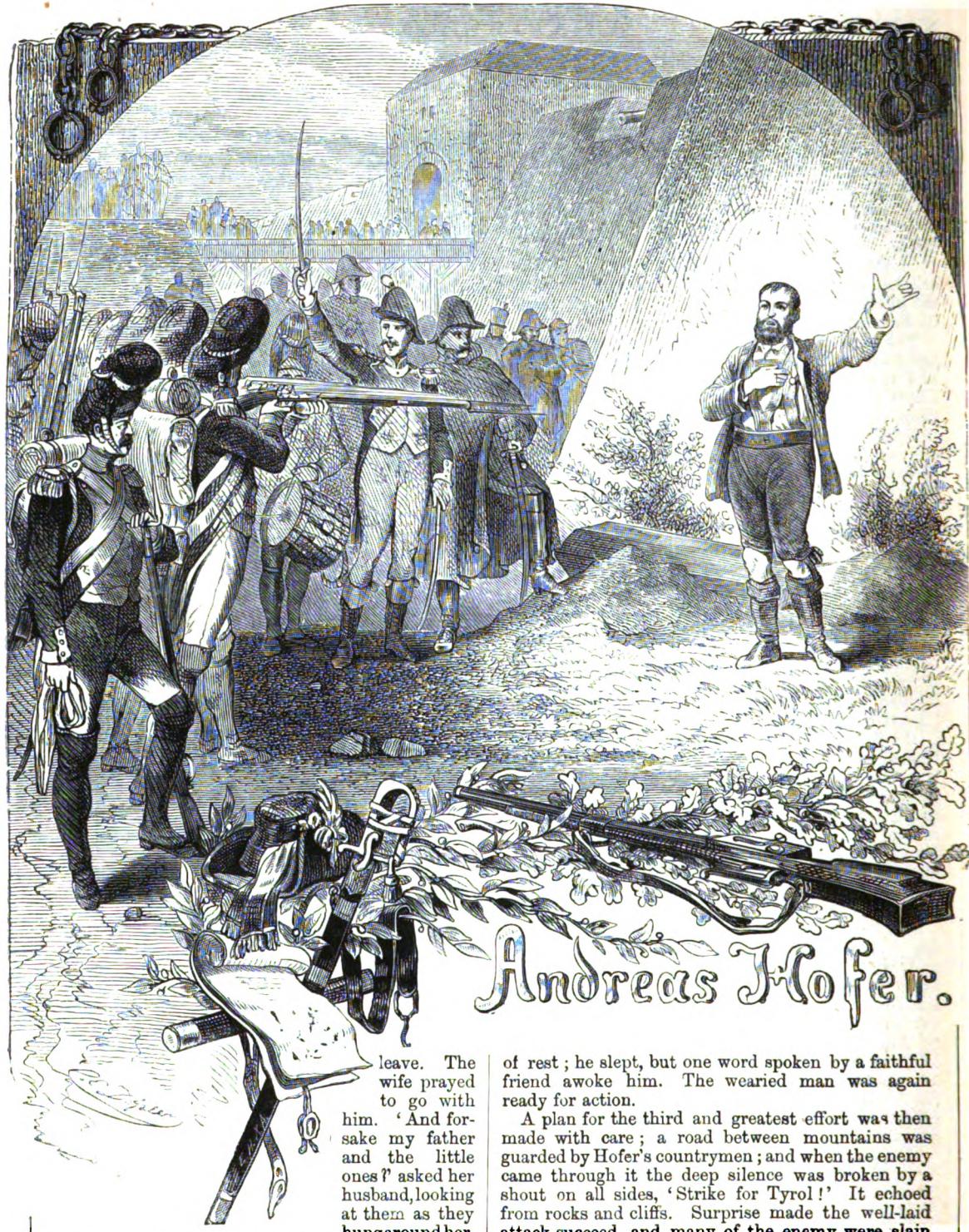
Hofer is described as a strong man, his eye was dark and clear, his step firm and manly, his voice and manners pleased every one, while the kindness of his smile cheered all around him, and won their love. He was truly humble and modest, though known and respected for great talents and courage.

An aged father lived with Hofer and his wife and children ; their whole time was spent in quiet industry. Under that of brave men were glad to meet and consult together. At last, a messenger came to say that saw-dust was seen floating on the waters of the river Inn, which runs by the town of Innspruck and through the valley in which Hofer dwelt. This was the well-known signal that the people were ready to rise and struggle for freedom.

The wife of Hofer trembled as she helped her husband to get ready for a soldier's life. Hofer saw the silent suffering, and loved her more dearly for it. He left her. She saw his cap with its waving plume of feathers, as he guided the troops ; she watched till they were hid from her sight. Then taking her little ones by the hand, she knelt down to pray for their father and their country.

Everywhere the people took up arms. They were soon attacked by a strong force. Hofer was seen at every post to guide, rather than urge, his men to do their duty. He taught mercy for the captives, and six hundred prisoners were spared. But fresh armies from France were sent against Hofer and his friends. Women, children, and the aged, had to endure cruelty and death from the bitter foe. Their relatives were roused to greater exertion, and Hofer had to restrain their just anger by his influence and example. A victory was gained, worthy of a brave and generous people. The wounded were cared for, and the prisoners treated with kindness. Innspruck, the chief town of their country, was won. Hofer was chosen to be the commander-in-chief, for all obeyed him.

After a long absence, Hofer returned to his wife and children. The old man, his father, held out an eager hand to welcome the deliverer of his country. Hofer enjoyed a few days of peace, but soon was forced to



She covered her eyes with her hand, and Hofer departed. Another battle was gained, and after it, Hofer lay down, worn out with exertion, in need

leave. The wife prayed to go with him. 'And forsake my father and the little ones?' asked her husband, looking at them as they hung around her.

of rest; he slept, but one word spoken by a faithful friend awoke him. The wearied man was again ready for action.

A plan for the third and greatest effort was then made with care; a road between mountains was guarded by Hofer's countrymen; and when the enemy came through it the deep silence was broken by a shout on all sides, 'Strike for Tyrol!' It echoed from rocks and cliffs. Surprise made the well-laid attack succeed, and many of the enemy were slain or taken prisoners.

A third time, the land was free—where Hofer came, it was a victory without disgrace, for he did

not permit one act of revenge. The Emperor of Austria was cold and heartless, and at last gave up this noble chief and his people to the power of France. Deserted by him, what could they do? There seemed to be no help elsewhere.

In fear and despair the men began to retire to their homes. Just then the enemy set fire to a large town,—this again roused every hand to fight for all they held dear. Hofer was offered reward and safety in France, but nothing could tempt him from his duty. Once more he sought his home. Sadness was on every side—men, women, and children had fought and died for freedom. Hofer had to pass through the small churchyard of his native village, a new-made grave was before him. Some friend lay there, for every man in the valley was his friend. For a time Hofer stood alone, under the shade of an old yew-tree, lost in thought. The *past* was over and gone, but the *future* was yet before him, and from that resting-place the chief went forth, strong to do his duty, and

‘With a heart for any fate,’

that might await him. Resolute and calm, he knew that ‘the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,’ and that ‘the righteous are never forsaken.’

He took the path which led to his own cottage; it looked cheerless as every other. He raised the latch, and saw his wife sitting in sadness beside a wood-fire, her children near, with a scanty meal before them. The dog knew his master’s step, and in an instant all were round him, and repaid every trial by their deep love and joy at his safety. The old man’s chair was empty, their tears told silently that he was gone from amongst them. He was taken away before the evil days came. The son rejoiced at this; yet he was stunned by a grief that came so suddenly upon him. But soon it became soothing to talk of the good old man, who had died while blessing Hofer, the deliverer of his country.

It was midnight, and the young ones were in deep sleep before other things could be thought of. Then Hofer remembered that a price was set upon his head. He wished to spare his wife the pain of another parting. He tried to be cheerful, but could not feign it long, nor was his wife deceived. She said, ‘You are going to leave me, why should I not follow? I am bound to do so, it is my first duty.’

No answer. She spoke again, ‘There is now no helpless parent.’ Hofer pointed to his children. The mother said, ‘Let them share our fate, they are worthy of their father.’

Hofer said, ‘My wife, you have vowed to obey me.’ ‘I have,’ she replied.

‘Then by my right to your obedience I ask you to stay.’

Pale and heart-broken, she leaned on him; ‘I will obey you, Hofer; unto death I will obey you!’

He pressed his lips on her cold brow, and strove to raise her, but in vain; yet she went to prepare for all he might want, though it was done like one walking in a dream. At dawn of day he was ready to depart—kissed the sleeping children, and turned to his wife, who stood as if made of stone. Her

lips moved, but the blessing she would have spoken could not be heard. Hofer would not leave her thus. He took his hat from her hand. ‘Not one word, my wife?’

She made a great effort, and in a low and broken voice she said, ‘Leave me, Hofer; I may not,—dare not say more, for you must leave me.’

‘Oh never, my beloved and faithful one—forgive such mistaken care—we will go together.’ She had no words to thank him, but flew to get herself and children ready for exile.

One hour was enough—then the family left their home. They travelled on for two days, and in a thick wood decided to halt and build a hut of refuge. November set in with a heavy fall of snow. Hofer’s dog and gun were their only means of getting food, their stock of bread was gone. Days passed, and it was hopeless to seek for any living thing. No bird was on the wing.

Their pile of wood was almost gone—the last morsel of food given to the children! The parents drank some melted snow. Again and again Hofer went out to face the storm, but was driven back. Suddenly the voices of men were heard. Hofer’s heart beat with joy, his wife’s with agony.

‘You will be saved,’ said he.

‘And you—my husband—lost for ever: these are enemies!’

‘Not so, if they bring you food.’

The sounds drew nearer. Hofer opened the door, saying, ‘Enter, but save my wife and starving children.’ The men did enter, and she fainted. When sense came back, she felt the arm of her husband still round her, and heard cheerful sounds.

She looked up, but could not ask what had happened. Hofer bent down and softly whispered, ‘Friends, come to save us.’ His word was true as Holy Writ. She knew that he would not save her life at the cost of truth. She was calm, but wept. It was soon told her that two young men had sought their chief to bring food and clothing, and now urged him to flee or disguise himself. He refused, for he said, ‘I will wait here for better times, to serve my country. If found I shall be seized, but it shall be at my post, and not as a deserter.’ For some time the lone place was a safe refuge. The children grew hardy, and the parents were patient.

One stormy night in January they were at rest, when some hand was heard trying to open the door of the hut. Hofer sprang up. A gentle knock was heard. Then the low voice of a friend, ‘Flee, Hofer, flee! you are betrayed!’

‘Never!’ said Hofer, in a calm, steady tone. ‘No! for my country I saved myself, and for my country I will die; to you I intrust my helpless ones.’

In the moonlight some hundreds of soldiers were seen: he said, ‘Fire not, I am here.’ At these words, spoken in a tone used to command, the men drew back, and none dared to lay hands on him.

He stood for a few minutes in the midst of armed men, untouched. At last, an officer gave the signal to advance and bind fetters on their captive.

This was endured, but when his family were seized, he said, ‘Do you come to make war on women and

children ?' Then for very shame they were left free. The man who acted as a guide had received a sum of money to betray the exiles. By chance Hofer saw the face of this man, and started, for it was the face of one whom he had loved, trusted, and cared for. 'Douay !' he said in a tone of scorn and anger, then quickly added, 'God forgive thee !' The party moved on, till they reached a dreary prison. When Hofer was taken to trial, his wife was watching beside their son dying in prison. Hofer was guilty of no crime, he had been faithful to his country, whose people had a right to be free, yet he was doomed to instant death by judges who were but slaves of a tyrant master.

Hofer was led out from this mock-trial and made to stand in front of a line of soldiers. He was desired to kneel down, but refused, saying, 'My life has been upright in the sight of God and man, and in that posture will I give up my spirit.'

Looking steadfastly on the men before him he gave the fatal sign to 'FIRE !'

A plain tomb-stone has been raised on the Bremner Mountain, not far from his native home, on which the traveller may read,

TO
ANDREW HOFER,
Born November 22d, 1767.
Died Feb. 24th, 1810.

The widow and daughter went back to their humble cottage in the narrow valley, and since that time death has released the faithful wife to rejoin her husband and son in that Happy Home above.

BINGHAM'S LOAN.

CHAPTER I.

 OTHER, can you give me a bit o' string ?' said a good looking boy, of about twelve years old, to a lady who was wandering over a smooth lawn, plucking off the withered roses here and there. The lady herself was very pretty, and her dress was very elegant, and she wore massive but plain gold ornaments. She was tall and slight, and moved as if she had been born in the purple—as, indeed, to some extent she had, for she was a daughter of the proud Duke of Manton. She had married badly, some people said; that is, Mr. Locksley was only the younger son of a rather poor baronet, and she had six children, of whom the boy, who had now come to her and who was commonly called 'Jacko,' was the eldest.

It seems a good while to wait before we know whether he got the string after all, and why he wanted it; but, if Jacko's home and his father are not described now, there may not be another chance of doing so.

His father was a man whom all the county

respected. A frank, honourable man, courteous and charming in his manners, and withal very strict in his household in all serious matters. His children and servants loved him truly, but they would not have dared to let him hear of a mean action. He managed an estate of his father-in-law's, and lived in the mansion attached to it—a doubtful gain, as it obliged him to keep a more expensive establishment than he could well afford. The Duke of Manton, however, thought that he was conferring a great boon upon his daughter, the Lady Elizabeth, and he used to speak of it as one of the generous actions of his life.

It was a very lovely place, with old timber, a lake, and grounds in which one might ride, drive, or walk every day for a week, and find new beauties everywhere. To boys its charms were endless. There was a boat on the lake, there were plenty of fish only waiting to be caught, there were swans, wild ducks, and moor-fowl. There was only one drawback to all this, and that was a tutor, who lived in a lodge at the park-gates. Of him we will speak another time; at present we will return to Jacko and the string.

'What for, Jacko ? You are always running away with my ball of string. I think I must give you a shilling to get one for yourself.'

'That will be jolly. But I want some directly, please. We are making a fire-balloon, and it must be ready before we go to Mr. Douglas, because you know after lessons we are going to ride with papa; and it is Ada's birthday, and it must go up as soon as it is dark.'

'Take breath after that long sentence, Jacko, and then go into my sitting-room, and, if you open the drawer of the writing-table wide, I think you will see the ball of string at the back.'

'Thank you,' said Jacko, rushing off before the sentence was ended.

The room into which he bounded through an open window, was fragrant with the scent of hot-house flowers. On tables here and there were laid beautiful trifles, inlaid work-boxes and book-stands, and old grotesque china. Books and newspapers showed that the room was for use as well as ornament.

But Jacko thought nothing of all this, nor of the soft carpet on which he trod, and very soon he was rummaging, as only boys can, among the papers in the drawer, mixing pens and pencils, letters and bills, in a wonderfully short space of time. It was clear that somebody, probably Ada herself, had been beforehand with him, for the ball of string was not there.

But Jacko suddenly lost his eagerness for it, for his eye had caught a sentence on a folded letter which riveted his attention. The letter was evidently one which had come either that morning or very lately, for it was laid just inside the drawer. The handwriting was something like his mother's, but not quite. The sentence, continued from over the page, ran thus, 'And if this happen, which is of course extremely probable, Jacko will inherit the title and estates by-and-bye.'

'Well, Jacko, did you find it ?' said Lady Eliza-

beth, stepping in quietly through the window, which was open to the ground.

'No,' answered Jacko, reddening all over; 'it isn't there. I daresay Ada took it.'

'How hot you are, my boy! What have you been doing?'

'Oh, nothing; only it is so hot to-day.'

CHAPTER II.

ALL that day Jacko behaved very strangely. He went with his brother Gerald to their tutor, but his lessons were stumbled over, and his attention so imperfect that at last Mr. Douglas shut up the books, and said he should go to Mr. Locksley, and tell him that Jacko would do nothing. This somewhat recalled him to his senses, but his mind was evidently full of something else, and his manner greatly changed. Generally he was frank and open, like his father—full of life and fun, but very obedient. To-day he was irritable and off-hand. Not only the sentence of the letter lingered in his mind, but he felt that he had seen what was not intended for him.

'Was it my fault?' he kept asking himself. 'I did not know the letter was there, and I did not read a bit more, before or after—though I should have liked to so much.'

It is true that conscience whispered, 'You read as much as ever you could, Jacko, and would have liked to read more,' but the boy had a sort of ill-used feeling, and with it the most intense curiosity. He longed to be by himself that he might think it over, but there were the lessons, and then the ride, and after the ride more lessons, and lastly the fire-balloon in honour of his sister, who had been at his elbow at every available moment, to see how much chance there was of the promise being fulfilled.

'How you do bother, Ada!' said Jacko. 'I wish it wasn't your birthday at all, or else that you were forty, and didn't care for balloons. I tell you I'll do it if I can. There, now, be off.'

Ada, however, was not to be repulsed.

'What makes you so cross, Jacko?'

'Cross? I'm not cross at all, Ada, if you'll let me alone.'

'But, Jacko, don't you want some string for it?'

'String?—no, I've got some,' answered Jacko, without thinking; 'at least I meant to get it.' And now Jacko got red, and angry because he felt he was getting red. 'I won't do it at all if you bother.'

'I didn't mean to bother,' replied his sister, very meekly; 'only I thought you might like to know I had got mamma's ball of string.'

'Well, I wish you'd left it where it was,' said Jacko; 'then I shouldn't—I mean it would have saved a horrid nuisance.'

This was just after the ride, when Mr. Douglas had to be endured again. Afternoon lessons were not much more prosperous than morning ones had been, but Jacko knew that, unless he were followed by very ill luck, he would then be free, first, to see what letters were going that day, and then to think.

(To be continued.)

JUSTUS, BARON VON LIEBIG.

HIS distinguished living chemist was born at Darmstadt in 1803. He went to the Gymnasium or grammar-school in that place, and, when quite a boy, was so devoted to making preparations and experiments, that his Latin master asked him quite angrily one day what use he would ever be if he went on thus.

'I shall be a chemist,' was his reply.

'That is as good as being nothing at all,' replied the master.

His love of natural science led his father to place him in an apothecary's shop, where he obtained the first insight into that science of which he afterwards became so distinguished an ornament. He did not remain there long, and was sent to the University of Bonn, in 1819. After taking his degree as Doctor of Medicine, he went to Paris, where he entirely devoted himself to the science of chemistry. Here he became acquainted with Baron Humboldt, by whose influence he obtained the post of Extraordinary Professor of Chemistry at Giessen. At the early age of twenty-one, Liebig entered upon these new duties. He shortly afterwards established a laboratory at Giessen, for the teaching of practical chemistry, which soon, under the influence of its youthful superintendent, attracted the attention of the chemists of Europe. It was the resort of students from all parts of the world, and many of our British chemists, as Lyon Playfair, Johnston, Gregory, and others studied there.

Liebig has frequently visited England, where he is well known and respected as the father of modern chemistry. It is chemistry, too, of a practical kind, of which Liebig has been the promoter. His work on the 'Principles of Agricultural Chemistry' has been most valuable to farmers throughout the world. He has also published a work on 'Animal Chemistry, in relation to Physiology and Pathology.' This work carried his researches from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. What had been done for the plant, and the agriculturist, in the first work, was now attempted to be done for the animal, and the medical practitioner. The numerous treatises which have since been written on the chemistry of animal life all bear more or less the impress of the genius of Liebig.

In 1849, his work, 'Researches in the Chemistry of Food,' appeared, in which, among other things, he shows that the proper cooking of food can only be carried on on fixed chemical laws, and that much improvement in this art may be expected from a larger knowledge of the changes which food undergoes in its preparation. One of his last works is his 'Familiar Letters on Chemistry.'

Liebig has had honours heaped upon him by all the nations and sovereigns of Europe. He is a fellow of all the learned societies in Europe and



America which recognise chemistry. In 1854, a subscription was raised in Europe, for the purpose of presenting him with some mark of the high esteem in which his labours were held. This subscription realised a sum above £1000. A part of it was spent in purchasing five handsome pieces of plate. This number was selected, in order that one piece may be handed down to each of the Baron's five children, should they survive their father.

Though sixty-four years of age, he is as strong and untiring a labourer in the field of science as ever. A few years ago, two dark shadows fell over

his life—one by a severe accident, which lamed him for some time; the other in the death of his eldest daughter, married to M. Carriere. Occupied, as he always is, with a free examination of the laws of nature, he always steadfastly resists the attacks of that 'materialism,' which denies the existence of a personal God, whose work that vast creation is, in the forms and arrangements of which Liebig tries to discover the thoughts and will of the Creator.

By his inventions for concentrating and preserving animal and vegetable food, Liebig has proved himself a benefactor to mankind.

J. F. C.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED, price One Halfpenny each.
 Parts I. II. III. IV. V. and VI. price 3d. each, are now ready,

No. 30. June 22, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.





A BRAVE SAILOR BOY.

S a schooner was sailing near Montauk Point, Long Island, during the past year, she was suddenly struck by a heavy gust of wind, upset, and instantly sunk. A vessel near by, which had seen the calamity, sent its boat to save from sinking any that had not gone to the bottom. On coming nearer where the schooner went down, they saw a little boy twelve years old floating on some wood, and went to take him off. As they approached him, with a nobleness of soul not often manifested, he exclaimed, 'Never mind me, save the captain; he has a wife and six children.'

The kind-hearted boy knew that the captain's family loved him, and would need his support. Both, however, were saved.

Three days after the vessel was lost, the boy got into a car as it was passing between Boston and Fall River. As he was poor and ragged, some of the passengers who wore fine clothes shrank away from him. He took his seat quietly, and the sea-captain, who entered the car with him, told a minister what had happened. In telling the touching story the captain was much affected, and generously added, 'The boy has only the clothes you see, sir, or he would not be so ragged. I care not much for myself, though I too lost all; but the poor lad will have a hard time of it.'

Several persons who heard the story gave the poor orphan small sums of money, and advised him to tell others what he had gone through, who would no doubt give him something. Many boys in his situation would have readily taken the advice, and told the story of their misfortunes in order to get help. But the poor boy replied, 'I am not a beggar; I don't wish to beg their money.'

A fine benevolent-looking person then arose, and pleaded the case of the boy in such a manner, that the passengers gave ten dollars for him. The man who obtained this sum for the unfortunate boy had been a sailor and sufferer himself, and therefore knew how to pity those in distress.

MOUTH MUD.

A CONVERTED Hindoo, on being assailed with a torrent of profane words from his idolatrous neighbours, went up to them and asked,—

'Which is worse, the bad words that you are using, or the mud and dirt that you see lying on yon dung-hill?'

'The bad words,' was the reply.

'And would you ever take into your mouths that mud and dirt?'

'Never.'

'Then, why do you fill your mouths with the bad words, which you confess to be the worse of the two?'

Confounded with this rebuke, they retired, saying that the rebuke was a just one.

BINGHAM'S LOAN.

(Continued from p. 231.)

AS they left Mr. Douglas, Gerald said—
'You'll come and fish, won't you?'

'Fish?—no,' said Jacko, who felt persecution increasing on him; 'I'm a great deal too busy.'

'Why, what have you got to do? We are not to get any lessons up, because it's Ada's birthday.'

'Oh, lots that a little fellow like you knows nothing about,' said Jacko, with an air of dignity.

'Tell us what, Jacko,—do.'

'The fire-balloon, then, and ever so many things. You are as bad as Ada. Get your rod, and go and fish, and perhaps I may come presently.'

'Oh, thank you, Jacko,' said Gerald, and the great man went off with his hands in his pockets, whistling, but deep in thought.

First he examined the letter-box in the hall, which was rather against the law, but sometimes done by himself and Gerald quite openly. Now, however, he approached it with a beating heart, and a stealthy glance to make sure that no one was by. He knew that his father was out in the grounds, and that his mother was engaged with visitors, for he had seen a carriage at the door as he came in, and he heard voices in the drawing-room.

'What a heap of letters!' said Jacko to himself. "'J. Saunders, Esq.'—that's the stupid old agent at Thornlands; 'Messrs. Binney & Co.'—don't know who they are; 'Madame Celeste,'—that's the dressmaker. Hollo! 'The Duchess of Manton,'—that's more like it; the Honourable Somebody or other, and Miss Something else.' And Jacko, hearing a door shut, hastily dropped the letters back into the box, and quietly closed the lid.

Across the hall he could see his mother's sitting-room—it was empty; and there stood the writing-table with its drawer. Would it be so very wrong just to go and have another look? Of course he should only read what he had read before, just to see that he had read it rightly; he should not think of turning over the page, and, as he had seen it once, it could not matter his seeing it again. Jacko could not make out why his heart, which really knew nothing about it, and which he had hardly ever felt at all before, should beat in this extraordinary way.

At this moment a servant passed through the hall with a letter for his mistress, and glanced at Jacko, who again began to whistle and to walk backwards and forwards, each time nearing slightly the open door of his mother's sitting-room. Unluckily it had two doors, and the other led into the drawing-room, where she and her visitors were sitting, so that he would be by no means safe. What should he say if she came in? The evil voice, to which he had begun to listen, said—

'Why, of course you can say you thought the string might be there now, though it wasn't there this morning. If she sent you to the drawer then, she can't object to your going now. What is the difference?'

'Of course,' said Jacko to the voice, 'there is no difference.'

'All right,' replied the voice—'let's try.'

'Jacko! Jacko!' now resounded through the passages leading to the children's rooms. 'Where did you say you saw him, Blake?'

'In the hall, Miss Ada, not a minute ago.'

Jacko stood behind a screen—a thing he would not for worlds have done yesterday, and the skirts of his little sister's dress almost touched him, and he felt the breeze she made in rushing past him, but he did not speak.

'Jacko! Oh, I wish I knew where you are.'

'She bothers you,' whispered the evil voice, and the boy answered, 'Yes, to be sure she does, horridly.'

Ada, however, was soon out of hearing—she had gone straight through into the garden, and Jacko was once more left master of his own actions.

This power he used by going to the writing-table, and quietly opening the drawer, but, alas! there were no loose letters or papers. Everything was in apple-pie order—all the effects of his work in the morning had been remedied, and the ball of string, which he did not now think of, lay in its own corner. In the pigeon-holes above were packets of letters tied up, but this was a hopeless business, and Jacko could only console himself by sitting down in an easy chair, to think of the exact words. Was it 'if' or 'when this happens'? Of the rest of the sentence he felt pretty sure. But if only he knew what it was that must happen, and whose title and estates were meant, how jolly it would be!

CHAPTER III.

HE hardly knew how long he had been thinking, when Lady Elizabeth opened the door.

'You here, Jacko! Where is Ada? I sent her to you some time ago, as Blake said you were in the hall. Poor little thing! she was full of anxiety about the balloon, and I could not leave, as the St. Clairs were here such a long time.'

'I think Ada ran into the garden; I will go and see.'

'But there is no one with her. Nurse thought she was with me, and just came to fetch her to have her tea. You should not have let her go alone.'

Jacko was only too glad to get away, and escape further questioning, and as he heard himself called by Gerald he ran towards the lake, where he had promised to come and fish by-and-bye.

The cries seemed to be louder and more urgent than usual, and Jacko rushed on. They seemed to come from the boat-house side, which was now hidden by the trees. And now he heard what was said—

'Ada, hold on! hold on!—don't let go a moment. Oh, please somebody come! Oh, what shall we do!'

Jacko didn't think much of the title and estates as he saw his little sister struggling in the water, which, as it was, came nearly over her head, and one step farther on was many feet deep. Her little hands grasped Gerald's rod, and he feared to let it

go, lest she should slip. The gurgling waters were round her, and her bright hair streamed over it like threads of gold.

Jacko had thrown off his jacket, in order to plunge in after her, when both boys were thrust aside, and their father had her in his arms. In another moment it would have been too late: as it was, her head sank on his shoulder and her eyes were closed, and Jacko and Gerald thought, as they walked behind, that she must be dead.

Mr. Locksley took her to the back entrance, up the back staircase, to the nurseries; and it was not till she could look up and speak that he went to fetch Lady Elizabeth.

It appeared that Gerald had told her that Jacko, whom she was seeking, had promised to come and fish by the boat-house, so he had sent her there. She had become amused by the water, and had at last floated off a large piece of turf and roots entangled together, which lay at the brink. It then occurred to her that it would be the most delightful thing in the world to be a fairy, and go for a sail in her own boat; so, seizing a stick, she pushed off, though, luckily, the cargo being rather too heavy for it, it did not launch successfully. Another vigorous push, and Ada was in the water, though still brave, and thinking that, if she were a fairy, she ought not to call out. At last, however, when her clothes were getting wet, and her hands tired of clinging to the wet grass, she decided that even a fairy might be drowned if some good prince did not appear at the right moment, and she gave a shout, first for Gerald, then for Jacko.

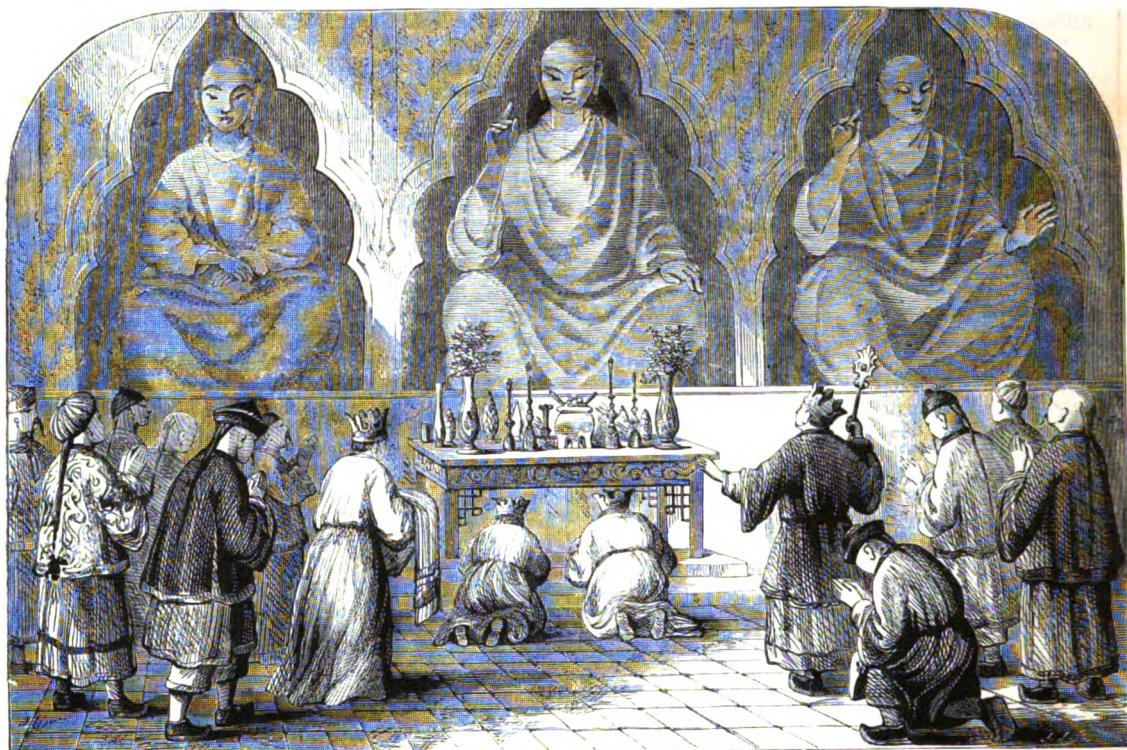
Gerald was eleven, Ada nine, therefore his strength was not much greater than hers. He knew he should do her no good by going to her, for he could not swim, so he got her to let go the treacherous bank of grass, and hold on to his fishing-rod, in which he had the firmest faith. The result we know, and it was not for some hours that Mr. Locksley and Lady Elizabeth felt sufficiently comfortable about her to inquire how it all happened.

Jacko sat rather sadly in their play-room. The fire-balloon was there, but there was no one to look at it; and when little Capel and Helen asked him in a whisper whether it was going up soon, he hushed them still further by pointing in silence to Ada's room, where the doctor still was.

But Jacko had not by any means recovered his usual happy temper. It seemed to him a great shame that everything had gone wrong with him that day. He did not at all see that he had been to blame for it: on the contrary, he considered himself the victim of ill-luck, and, to crown all, Ada must needs get half drowned, just because he hadn't wanted her at that moment.

'It wasn't your business to look after her,' said the evil voice. But Jacko this time did not quite agree: a better voice answered, 'I don't think I ought to have hid. Of course I didn't know she would get into the water, but it was a sneaky sort of thing, of which a fellow feels ashamed.'

(To be continued.)



Buddhist Temple.

TWO CHINESE TEMPLES.

A CONTRAST.

Thas been said that the god Buddha has more worshippers in the world than Christ has. This statement is very startling; but, when we remember that the four hundred millions of Chinese are all Buddhists, besides the populations of Japan, Burmah, Siam, Thibet, and Ceylon, it seems to be true, for these countries contain nearly half of the whole human race.

The religion of Buddha is a sadly foolish one everywhere, but in China it is made more foolish than elsewhere, because the Chinese, as if they doubted its truth, follow two other religions besides, viz. that of Taonism and that of Confucius, though all three are really opposed to each other.

In very many things the Chinese are quite civilised. They dwell in cities, they follow various trades, and many of them labour honestly for bread. They have been civilised a long time. The Chinese wore silk, and drank tea out of beautiful half-transparent cups, which we still call 'China,' when our own forefathers in England were naked savages, and dyed their bodies blue. Yet China is a heathen country. Its civilisation seems to have stood still



hundreds of years ago, and remained quite still ever since.

A few years ago English and American missionaries went to China and preached about Christ to the poor Buddhists of the great sea-port towns. How they have succeeded in winning some to the worship of the true God our picture will tell.

But, first of all, look at the idolaters in the one picture. Here are three enormous images of Buddha, as Past, Present, and Future. It is 'Buddha Present,' who comes first, seated with folded hands, then 'Buddha Past,' and then 'Buddha Future.' See the people bowing down before these images, praying with clasped hands, bringing presents, tinkling bells, puffing incense, counting beads, knocking their heads upon the floor, in hopes of gaining from their senseless idols happiness and prosperity. Fancy them murdering their infant children, and sunk in every possible sin; think of the four hundred millions who know no better than to live thus, and—then look at the other picture.

What a contrast! A group of Chinese kneeling down to receive from a Christian minister the Lord's Supper. 'What hath God wrought!' If the Chinese were away, and the long texts removed from the walls, you might believe you were looking at the chancel of some English church, for there are the same Gothic windows, the same ornaments, the same dress for the clergyman, and the same general



Church at Ningpo.

look ; but we do *not* wish the Chinese away. We rejoice that they are to be seen there. It is a cheerful picture, that native communion at Ningpo, and more cheerful still when we know that, after those communicants have retired to their seats, another set will approach and kneel in the same place. What though they are of different race, have different skins, and speak another language than we speak, do we not 'believe in the Communion of Saints ?'

Happy Chinese of Ningpo who are so favoured. May 'the little one soon become a thousand.'

And now look once more upon the scene before the 'three Buddhas,' and think upon the contrast.

W.

THE SHY CAPTAIN'S REVENGE.

In an Austrian regiment which garrisoned Mainz a Captain M. served some few years ago, he was a man of a quiet and retiring nature, and associated very little with the other officers, preferring to employ his leisure hours in scientific studies. For this reason he was not a favourite with his comrades, who indeed judged him so harshly that they accused him of lacking that personal courage so necessary in a soldier, and, above all, in an officer.

The regiment had just received a new commander in the person of a Count L., who was still a young man, and was well known throughout the whole army on account of his adventures both in war and peace, together with his love of practical

jokes. He owed his early and rapid promotion to his high family and to his connexion with an European royal house. He soon learned his officers' opinion of Captain M., and determined to prove whether it was well founded or not. At a dinner at which all were present, he arranged that the captain should sit next to him. His peculiar shyness and reserve made the count more and more believe during the afternoon that the other officers had rightly judged his neighbour, whom he also began to consider as a coward, and he determined at once to prove whether he were not one.

During dessert he skilfully turned the conversation upon the subject of pistol-shooting, in which he was himself a master, and soon after he sent his servant to fetch some pistols that he might exhibit his skill. The pistols came, the count loaded them, and taking a small roll of bread from the table, he requested the captain to go to the other end of the room and hold up the roll for him as a mark. All the officers at the long mess-table listened eagerly, and, smiling with delighted malice, gazed at the captain who would naturally strongly protest against such a proposal, the more so, as he knew that his superior had drunk much wine during the entertainment.

'You will not be afraid, Captain M.? The smell of powder cannot be disagreeable to you?' the colonel inquired, ironically.

'I think not,' answered the captain, with a peculiar smile as he rose from his seat, and walked calmly to the other end of the room.

Then he leaned against the wall and held the little roll in his outstretched hand between his thumb and forefinger. The count swallowed down another glass of champagne, fixed his double eye-glass on his nose, took up the pistol quick as lightning and fired. The bullet struck the roll in the middle.

Captain M. had not even winced. He calmly picked up the roll from the ground and looked at it and the little hole which had been shot through it. The laughter of the officers was suddenly silenced, their malicious looks vanished, and several regretted having thought so ill of their comrade. The count hurried up to his subaltern that he might say something pleasant to him. Meanwhile the captain had placed the roll on the table, had taken up the other pistol and was examining it minutely, he then turned round and said with all courtesy and pleasantness 'Well, count, I must say you are a first-rate shot, you have treated me very kindly, you have not even scratched my little finger. But I should just like to try for once, whether I could do that as well as you. Now if you will have the kindness to hold a roll out for me, I am really very curious to see whether I can do it too?'

It was interesting to observe the faces of the company, of those who had lately laughed so maliciously. The tables were suddenly turned, dismay and embarrassment were reflected on nearly all their countenances, but Count L. himself was the most amazed of all.

'But you have just told me that you never had a pistol in your hands in your life,' he replied with consternation.

'Yes, you are quite right there, colonel,' he an-

swered with a friendly smile. 'That is the very reason why I shall be all the more pleased if I hit the mark as well as you did just now.'

Further word would evidently be of no avail, the count was forced, in order not to show any timidity before his officers, to consent to the request of the shy captain. What passed in his heart no one knows, this much is certain, that he stepped, calmly and unflinchingly, though looking rather pale, up to the opposite wall and held out the roll.

The captain now raised his pistol somewhat awkwardly and took aim. This lasted for a long time. The weapon shook and trembled in his unskilled right hand, so that the hair of all present seemed to stand on end. There was such a silence in the room that one might almost hear the beating of the hearts of all those assembled, who held their breath in dire suspense—when, suddenly, the captain sat down.

'Well,' he said, innocently, 'my hand shakes too much; when I think it is steady at last, it begins to shake again. I would rather leave it, I might shoot badly and cause a misfortune. But I thank you very much, colonel.' Then he laid down the pistol and went back to his place.

Four weeks after the shy and retiring Captain M. was made a major in another regiment, afterwards as a lieutenant-colonel he was wounded at Königgrätz, and is now pensioned off. His former colonel, who has since heartily repented of his foolish act of malice, has since that dinner remained his warmest friend.

J. F. C.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND HIS DOG.



RALPH'S mother, one Saturday evening, was taken very ill. The cottage they lived in was far away from any path, among the mountains. The snow fell in large, heavy flakes, and Malcolm (that was the shepherd's name) took down his long pole, meaning to set out to the village and get some medicine for his wife.

'Father,' said little Ralph, 'I know the sheep-path better than you—and, with Shag who will walk before me, I am quite safe; let me go for the doctor, and do you stay and comfort my mother.' Malcolm consented.

Ralph had been accustomed to the mountain from his earliest infancy; and Shag set out with his young master, wagging his tail, and making jumps and gambols. They went safely on. Ralph arrived at the village, saw the doctor, received some medicine for his mother, and then began his return with a cheerful heart.

Shag went on before, to ascertain that all was right. Suddenly, however, he stopped, and began snuffing and smelling about. 'Go on, Shag,' said Ralph. Shag would not stir. 'Shag, go on, sir,' repeated the boy; 'we are nearly at the top of the glen.'

Shag appeared obstinate for the first time in his life ; and at last Ralph advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had gone but a few steps when he fell over a precipice, which had been concealed by a snow-wreath.

Malcolm was waiting patiently for his son ; but no son came. At last he heard the bark of his faithful dog Shag. 'My son, my son !' cried both parents at the same moment. The cottage door opened, and Shag entered without his master. 'My brave boy has perished in the snow !' exclaimed the mother. At the same moment the father saw a small packet round the dog's neck, who was lying panting on the floor.

'Our boy lives,' said the shepherd ; 'here is the medicine tied with his handkerchief. He has fallen into some of the pits, but he is safe ; trust in God. I will go out, and Shag will lead me safely to the rescue of my child.'

In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and showed the most unbounded joy as they both issued from the cottage. You may imagine the misery the poor mother suffered while her husband was absent. She felt that both their lives depended on the sagacity of a poor dog, but she knew that God would guide the dumb creature's steps to the saving of both.

Shag went on straight and steadily for some yards, and then suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the crag over which Ralph had fallen. Malcolm stood at the lower edge of the pit into which his son had fallen. He hallooed ; he strained his eyes ; but could not see anything.

At last Malcolm succeeded in getting to the bottom, and Shag scrambled to a projecting ledge of rock which was nearly imbedded in snow, and began to whine and scratch in a violent manner. Malcolm followed, and after a long search found what appeared to be the dead body of his son. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and, wrapping Ralph in his plaid, strapped him across his shoulders, and with much toil climbed up the rocks.

Ralph was placed in a bed, and with great difficulty was roused from his dangerous sleep. He was much bruised, and his ankle dislocated, but he had no other hurt : and when he recovered his senses he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were, 'Did you get the medicine, mother ?'

When he fell, Shag had gone down after him ; and the affectionate son used what little strength he had left, to tie the medicine round the dog's neck, and direct him to run home with it.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

IN the year 1760, the following incident occurred near Hammersmith—whilst one Richardson, a waterman, was sleeping in his boat, the vessel broke from its moorings, and was carried under a west country barge ; fortunately the man's dog was with him, and awoke him by pawing about his face at the time when the boat was nearly sinking, and by this means he was saved from being drowned.



THE BLACKBERRY SPRAYS' GATHERER.

EVER, surely, was man more fond of a blackberry than I. With all its thorns, the bramble is a favourite with me. It first gives me pleasure with its purple stem, green leaves, and white flowers, and then feasts me with its delicious fruit.

It was Autumn ; more than half September had rolled away, and I had not plucked a single blackberry. I set off to a hedge which had often provided me with a bountiful feast. There the spiky thorn formed a barrier which cattle could not pass ; and there the bramble flourished in all its glory. Alas ! I was disappointed of my treat, for not a ripe berry could I find.

Trying to make the best of my little disappointment I walked on, and soon after saw a poor fisherman coming towards me with a basket ; the very sight of the basket encouraged both hope and expectation.

'Have you been gathering blackberries ?' said I.
'I have, sir,' replied the man ; 'but they are scarce enough at present ; by-and-bye there will be plenty of them.'

As the man spoke, he removed the lid of his basket that I might see his store, and a goodly store it was. Some of the berries were certainly red, but the greater part of them were black.

'Do you sell them ?' said I.
'No, sir,' said he, 'I don't. I get them for my wife, who is uncommonly fond of a blackberry pudding.'

'That does not at all surprise me,' said I. 'The blackberry is good, eat it how you will. It is good, cooked or uncooked ; in a pudding or a pie ; plucked from the bush or picked from the basket. May I have a few ?'

'As many as you like, sir,' was his frank reply.

So I set to work picking the tip-toppers from among them, taking as many as I chose, and dropping a sixpence among them by way of compensation.

'But why have you those two sprays in your hand ?' said I. 'Why do you not pull the berries off them ?'

'They are for my wife, sir,' said he. 'I never go blackberrying without getting a spray or two of the best I can find for her, she is so uncommonly fond of them. You can't think, sir, how she likes the sprays.'

'That is right,' said I, 'I hope you will never give up so excellent a custom. That is the way to make a wife love you, for kindness begets kindness all the world over. Those two sprays are worth a whole basketful of blackberries. Of the pudding you will most likely have your share, but the sprays will be your wife's, and hers alone.'

For some time the poor fisherman kept shaking up his basket that I might pick out the best of its



'They are for my wife, sir.'

contents, while I kept talking to him, not knowing which was the better pleased of the two. To me it was a double feast; much did I enjoy the black-

berries, but still more the man's proof of affection for his wife.

OLD HUMPHREY.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED,
price One Halfpenny each.

Parts I. II. III. IV V. VI. and VII. for 1868, price 3d. each, are now ready.

'CHATTERBOX' Volume for 1867 contains about 200 Engravings, &c. price 3s. and 5s. richly gilt.

Reading Cases for 'CHATTERBOX,' price 1s. 4d. each.

No. 31. June 29, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.





MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

BEAUTIFUL midsummer morning brought round my mother's birthday. I remember how anxiously we looked forward to the time, that we might show our mother, by our little offering and simple words of welcome to the day, how much we loved her.

Early on that morning we rose from our pillow to ramble into the woods, while the dew was yet upon the grass, to pluck the wild flowers for our mother's nosegay. She loved wild flowers, and she taught us to admire the 'lilies of the field' more

beautiful than 'Solomon in all his glory.'

Even now in manhood I feel myself a child again when I recall to mind what trouble my sister and I took to make those flowers a birthday present worthy of our mother's keeping. How timidly, yet how lovingly we approached her to offer to her the gathered treasures. I hear her kiss upon my cheek, I hear her words of thanks. The expression of pleasure in her face appears before me now, *in memory*. Aye, as vividly as on the morning she looked so lovingly and tenderly on our child-like offering. Yes, little readers, it is when our parents are removed from us by death and when we advance in years, that the remembrance of dutiful and kind acts becomes to us *a real and lasting pleasure*. It is when we grow old that we more fully value a father's love, a mother's tenderness. Then it is that youthful disobedience or hasty words that grieved our parents cause us sharp stings of remorse.

BINGHAM'S LOAN.

(Continued from p. 235.)

JACKO felt a little more than this even, and when he went to bed, conscience had the best of it, and when he knelt down to say his prayers he remembered to thank God for having saved him from having been in any way the cause of his sister's death.

'As it is,' said he to himself, as he fell asleep—'as it is I shall have Ada to live with me when I succeed to my property. She likes riding and so do I. So we'll have jolly horses and dogs,' and thinking of these, Jacko fell asleep.

But what was the extraordinary feeling with which he woke when Blake opened his shutters and let in the streaming summer sun? Something had happened, or was going to happen.

'Oh, dear, I've been hanging on to twigs all night, Blake, and the sound of the water has been all round me. Was I drowned yesterday? Oh, no! it was Ada. How is she?—do you know?'

'Miss Ada is better, sir; but her ladyship and the nurses have been up all night—the doctor said she might have had a shock and get worse.'

'But she hasn't, and there's no harm done. That's

all right, only it's a bore for my mother. That'll do Blake; pull down the blind again—the sun bores me.'

Jacko had just become awake enough to give himself airs on the strength of his new expectations.

Blake obeyed, protesting.

'It's eight o'clock, sir, and you had better get up. Your papa was inquiring for you just now.'

'You may as well say "your father" or "Mr. Locksley," now, Blake. "Papa" and "mamma" sound so babyish.'

'Very well, sir,' submissively replied Blake, who was rather a new servant.

'That's all right,' exclaimed Jacko to himself; 'I daresay the servants all know who I'm going to be, though I don't even know it myself. That fellow, for instance, was no end respectful.'

'Jack,' said his father, putting in his head, 'make haste and dress, and come to me in my room. I want to ask you one or two questions.' Which short sentence dispelled Jacko's hazy pretensions.

But still he did not consider it necessary under the circumstances to make extraordinary haste, and it was not far from nine when he presented himself. Mr. Locksley was reading his letters, and did not immediately attend to Jacko, who stood with his hands in his pockets, thinking it a great waste of time, and that he might just as well have had his nap out.

'Oh, there you are,' at last exclaimed his father. 'You're late, Jack. I want to ask you about the accident yesterday. Where were you when your mother sent Ada to you?'

'I was about the house,' answered Jacko, much interested in the lock of the door, which he began to inspect.

'Didn't she call you?'

'Yes, I heard her call.'

'And you did not answer, but let her run to the lake alone?'

There was something in his father's voice he had never heard in it before, a tone of intense disappointment, and Jacko burst into tears.

'I don't want to ask you whether you wilfully deceived her and Gerald, who, it appears, supposed you were fishing at the boat-house; but I tell you once for all, that I and your mother shall lose our confidence in you if you are not perfectly truthful and upright. You admire what is manly and gentlemanly, and I hope you will soon admire what is Christian too. And now, my boy, cheer up, for I have another word to say. Mr. Douglas does not wish to stay here any longer, and from what he tells me, I am afraid you don't work much with him; so we think, instead of getting another tutor, it will be better for you to go to school at once.'

Jacko's face was radiant; it was what he wished above everything.

'But you will have to work, for you must depend on yourself through life. I am not rich, and I have all the little ones to provide for and push on, and shall expect you, who are strong and have plenty of brains, to exert yourself. You understand me, my boy, don't you?'

'Yes, papa,'—but Jacko's countenance had fallen

considerably during the last half of the speech. What had become of the title and estates if he had only himself to depend on ?

Mr. Locksley was not sorry to see him grave, and attributed it to the new feelings about leaving his mother and his home ; but he soon recovered his cheerfulness, for the voice was saying,—

‘ Of course he would not tell you you were to be rich and grand ; that is the way of parents. They want their sons to work, and they think there’s less chance of it if they know they’re already provided for.’

‘ Dear me, yes !’ said Jacko, ‘ I didn’t think of that ; of course that’s it.’

A good many queer misgivings came over him that day, as he thought of all he was leaving. First of all, his own dear mother, whose kiss remained to him after his father had begun to shake hands. Then his father, so anxious for his amusement and enjoyment, and so true and good. What came next ? Gerald and Ada were put together. They teased, and were small, but he should miss them. Then came the pony Firefly, and the terrier Sesino, his constant boon companion. Following these, at a very considerable distance in his mind, were the little brothers and sisters in the nursery, all very well in their way, but on the whole rather a nuisance, especially Capel, who always wanted to see Jacko’s watch, and hear it tick.

No terrors of nurses and servants could frighten Jacko out of his delight at the thought of school—the cricket-matches ! the fives court !

‘ Oh ! don’t you just wish you were old enough to come too, Gerald ?’

CHAPTER IV.

‘ BINGHAM, here’s a new boy ! You’ll make him at home here, I know.’

Jacko had never felt so small in his life as he had done for the last ten minutes, in the presence of a very tall master in a cap and gown ; but now that he found himself among his own species, he began to recover himself ; and, by the time Bingham had been found, Jacko had had time to remember what it was proper for a gentleman of his position to do. So, when he was introduced to Bingham, he raised his hat before shaking hands.

The master turned on his heel and retired, and Jacko was launched on the sea of school-life. Several boys came round him and inspected him closely, most of them with hands in pockets.

‘ I say,’ said Bingham, ‘ don’t you go on doing that, you know.’

‘ What !’ asked Jack.

‘ Why, taking off your chimney-pot.’

‘ Chimney-pot !’ said Jack, in happy ignorance of slang.

‘ Boxer, then, hat—anything you like ; keep it on your head if I tell any fellow who you are. By-the-bye, I don’t know who you are myself. What’s your name, tell us all about yourself !’

‘ My name is John Algernon Wentworth Locksley.’

‘ Never mind the preface,’ said a big fellow named Merton ; ‘ what’s the last name ?’

‘ Locksley,’ repeated Jack, respectfully.

‘ Any title ?’ asked Smith, son of a rich linen-draper, who had found out his paternal disadvantages.

‘ My father is the son of a baronet, and my other grandfather is Duke of Manton.’

‘ That’s nothing to you, young hopeful,’ said Lord Bovey, ‘ if your father isn’t the eldest son.’

‘ Is he ?’ shouted a chorus of voices.

‘ No,’ said Jacko, feeling small again, ‘ he isn’t ; but—’

‘ Well ?’ said Smith.

‘ Go on, hopeful,’ exclaimed Lord Bovey.

‘ Oh,’ said Jacko, ‘ that’s all.’

‘ Then why in the world did you say “but ?” asked Merton.

‘ Oh, it was nothing ; I didn’t mean to say it,’ said Jacko, turning crimson far into the roots of his hair.

‘ Come along, old fellow,’ said Bingham, ‘ we’ll go into the playing-fields ; but I shan’t be able to tack you on to me always, you know, because I’m in another set.’

‘ Of course,’ said Jacko, sensible of the condescension of his new friend ; ‘ you’re a good deal bigger, and used to the school.’

‘ You’ll soon shake down, though, only you’d better not come it grand here, you know. If you do, you’ll soon have it taken out of you. There are lots of fellows who really are swells, and they soon find out all about you. You’ll never hear the last of that “but” of yours. What did you mean, eh ?’

Jacko looked round, and then said, ‘ Well, everybody doesn’t know it, but I think perhaps I shall be, I don’t quite know what, but something higher in rank, you see, some day, that’s all. I tell you because I’m your friend, but please don’t say anything.’

‘ All right,’ said Bingham, ‘ I can’t tell anybody, because I don’t understand it myself ; and I don’t think you do, if the truth was known.’

A game of cricket served in some measure to remove the unpleasant impression which was left on Jacko’s mind that he had made a mess of his school introduction ; and he was almost sure he heard Merton say as he walked off with Bingham,—

‘ He’s got a snob in tow.’

Which was the snob ? Of course it must be Bingham. Nobody would venture to call the grandson of a duke a snob. And as he thought of it, he was almost sure Bingham *was* a snob, for he had told him not to take off his hat when he was introduced to people ; and he had always seen his father do this ; and he certainly was no snob. He must find out about Bingham, and, if he were not a gentleman, he should cut him.

(To be continued.)

RECREATION.—Let thy recreation be manly, moderate, seasonable, lawful ; if thy life be sedentary, more tending to the exercise of thy body ; if active, more to the refreshing of thy mind. The use of recreation is to strengthen thy labour, and sweeten thy rest.



Jews' Quarter, Amsterdam.

AMSTERDAM, AND THE JEWS' QUARTER.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.

THE Dutch capital is rather a gloomy-looking city. It is so intersected by canals, and has such a number of bridges, that it reminds one of Venice under a dull northern sky and with its bright marble palaces changed into dingy, red-brick houses, like those in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in London. There is a more English look in both the outside and inside of the houses in Holland than in any other country in Europe. My hotel, which bore the strange name of the 'Old Shrimp,' was fitted up just like a London inn, and was quite as expensive.

Amsterdam is a wealthy city; its harbour is immense, full of shipping from giant East and West Indiamen to the smallest fishing craft. Here I walked along very long quays, and, as all the large canals run into this harbour, there were many bridges, from which I had good views down these water-streets, many of which, lined with tall trees and full of barges, look most picturesque.

There are no fine public buildings in Amsterdam; both the cathedral and royal palace are heavy, dull-looking edifices. The Dutch are noted for their excessive cleanliness; such clean streets and polished pavements are nowhere else to be seen. Strange to say, this love of cleanliness does not always extend to their persons; the Dutch wash

their streets and houses, but are not so particular about washing themselves. There is a story, though I would not vouch for its truth, that when, during the war with Napoleon, English regiments were quartered in Holland, a soldier, who was smoking a pipe, quietly spat in a Dutchman's face, and, upon being asked the meaning of this act of rudeness, he gave as his excuse that it was the only dirty spot he could find to spit upon,—such extreme cleanliness being around him!

To maintain this cleanliness the Dutch are of course always washing their streets and houses, but Saturday is the great cleansing day. Then stout women in wooden shoes may be seen everywhere, violently throwing large pailfuls of water against the windows or walls of the houses, or with huge garden syringes squirting up the water at the upper storeys as if to put out a fire. These ladies are very energetic, and not at all polite. They have no care or pity for a sight-seeing stranger, who, if not very careful, is likely to get several cold shower-baths in the course of a Saturday-morning's walk, as he is looking into shop-windows or gazing up at the quaint, old-fashioned houses.

The doorsteps, doors, and brass knockers of the mansions are marvels of polishing work and cleanliness. These doors are never used or opened, except on grand occasions, as people always enter the houses by some side or back door.

Out of a population of 225,000, Amsterdam contains 24,000 Jews. They all live in the Ghetto, or



The Match Girl.

Jews' quarter. As I arrived at Amsterdam on a Friday, I determined to visit one of their synagogues in the evening, on which day there is always service. Dutch cleanliness is not to be found in the Jews' quarter of the capital, which consists of narrow streets, gloomy, tumble-down houses, with

many old-clothes shops. The smells were terrible. The streets were crowded with swarms of the dirtiest, most miserable-looking objects, mostly in the rags of faded finery. Many of the inhabitants were sitting in the streets, cooking their greasy meal, often of fish, before their houses. To the

noise of playing children were added the shrill cries of the merchants and hawkers calling out the goods they had for sale. One cannot advance a step without having some article offered at a very low price, which, however, is probably more than it is worth. Here we see old furniture, old clothes,—things which have once shone in palaces or been admired on beautiful ladies, now used-up and worthless, passing from hand to hand among these Jew tradesmen.

At last I found the largest synagogue, that of the Portuguese Jews (there are five synagogues in the Ghetto), a large, square, red-brick building, enclosed in a courtyard. The inside is lofty and highly decorated, and is said to be built somewhat after the model of Solomon's Temple; it was about half full of men and boys, all with their hats on. At one end was a sort of altar, with candles burning before it, and in the centre a raised desk, in which a venerable-looking Rabbi was reading from a scroll. I could not in the least understand the service; the singing was shrill and harsh, the congregation were very inattentive. The service did not seem to be at all congregational; when the men came in they at once went up to their friends, shook hands with them, and seemed to converse on ordinary topics of the day. Two little boys standing close to me were talking together in the most animated manner, not in the least heeding the service. The only words I heard which I could understand, and which were repeated over and over again were 'per cent, per cent,' which showed that these youngsters had already learnt the Jewish habit of money-getting.

Our picture shows one of the juvenile inhabitants of the Jews' quarter at Amsterdam, who, sent out by her parents with a basketful of boxes of lucifer-matches, wanders from morning to night through the more aristocratic parts of the city, selling her matches for a cent (about a farthing) each. Her ragged and dirty, yet picturesque, appearance, with her dark features and coal-black eyes, is a strong contrast to the cleanly streets and stately mansions through which she daily passes, and to the well-to-do people to whom she offers her matches for sale.

TOYS.

ALL the cheaper class of toys are of foreign manufacture. Penny toys come from Germany. They have their birth in the black pine-forests of Thuringia. What roars of laughter spring from those old gloomy pine-woods! The great toy capital, almost of the world, is Sonneburg, where men, women, and children, are employed upon their production. The cost of toys at the place of their manufacture is infinitely small.

The wood—the only material of which they are made—costs only twopence-halfpenny a tree. The labour is scarcely more valuable. Toys, in these old forests, are made on the most approved modern principle of division of labour. Any toy we may take up has gone through half-a-dozen

hands. By this means great rapidity is attained in their manufacture, and the prime cost at home is less than the third of a penny. The transit along mountain roads, and by water carriage to Rotterdam, whence they are conveyed by steam to England, costs more than their actual manufacture, but yet there is a profit left to the vendor.

These are the true 'smashing' toys; but the more expensive and elaborate ones also come from Germany or the adjacent countries. Great numbers come from Grunheinscher, in Saxony, but the town of Nuremberg maintains its old monopoly for metal-work, even in the matter of toys. All the leaden soldiers in boxes are made here, whilst the tin railroads, and locomotives, and steam-vessels of very primitive character and form, come from Biberach, in Wirtemberg. The cuirasses, and helmets, and guns come from Hesse Cassel—a highly military little kingdom; and from its big neighbour, Prussia, we have the pretty little toy-interiors—shops, drawing-rooms, and so on, fitted with model furniture and goods.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

'IF THE KING ONLY KNEW IT.'

THIS is an expression often heard, from the mouths of the people, and is often accompanied with a sigh, showing the confidence that is reposed in princes. 'If the king only knew it!' Yes, but he can't know everything. The best king or queen cannot be acquainted with all the sufferings of their people; they only know very few of them, and those mostly by hearsay.

Often, too, they are deceived. We will give an instance of this which happened lately. A German sovereign was making a journey in state through his dominions and stopped at a manufacturing town, in which there were many weavers who were suffering from great distress. It was known that the king willingly devoted his time to those who were unfortunate among his subjects, and that he would not leave the town without visiting one of these weaver families. The courtiers had prepared for this, and after the first grand receptions were over and the prince had expressed a desire to visit one of the homes of the workmen, the committee were ready to guide him to one.

They went through several streets and halted at a pretty cottage round which grew a beautiful vine. The prince smiled with pleasure at the sight of this peaceful and happy dwelling. They entered, and a sweet picture presented itself to the view of the illustrious visitor. Before the loom sat a man in the full bloom and vigour of life, in white shirt-sleeves and blue waistcoat, humming a merry song as he worked—three rosy-cheeked children of different ages sat on footstools and wound the yarn on reels, whilst an elder boy sat at the table preparing his work for school; and the mother, a still young and comely woman, was arranging glasses and plates in a cupboard. A charming picture of a working-man's happiness—all contentment and peace in the clean and cheerful cottage, and many

of the royal suite might well envy the happiness of these fortunate people.

Is it so with the king too, who looks with such a dark frown,—we might almost say with anger, around the room of the weaver? Why does he not answer his respectful greeting, he who is generally so condescending to every one? For a moment he stands undecided—then he beckons one of the younger children to him, ‘What is your name, my child?’

‘Muller’s Jetty,’ is the reply.

‘And yours, little one?’

‘Schneider’s Mary.’

‘And you, rough head?’ to the boy.

‘Carl Schultze?’ is the lad’s answer.

The king turned abruptly round, and left the house without saying a word, the officers who accompanied him, and had guessed what would be the result of the affair, bit their lips in order not to laugh, the authorities of the town made very long faces! The king, followed by these gentlemen, marched through the streets—suddenly he took a little book from his pocket, turned over the leaves and beckoning to a passer-by who respectfully saluted him, said, ‘Lead me to the weaver who has five children and a sick wife.’

The gentlemen of the town turned pale as they followed the king and his guide through the narrowest and dirtiest streets of the town. When the prince stopped at last before a most dilapidated house he turned to these gentlemen and said:—

‘You wished to deceive me, gentlemen; you thought that the king could not know everything, enter this house and look at a *real* weaver’s dwelling more than one of which your town possesses; in a week I shall be back again, and will pardon you the trick which you tried to play off upon your sovereign, if by that time this and other cases of misery, of which I here have a list, are relieved. In a few hours you made up a sham weaver’s family, I give you a week to put an end to real misery! Farewell!’ And he went alone into the wretched dwelling!

This happened in the summer of 1867.

J. F. C.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

THIS noble old man, who looks like some old patriarch, though verging upon ninety, shuns no fatigues or dangers when he can assist the persecuted members of the Jewish race, not merely by his counsel, but by his acts, and by himself hastening to their succour if it be necessary.

Sir Moses Montefiore was born in London in 1784, and early distinguished himself, as well for his talents in commercial business as for his singular uprightness and honesty, and he soon attained to wealth, to a high position among merchants, and he obtained the esteem of both Jews and Christians. Thus he greatly helped to break down the barriers which the prejudices of former ages had raised against the Jews, and he always stood in the foremost rank of reformers of any long-standing abuses.

By his marriage in 1824, he became connected

with the Rothschild family. A journey to Palestine, which he undertook with his wife in 1829, and of which she afterwards published an account under the title of ‘A Diary of a Journey to the Holy Land,’ confirmed in both of them their affection towards their nation.

In 1837, Montefiore was made Sheriff of London, and, as such, was knighted on the occasion of Queen Victoria visiting the Guildhall after her coronation. After he had worthily performed all the public duties of a resident country gentleman and magistrate in the county of Kent, of which he was high sheriff, a baronetcy was conferred upon him. This distinction and the honours of various learned societies prove in what high esteem this excellent man was held.

But we must not forget his benevolent exertions. On the news of the desolation which an earthquake, in the year 1837, had caused at Tiberias, Sir Moses and his wife travelled a second time to the Holy Land, although at that time the plague was raging in Syria. The liberal support which they gave not only alleviated the distress, but encouraged the Jewish population to engage in agriculture and manufactures.

A few years later, this noble worker undertook a still more important mission. The disappearance of a Franciscan priest and his servant in Damascus had revived among the population of that city the old tradition of the bloody Passover sacrifices, and the authorities persecuted the Jews for the murder of the missing man with all the severity of their barbarous laws. Sir Moses, in 1840, journeyed therefore to Damascus, Alexandria, and Constantinople, accompanied by the Jewish lawyer Crémieux, in order to plead with Mohammed Ali who then ruled Syria, and with the Sultan, for these unfortunate Jews.

His mission was crowned with success. He obtained a *firman*, or decree, in Constantinople, which protected the Jews against similar attacks in future. The severe *ukase*, or edict, issued in 1845, in Russia, against the Jews, led Sir Moses, in the winter of 1846, to travel to St. Petersburg, and the audience which he had with the Emperor Nicholas was so favourable that the *ukase* was suspended. At the Czar’s special request, Sir Moses made a journey through Russian Poland, to gain information as to the state of the Jews in that country, and to propose measures for their benefit.

In 1854, abundant contributions of money were made in England to meet the famine which had broken out in Palestine, and Sir Moses hastened thither to see that it was properly distributed. On this occasion he purchased land from the Sultan, upon which he erected four houses, and also founded some manufactories.

In all his efforts we see that he knew the real way of helping the poor, which is not only to give gifts, but to make what is given fruitful for the future, and so to provide not only for to-day but for to-morrow also.

In 1865, at the outbreak of the persecution of the Jews in Morocco, he applied to the Queen of Spain, who received him most graciously, and, with her support, he sailed on board an English



Sir Moses Montefiore.

frigate and landed at Mogadore, whence he journeyed to the capital. Here the Sultan, Sidi Mahomed, received him with great honour, and, on his earnest request, granted him a *firman*, which secured justice and protection, not only to the Jews, but to the Christians also.

Sad was it for Sir Moses Montefiore when, in his sixth journey to Palestine, in 1866, he missed his faithful companion, his wife, who had accompanied him on all his previous journeys there. She had died in 1862. On this occasion he went to bring assistance to his Jewish brethren, who were suffering from the double visitation of locusts and the cholera.

Sir Moses is still unwearied and indefatigable,

notwithstanding his eighty-four years of age, for last year he hastened to the Danubian States, when he heard of the cruelties there practised upon the Jews. On this occasion he was again accompanied by the French Jew, Crémieux. This his last mission was crowned by the most brilliant results. His journey was quite a triumphal progress. Wherever he arrived, his fellow Jews hastened to pay him their homage; and Christians, too, who honour his great benevolence, expressed their esteem for him by hearty welcomes.

Sir Moses resides near Ramsgate, in Kent, where his universal liberality and benevolence cause him to be beloved and respected by all Christians, as well as Jews, in the neighbourhood. J. F. C.

No. 32. July 6, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



The Fishing Boat

Digitized by Google

THE FISHING-BOAT.

By Mary Howitt.

GOING OUT.

BRISKLY blows the evening gale,
Fresh and free it blows ;
Blessings on the fishing-boat,
How merrily she goes !
Christ, He loved the fishermen ;
Walking by the sea,
How He blessed the fishing-boats
Down in Galilee !
Dark the night, and wild the wave,
Christ the boat is keeping ;
Trust in Him, and have no fear,
Though He seemeth sleeping.

COMING IN.

Briakly blows the morning breeze,
Fresh and strong it blows,
Blessings on the fishing-boat,
How steadily she goes !
Christ, He loved the fishermen,
And He blessed the net
Which the hopeless fishers threw
In Gennesaret.
He has blessed our going out ;
Blessed, too, our returning ;
Given us laden nets at night,
And fair wind in the morning.

JOHNNY AND LUKIE.

A LESSON FOR CHATTERBOXES, BY REV. W. BAIRD.

A FEW days ago I was down in the East-end of London, and there I saw a sight which I think might have done good to some of the dear little Chatterboxes whom I know and love. Therefore I will tell them what it was.

In a quiet street there had lived for some years a poor little cripple. He was a great sufferer, and usually was quite confined to bed. At the best of times his greatest effort was just to crawl to church. One of my first inquiries the other day, when I was down in the neighbourhood, was after Johnny, for that was the name by which he went. I was told that he was in much suffering, but would like to see me. I hastened to his home, and found him very weak. He was lying with his poor, crippled legs laid out upon a chair, but his face brightened with a faint smile as he recognised me.

After a little talk, my attention was drawn to another boy sitting close beside him. 'Who's this?' I said to the mother.

'That's Lukie, sir,' was the answer. 'He comes often to play with Johnny.'

Now, who was Lukie? Another little cripple, only a shade better than Johnny himself; and it was very difficult to see what kind of 'play' they could well enjoy together. Yet this boy would come and sit for hours by his little fellow-sufferer. Both looked bright and happy; and, when I spoke to them of the dangers and perils from which their suffering had perhaps kept them, I thought there seemed a heavenly smile on the countenance of each.

I left the house, feeling that the simple, hearty sympathy of Johnny and Lukie for each other had taught me a lesson which I trust I shall not forget; and I thought the little story of their 'play' might help some little chatterboxes to bear their own little troubles better and to show to each other that fellow-feeling which always takes away at least half of the burden which each one has to bear. This is what I thought I learned from the 'play' of Johnnie and Lukie.

THE TWO PURSES.

GEORGE, the son of a poor woodman, was one day sitting crying under a tree in the middle of a forest. A nobleman in a simple green dress with a star embroidered on his breast, heard the cries of the little boy, and went up to him and said, 'What are you crying for, my poor boy?'

'Alas!' said George, 'my mother has been very ill for some time, and this morning my father sent me to the town to pay the doctor, and I have lost the purse with the money in it.'

The nobleman turned and spoke in a low tone to a gamekeeper who accompanied him and who pulled out of his pocket a little purse made of dark crimson silk in which were several gold pieces. 'Is this the purse which you have lost?' said the nobleman.

'Oh, no,' replied George, 'mine was not so beautiful as that, and it had no gold pieces in it.'

'Perhaps, this is it, then?' said the gamekeeper, taking out of his pocket a little shabby purse.

'Oh, yes, that is it,' said George, joyfully.

The gamekeeper then gave it to him, and the nobleman said, 'Take this purse too, beside your own, as a reward for your honesty and trust in God.'

Another boy, of the same age as George, named Stephen, who lived in the neighbouring village, heard about George's adventure, and one day, knowing that the same nobleman was hunting in the forest, sat down at the foot of a tree and began crying, 'Oh my purse, I have lost my purse and money!'

Hearing these cries the nobleman stopped as he was passing, and, after having asked him several questions, he showed him a purse full of gold pieces, and said, 'Is this the one which you have lost?'

'Oh, yes, that is it,' said Stephen, stretching out his hands to take it.

But the gamekeeper came up and said, 'You wicked boy, how dare you put yourself in my lord's way in order to try and impose upon his kindness in that manner? but I am going to pay you in your own coin.' So saying, he cut a stick from a tree and gave the boy the caning which he richly deserved.—*Translated from the French.* E. W.

BINGHAM'S LOAN.

(Continued from page 243.)



HE cricket over, Jacko was wandering about somewhat disconsolately, when he was overtaken by the very fellow who had used the expression.

'So you're handed over to Bingham's tender mercies?' said Merton.

'Who is Bingham?' asked Jacko.

'Oh, you'll find out.'

'But would you please tell me; I don't know anything about him.'

'Well then, his name's Bingham.'

'I knew that; but what is he?'

'He's an Eton boy, and he's in the second eleven, and a howling swell in the boats. There now, I've answered fifty questions of yours, and you owe me fifty answers. Have you got much tin?'

It ought to be stated that Merton was always rather badly off in this particular, and therefore lavish in his attentions to boys fresh from home ties.

'Pretty well,' answered Jacko, cautiously.

'A few sovereigns, for instance?'

Jacko nodded.

'Well, then, you're just the fellow for me; for I want a little tin; and if I borrow I always pay interest. You don't know what that is? well, I'll tell you. If you lend me a sovereign, for instance, to-day, I pay it back this day week with half-a-crown more.'

'Do you really? That's very kind.'

'Oh, it is very. But I like to do fellows a good turn, especially new boys. Of course they bring no end of tuck to school, and don't want tin; and then, when they do want it, why I give it them back with interest. How much have you got, John Algernon, what is it?'

'I didn't want to bring a great deal,' said Jack, apologetically, turning out his pockets, and producing two sovereigns, and several commodities in the shape of knives, corkscrews, and string from one pocket.

'Well, shell out the other,' said Merton.

A half-sovereign and two sixpences were the result. A photograph of his mother Jacko did not produce.

'That all?' said Merton, contemptuously. 'You're not a swell, after all, then.'

'I don't know what you mean by a swell,' said Jacko, wrathfully.

'Why, your father's a younger son. He won't have a title, and so you won't. I mean, you might as well be Smiths or Robinsons.'

'I don't see that at all,' answered Jacko: 'besides, though my father hasn't got a title, perhaps I shall have one, and estates too, for anything I know.'

(O, Jacko! twice in the last hour, you have told your great secret.)

'Ah, very well; if so, I'm your man, depend upon me; and, as I said before, if you like to let me have your tin, I'll keep it safe, and give it you back whenever you like, with interest.'

'Not all?' exclaimed Locksley.

'Oh, just as you please; the more I have, the more you get; I don't care.'

'Well, suppose I lend you one sovereign now?'

'You'd better give me the two; they will be safe then; and you'll be sure to lose them out of your pockets.'

'Very well; only remember I shall want them in a week.'

'All right, you shall have them.'

So, already Jack Locksley had parted with his money; and, what on calm reflection he valued much more, his beloved secret. What he had not breathed at home was now known to two strangers. The money might come back to him, of course it would, but the secret was theirs for ever.

And now he had told it he believed it more than ever. And as for work, he saw no need of it. What was the use of all that Latin and Greek if he were to be a nobleman? He should want French, as he meant to travel; but as for arithmetic, his steward would keep his accounts, and he should not bother about that. Once he had thought how hard he would work to free his father from any anxiety about him. Now he meant to amuse himself at his father's expense.

This resolution was accompanied by a good deal of unpleasantness in the way of lines to write out and various other humiliating remedies; but Jacko persevered in his intention to be a great man in the idle line, and he was much encouraged by the examples of several of his friends, Merton particularly, who, however, had not exchanged much civility with him after he had got his money. Jacko was a little uneasy too to observe that Merton suddenly surrounded himself with unheard-of delicacies, which Smith told him must have been got 'with some fool's money.' But still, though he was not invited to partake of the dainties, Jacko believed in Merton still.

Till about a week after the money became due, and then Jacko being asked for subscriptions, went and asked Merton point blank for it, and met with a point blank refusal. Then Jacko's indignation burst its bounds. Entreaties, anger, threats, nothing moved Merton, who only said, 'Why, you're coming into a title and estates, you know, what do you care about two sovereigns? Why, you must be a snob, after all.'

'But, Merton, you promised faithfully.'

'Oh, did I?' then next time don't believe me.'

Jacko Locksley really did feel very uncomfortable, for he wanted to enter his name for several little subscriptions, and could not do it without money. And it was impossible to write home for it, after the charges he had received not to waste or squander what he had brought.

(Concluded in our next.)

TRUTH.—Inquiry is to truth what friction is to the diamond; it proves its hardness, adds to its lustre, and excites new admiration.





A Forest in Madagascar.

MADAGASCAR.



MADAGASCAR, the largest island in the world except Australia, lies off the south-eastern coast of Africa. It is inhabited by a race who are much superior to their neighbours on the African continent. They may be said to be half civilised, for they live in towns, and have many of the comforts of life.

A king reigns over them, whose word is law. Some years ago missionaries entered the land and preached the Gospel. God blessed their labours, and there were many people converted; but a queen arose, who ordered the missionaries to leave, and put to death those who remained Christians. Most of these people were faithful to God, and Madagascar had many martyrs. They 'had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, were slain with the sword; they wandered about, being destitute and afflicted, hiding themselves in dens and caves of the earth.' Many of them were thrust over the tops of high cliffs and dashed to pieces below. Of such 'the world was not worthy.' But when this bad queen died the missionaries returned again, and the good work was resumed. The new king cannot be said to help on the Gospel, but at least he does not hinder it. A church, quite in the English style of architecture has been built at Antananaravo, the capital, as a 'martyrs' memorial.'

This capital—most of the Madagascar places have very long names—is in the centre of the island, about 150 miles from the sea. It is very difficult to reach as there are no roads in the country, and many mountains have to be crossed and forests penetrated. The journey often takes a fortnight or three weeks. A party starts from the coast with many attendants, some of whom have to carry the white visitor, in a sort of litter a very necessary thing for one not used to Madagascar. Before the capital is reached nearly all the hired attendants will have deserted. The swamps and rivers sorely impede progress, and the tangled forests, full of prickly plants, tear the traveller's clothes nearly off his back, while the jolting of the litter nearly shakes him to pieces. Mud and frost seem to be the two things which are most dreaded in Madagascar. Some large oil paintings, in frames, were sent not long ago as a present to the king, but they reached him with an entire coating of mud upon them. They had fallen into a swamp on the way.

If the traveller feels hungry, his servants will catch some parrots and cook them. If he is thirsty they will tap 'the traveller's tree' for him, and pure fresh water will freely flow from the puncture into a pitcher. Fancy a meal of cooked parrots and tree-water! In the picture, upon the right hand side, is a traveller's tree, about twenty feet high, and fan-shaped at the top. The water is concealed in a small cistern at the base of each stalk. A single tree will yield several gallons of water. After the



A Female Slave.

supply is drawn, the opening closes up, and the water begins to collect again. The traveller's tree has never been known to fail.

The smaller picture represents a female slave. Slavery exists in Madagascar, and you may judge by the poor girl that the slaves are very badly used. On her neck is an instrument of torture—a wooden collar, or rather board. After the board is fitted to the neck pieces of wood are nailed across them on the other side, to keep the whole in its place. The Rev. W. Ellis once saw a boy, about fifteen years old, with an iron collar on his neck, made by bending a massive bar round it till the ends met. Another slave at the same place had also an iron collar on him, but this had spikes, six inches long, standing upright against the face and ears, and the back of his head. Both were at hard labour, carrying heavy timbers down to a ship. Slavery is a bitter and cruel system anywhere. How thankful we should be that we live in a land of the free.

W.

SAVE MY MOTHER!

BREAKERS ahead!' shouted the look-out at the bows of a ship which had been drifting her way for days through a dense fog accompanied by a heavy gale of wind.

'Port your helm!' cried the captain to the steersman. The order was too late. Before it could be obeyed the ship dashed on the rocks, a total wreck.

All was now confusion and haste and terror.

Boats were got out, and most of the passengers and crew crowded into them. Among the passengers were a lady and her son, who had been left unnoticed till the last seaman was leaving the wreck.

'There's room for you, boy!' said he, grasping the lad, and raising him up to lower him over the bulwarks into the boat.

'Save my mother, if you let me drown!' shrieked the boy, wrenching himself from the sailor's grasp, and thrusting his mother forward.

There was no time for hesitation, and the woman was hurried into the boat. The noble boy leaped overboard; but in the providence of God he was picked up by another boat, and saved with his mother, who might have perished but for the devotion of her child.

Remember, young folk, that to 'honour thy father and thy mother' is the first commandment with promise. You can never outgrow it. It was said in praise of one great public man that his mother's tears had more influence with him than all the counsels of the advisers who surrounded him. With all the faults she may have, you have not in all the world a more earnest friend than your mother. You may rebel against her counsels, and laugh at her fears for your safety, but you will live to prove the virtue of her prayers, and the faithfulness of her teachings.

As the Son of God hung upon the cross amid the horror and agony of His expiring hours when the sins of a world and the salvation of millions were filling His thoughts, He remembered to care for His mother.

Oh, then, follow Christ. Remember your mother. Her blessing will be your choicest legacy. Let nothing but duty to God stand between you and obedience to your mother. Prize her love; deal reverently with all her faults; respect her counsels; prefer her interest to your comfort. So shall blessing and prosperity follow you through life; and in death it will be no unpleasant thought to you that you always 'remembered your mother.'

A FAITHFUL DOG.

EVERY one knows the old story of the dog who saw his master lose a purse, tried all he could to make him conscious of it, and when at last his master thought him mad and shot the faithful animal, how he returned bleeding to the valuable purse and watched over it till his last breath. The following true story is somewhat similar.

On the 20th of March, 1861, the city of Mendoza, on the eastern slope of the Cordilleras, in the Argentine Republic, was changed by an earthquake into a vast heap of ruins. Nothing remained standing, not a house, not a church, not a shed. The highest ruins were only three or four feet from the ground; out of 17,000 inhabitants, 15,000 were buried beneath the smoking piled-up heaps of rubbish. Among these unhappy victims was a Frenchman named Tesser, who together with his whole family, lay beneath the ruins of his destroyed house. One of his nearest friends, who belonged to the small number of the saved, was wandering about among

the remains of the town to see if he could anywhere render assistance. At last he came close to the place where the house of his friend Tesser had stood. After he had in vain sought for traces of the house or its former inmates, he was just about to go away, when he suddenly saw Tesser's dog still alive in the midst of broken rafters and heaps of stones. When he approached nearer he saw that the poor beast was in a most pitiable condition; its two hind-legs and a portion of its body were completely crushed,—but at the same time he noticed that the dog, in spite of its sufferings, kept scratching with its fore-paws in the rubbish, and every now and then howled loudly. This showed that the animal recognised his master's friend, who at once thought it possible that Tesser might be under that heap of ruins, and perhaps alive. He fetched some men, and with their help succeeded, after a long and wearisome labour, in digging out poor Tesser. His left arm and left leg were crushed and broken by heavy beams; but he still breathed. Before they succeeded in completely freeing his limbs, they washed his face, which seemed to refresh him very much; incapable of speaking, he stretched out his right arm in the direction where the dog lay. With painful effort, the poor animal dragged itself up to him and then expired, after he had once more looked up joyfully at his master.

THE PYRAMID OF SKULLS.

WHEN the fierce Tamerlane went forth to his terrible battles, he used to require of his soldiers a certain number of human heads to be brought to him. These he had curiously piled up into columns and pyramids, so that he might gloat his eyes on the ghastly faces of his conquered enemies. And, with jests and shouts, the rude soldiers wrought on the terrible pile. On the ruins of Bagdad a pyramid was erected containing thirty thousand human skulls. They were arranged in regular order, and presented every variety of human anguish and despair. Oh! what a fearful sight it must have been! Who could have had a heart hard enough to look upon it? Yet this savage Tartar rejoiced in the sight. It was the most beautiful object in the world to him. The greater his pyramid, the grander he considered his conquest.

Did you ever think what a pyramid of skulls King Drink is piling up? Every day he adds to it. Now it is a grey head with wrinkled brow and fading eyes. That white hair would have been a crown of glory if found 'in the ways of righteousness.' Now it is a delicate face, with shining tresses all about it, that is added to the ghastly column. Here a mother, and there a daughter, and—oh, saddest of all!—here are little boys and even little girls falling victims to the tyrant's power.

Children! do not let your heads deck such a fearful pyramid. The poor Persians could not escape the sword of Tamerlane, but every little child is strong enough to resist King Drink. Only let him alone, and he will do you no mischief. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' and you are safe.—*Youths' Temperance Banner.*

GRACE STANLEY'S PICNIC.

GRACE STANLEY was the only daughter of a gentleman of property in the South of England. At the time I am now writing she was just seventeen years old. She had been at school in Paris for some time, and had now left. In order to meet her old friends again, her parents had proposed that her birthday should be celebrated by a picnic in the wood.

It was a lovely morning in July, and Grace awoke an hour or two before her accustomed time. The sun was shining brightly into the window of her bed-room, and she jumped out of bed with delight at the prospect of so fine a day. The sky was cloudless; not a breath of wind was stirring, but the air was full of melody. The birds were singing their sweetest songs, and the busy hum of the insects was already floating on the air. On other mornings Grace would perhaps have opened her eyes, and closed them again, saying in her heart,—

‘A little more sleep, and a little more slumber.’

To-day she could not sleep, so she got up, said her prayers, read the lessons for the day, and took a walk in the wood to gather wild flowers to adorn her hat. She had never known before how delightful it was to be up early. As she was gathering the blossom from a tree, two swallows came swooping down by her feet in their search after insects.

‘That is a bad sign,’ said Grace, ‘when swallows fly low in search for food it is a sign of wet.’

‘Good morning, miss,’ said the old gardener.

‘Good morning, Harriss; what a lovely day it is for my birthday, is it not?’

‘Yes, miss; it is as well to make the best of it while it lasts.’

Grace shook her head sadly as she heard the old man’s opinion, for he was very weather-wise. She looked at the hills in the distance, and they seemed almost close. Fido, her little dog, was eating grass. ‘Other bad signs,’ said Grace, and then she remembered a few lines her nurse had taught her,—

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, spaniels sleep,
Spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty’s joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh,
The snorting swine disturb the kine;
Low on the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o’er her whisker’d jaws;
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
See you rooks how odd their flight,
They imitate the flying kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
‘T will surely rain I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.’

‘So long as it remains fine to-day, it may rain as it likes to-morrow,’ said Grace.

At breakfast-time a slight breeze got up, and rustled the leaves, and a few clouds came across the sky. By luncheon-time, when all the friends had arrived, the day had quite changed; but no one thought of giving up the picnic for the lack of sunshine.

Grace was a great favourite, and many were the happy greetings to the girl of sweet seventeen. I think at luncheon time there was not a person who did not say, ‘I hope it won’t rain,’ an expression which every one uses who expects it will. Immediately after luncheon, Grace and her cousins hurried off to the wood, to make the best of the day. The wood was a lovely place; here there was a pretty little stream crossed by a rustic bridge; there was a bank, covered with moss and ferns, and full of pretty little caves.

‘A capital place to get lost in,’ said Alice.

‘You get lost, and I will find you,’ said Willie; ‘I know every yard of this place by heart.’

‘Suppose we play hide-and-seek,’ said Arthur, ‘it would be capital fun.’

‘Agreed,’ they all cried, and chose sides.

It was Grace’s side to hide, and soon Frank’s whistle was heard to tell the seekers all were ready. Some hid in the caves, some in the sand-pit. Grace had not made up her mind where to go. She ran off as fast as she could, for the seeking party were on the look out. A shout! Alice was found; another, they have discovered Frank; but Grace ran on until she came to a little heap of wood that had been stacked by some careful hands for winter use; behind that she hid. No sooner was she in her hiding-place, than she felt a large drop of rain in her face, another, and another. Some fearfully black clouds were now seen overhead, and a rumbling sound was heard, and the rain soon came down in torrents. She heard some one running towards her, and thought it was one of the boys, but it proved to be a young girl, carrying a bundle of wood. As soon as she saw Grace, she begged her to come into the hut which was close by. The hut was not very inviting, but any shelter was welcome in such a storm.

‘It is only a shower, miss,’ said a neat-looking woman, who was sitting before a lace-pillow twisting the bobbins at such a rate that Grace thought they would produce nothing but a heap of tangled cotton. She was surprised to see what beautiful lace came forth from the other side of the pins, and to the great delight of the poor woman Grace bought several yards. Not until she completed the purchase did she observe a little bed at the corner of the room.

In the bed lay a delicate-looking boy, of ten years old, very pale and thin. Grace went to the bed-side, and spoke to the child: he seemed very ignorant, and knew not how to read. It was still raining very fast so Grace offered to read a little. The boy was delighted with the story of Joseph and his brethren, and Grace was just at the end when Frank, who was drenched to the skin, came in and found his cousin. All the other girls fortunately were sheltered, and Frank had been searching anxiously for Grace, and was delighted to find her in safe keeping.

The sun soon shone out brightly, and the cousins



Grace Stanley.

left the hut—Grace at the poor woman's earnest entreaty promised to come and see them again. Before many days she returned with a basket of good things for the sick boy. She continued her visits until she had taught him to read, and before long, under her care, the boy recovered. Grace put him to school for two years, and employment was found him in her father's garden.

Grace never regretted the thunder showers on her birthday, though they continued all the rest of the day. Those dark clouds had silver linings. She had not only brought health and happiness to a poor and afflicted family, but that little incident taught her the joy of making others happy, and laid the foundation of a good and useful life.

W. M.

‘CHATTERBOX’ Volume for 1867, price 3s. and 5s. richly gilt.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH 24 Paternoster Row.

STRANGEWAYS AND WA DEN,

[28 Castle St. Leicester Sq.]
Digitized by Google

No. 33. July 13, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.





WHO'D BE A DONKEY?

A Fable.

HO'D be a donkey?' said a smart-looking Horse that was cropping the grass in a meadow, under the hedge of which a heavily-laden donkey was picking up a thistle.

'Who'd be a donkey?' said a Cow in the opposite meadow, looking at him through the gate.

'Who'd be a donkey?' said an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, walking in a thoughtful manner up the road, his arms crossed behind his back, and his stick under his arm.

'Friends,' said the Donkey, with a very long piece of bramble hanging from his mouth, 'you'll excuse my speaking while I am eating, which is not polite; but, in order to set your benevolent hearts at rest, I beg to assure you that *I'd* be a donkey.'

'Well,' said the Horse, 'there's no accounting for tastes: I wouldn't. Do you mean to say that you prefer your ragged pasture out there to my delicate fare in here?'

'I never tasted yours,' said the Donkey; 'mine is very pleasant.'

'Do you mean to say, friend,' asked the Cow, 'that you prefer carrying that heavy load to living at ease as I do?'

'I never lived at ease; I am used to my burden,' said the Donkey.

'I should think, my poor fellow,' said the gentleman, 'you would be glad even to change places with your master, vagabond as he is. You would certainly escape beating and starvation. I see the marks on your poor head where his blows have been, and your ribs plainly tell what your ordinary fare is.'

'Sir,' said the Donkey, 'I am greatly obliged to you for your pity, but I assure you it is misplaced: my master is more of a brute than I am, both when he gets intoxicated and when he beats me. I don't like beating, especially about the head; but it is a part of my lot to bear it, and when the pain is past I forget it. As to starving, there are degrees in starvation; I am many points from the bottom of the scale, as you may see by the delicate piece of bramble I was finishing when you spoke. I believe my master, who cannot dine on a hedge, more frequently suffers from hunger than I do.'

'Well, my friend,' said the gentleman, 'your philosophy is great; but that burden must be too much for you; it is twice too heavy for your size.'

'It is heavy, sir; but who is without a burden? You, sir, for instance—pardon me; not for worlds of thistles would I bring you on a par with a poor donkey—you are, as I should judge, the clergyman of this parish?'

'Yes,' said the gentleman.

'And you have a family?'

'Yes; six children.'

'And servants of course?'

'Yes; three.'

'Dear me!' said the Donkey. 'Sir, excuse me again; but what is my burden to yours? A parish, six children, and three servants!'

'Oh, but my cares are such that I am constituted to bear them.'

'Just so, sir,' said the Donkey; 'and my burden fits my back. The truth is, sir, I believe, and I would recommend you (once more excuse me) to put it into your next sermon, that half, and more than half, of our wants, are created; half, and more than half, of our miseries, are imaginary; and half, and more than half, of our blessings, are lost for want of seeing them. I learned this from my mother, who was a very sensible donkey, and my experience of life has shown me its truth. With neither of my friends over the hedges would I change places, scornful as they look while I say it. As for you, sir, let me tell you that a thunderstorm, which will not touch my old grey coat, will spoil your new black one; and I advise you to run for it, while I finish my dinner.'—*Leisure Hour*.

BINGHAM'S LOAN.

(Concluded from p. 251.)

I WONDER whether Bingham could help me,' said Jacko to himself.

But Jacko had discovered two things which made him doubt about this course. The first, that Bingham really was not only a very clever, industrious fellow, with high principle, but also that he really was, what Jacko was trying to fancy himself, the heir to an old English title with great estates.

The other fact was, that Bingham finding Locksley determined to cast in his lot with the idle ones, especially with Merton, against whom he had been warned, began to show him that, unless he altered his ways, he must expect to be left out of the better set. He did not know that one day he was talked over in Bingham's room, and the following remarks made upon him as he passed with Merton.

'Look at that fellow Locksley,' said Bovey, 'he's trying to keep up with Merton, who wants to shake him off.'

'Don't you know why?' asked Seamour.

'No, but I suspect Locksley's a prig, and he swaggers.'

'Oh, that isn't it,' said Seamour,—'at least not all. Merton got Locksley's home-money, and now he's always following him about trying to get it back. I told him it had gone in lobsters and ices, but he didn't believe it, and still thinks he will get it.'

'I told him not to do it,' said Bingham, 'because, you know, he was put into my hands the day he came. He's not a bad fellow, and he's sharp enough, but he'll soon come to grief if he goes on as he does now. He was kept in after all three schools yesterday, and seems to think it rather grand.'

'He'll have to work, though,' said Bovey, 'for my father says they are all poor, and he'll have nothing except the shovels that great relations can give to those who are willing to be shovelled.'

'Merton says this chap talks of his fine prospects.'

'I know,' said Bingham, 'he began telling me

about them, but I can't make head or tail of it. He says he is going to be a great man, but doesn't seem clearly to understand how the event is to happen.'

'Look out, Bingham, here he comes,' said Bovey.

'Bingham, I say,' began Jacko, and then paused at the sight of Bovey and Seamour.

'Well?' said Bingham; 'what is it, old fellow?'

'I say, Bingham, I want to speak to you.'

'Come into the title and estates, Locksley?' asked Seamour.

'Now, Seamour, no chaff,' said Bingham: 'come along, we'll take a turn together, and you fellows can wait for me.'

Jacko's mind was full of his troubles. He was so sorry he had not taken Bingham's advice and had nothing to do with Merton. 'Did Bingham think he should ever get the money back?'

'Probably not,' and the answer was rather cold and unsympathising.

'But I think it's a great shame that a fellow should be robbed like this, and I shall tell Dr. Lawford, and have a row.'

'That won't do you much good,' said Bingham.

'But I shall get my money back; he must give it me if I tell!'

'Give it you! Why, Merton never has a farthing, much less two sovereigns. I tell you what, Locksley, you pocket the affront and say nothing about it.'

'But I owe some money myself, and I don't know what to do. If you could lend me a very little, Bingham, I would pay it directly I came back after the holidays.'

'I shall only lend you it on one condition, Locksley, and that is, that you aren't kept in. You're a fellow that can do your work as well as anybody, and there you are, always in disgrace.'

'I'll do anything you like, Bingham; but I haven't a penny.'

'Well, you must work for your livelihood then, and if you get on all right, and don't get kept in for a week, I'll lend you a sovereign.'

'Oh, thank you, Bingham. And, please, would you mind being my friend again?'

'That depends—not if you like being with Merton and Smith, and that sort of fellows, because we should not agree. I don't want you to quarrel with them, but you can let them drop. And just one thing more, Locksley, you'd better not swagger quite so much, because you see the fellows don't think the better of you, and it isn't considered the thing here.'

'All right, Bingham, I won't. A whole week? Well, I'll try. Good-night, and thank you.'

The autumn evening was closing in, and Jacko walked about by himself disconsolately. He had not got steady enough yet for the better set, and the old one he was pledged to discard. And in that walk he thought of his mother, and of her prayers for him, and then he began to remember how very little he had thought about his own prayers since he had come to school. He wondered whether God loved him at all now, and what his mother would say, if she knew how he had spent his first six weeks of school. He thought, too, of all his father's part-

ing charges about truth and honour; and at this moment he saw the school-postman coming up to the school-house, and he hastened on in case there might be a letter for him, as his always came by the second post. There was a budget from home—a long one from his mother, a short, hearty one from his father, and scrawls from the nursery party. His mother always told him all the home-news—where the hounds met—who had been riding 'Firefly,' the pony, with all the small matters that she thought would interest him. Sometimes also she gave him news of his relations, and at the end of this letter came the following paragraph:—

'I suppose you hardly remember your cousin John Howard, we always used to call him by your nickname, "Jacko." He has been for many years Attaché at the Court of Soccato, and very up-hill work it has been, far away from everybody and nothing but his pay. Within the last few days, however, he has succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle, Lord Selby, and he will be a very rich man, and he deserves his good luck for he has worked hard. I hope my boy will do the same, though he must never expect to be rich or great except through his own exertions.'

Whereupon Jacko felt very cold, and then very hot, and, lastly, very damp, for his castle, with all its contents, had come down with a crash. He earned Bingham's loan, however, and repaid it.

THE WOODMEN OF THE ALPS.



O country in Europe uses coal for fuel to the same extent as England. Though it is found in Belgium and in some parts of France and Germany, yet even in those districts wood is generally used—especially for household purposes.

But in the Alps, where coal is almost unknown, where the mountains are covered with vast forests, and where, too, the winter is very severe—wood only is burned; and the woodmen who cut down, collect, and transport wood enough to supply whole countries with fuel, form quite as distinct a class in Switzerland and Austria as colliers do with us; and a hard life they have of it, as we shall see. Every log has its history; it may have cost the poor woodman who cut it down his life, and it certainly was by great labour and for scanty wages that he brought this log from those airy heights and desolate solitudes to the plain below.

A traveller who enters a forest, high up among the mountains, has no idea of the difficulties which attend the levelling of such a wood, or even of one single tree. Countless beams of fire-wood are now mouldering on the mountains, and whole districts of splendid forests have never been touched by the axe, because the timber cannot be brought down into the plain. It requires often years of preparation and long waiting for favourable weather to get a quantity of wood only from one height to another lower down, where the same difficulty has again to be overcome.



The Woodmen of the Alps.

The woodmen, who in these solitary forests of the Alps achieve all this labour, are giants in form and | heroes in perseverance. They live a needy com-
fortless life, but they like its independence, and pro-

bably, they would not change it for an easier and less exciting one if they could.

The woodman starts off from his wooden cottage, blessed by his father and mother, or after having taken a tender farewell of his wife and children, whom he seldom sees during the week, and very often not for many long weeks together. In the early dawn he trudges along the mountain-path, with his leather sack on his back, containing his provisions, till he reaches the rough log-hut high up in the mountains, which is the same to the woodman as the barrack is to the soldier. Here a number of woodmen live together for months ; if they have a cow close to their place of labour, the milk is a luxury indeed. Often a few goats give them a scanty supply, but more frequently no milk at all is to be had ; then they must be content with bread and a morsel of bacon or lard which their store-sack contains, together with its black meal. Meat to them is almost unknown. Sometimes, indeed, a hare or a stag passes by ; but woe to them if the forester discover them poaching ! And to do so, indeed, the most necessary things are wanting—powder, shot, and rifle—the possession of which would draw down upon them a terrible punishment, and cost them their place, house, and livelihood.

The woodmen are paid either by regular daily wages, or by contract for patches of forest to be cleared, for a certain number of trees to be felled, or blocks to be delivered. The little community work under a foreman or ganger. A fixed supply of necessary provisions is insured to them by their employers, as flour, salt, and lard, for which they pay a trifling annual sum. For the building of a cottage, which consists entirely of rough logs of wood, he receives the material *gratis*, as well as the ground on which it stands ; it is made over to him for an indefinite time, he looks upon it as his own estate, his pride, the inheritance of his children, who generally follow their father's employment. As he once did, so they too now go down to the school, many miles distant, in winter, through snow and storms, often over rocks, through torrents, or over narrow and most unsafe bridges. Many a cottage-home could sadly tell that children have sometimes perished in these expeditions.

The woodman's work is not always the same. The saw is not ever at work upon the stately tree, nor the axe cleaving the giant of the forest till it bends, and at last falls thundering down, by its own weight dragging others with it. There is always a certain amount of danger in this. In the Alpine forests we frequently see little rudely-painted tablets, representing a falling tree, a man's bleeding head beneath it, and a black cross above, with a few words of pious warning to others written underneath. Very numerous, too, are the tablets in remembrance of those who have fallen from rocks, or perished in deep and raging torrents.

The trees, either whole or in blocks, are transported from their lofty situation in several different ways. If the ground be pretty clear, they are dragged in a sledge or along the ground to some rocks, which form a sort of steep, inclined plane ; here they are thrown over, and thousands of huge

beams, hundreds of tons in weight, thunder down into the depths below. But often the ground is too rough and stony to convey such ponderous trees for so long a distance ; then the woodmen have to wait till winter comes ; but a mild, damp season will not do, there must be hard, frozen snow, over which big trees, which two men could scarcely span with outstretched arms, run along as smoothly as grains of wheat over a slanting, polished board.

There is another way of sending the wood down—and this is by making long grooves, or slides, of beams joined together, down which the stream of wood is poured. These are often erected with marvellous boldness, at the most dizzy heights. Winter is the best time for these slides ; often water is poured down them, which freezes at once, and makes a smooth passage for the wooden beams.

But the ways of transport by water are the most diverse, and perhaps the most difficult to manage. The simplest is the mountain-stream or fall, which, from the regions of ice and snow, comes roaring and thundering down, foaming and dashing from rock to rock, as if over huge steps, carrying all before it by its mighty power. The rocky sides of the mountain-torrent often rise above it like two lofty walls. No eye from the mountain-height above can pierce that dark abyss ; it can only be heard roaring and thundering in its mysterious solitude, and a cold blast blows through the damp, misty air in that gloomy ravine. But human eye and human hand must descend thither to watch and manage the logs of wood.

The man who goes down into these dangerous ravines is called the 'wood-swimmer,' one end of a strong rope is fastened round his body, the other is wound round the stem of a tree or a firm block of stone, and is watched by his friends and fellow-workmen. The poor woodman scrambles down the overhanging rocks which separate him from his companions ; he plants his feet or sits down upon a block of stone or tree-stem, with his huge pole, with its two iron hooks, ready in his hand. Another jump forward, and he is hanging in the air, over him the threatening, projecting rocks, and a little strip of blue sky ; below him, like a monster eager to devour, the raging and foaming torrent. With his iron hook he protects himself from knocking against the rocks. At last he is at the bottom, has found footing on a wet and rather slippery stone, like a diver at the bottom of the sea ; and now he arranges all the refractory logs with his muscular arms, pulls them out of the narrow passages and recesses where they have got blocked up together, so that now they can rapidly continue their voyage downwards. In the midst of summer, when elsewhere the strong woodman perspires at every pore, he feels it perfectly chilly down here ; for the sun never penetrates to these depths, and the mountain-torrent always brings with it cold air, icy breath, and damp mist.

The poor fellow is at this sort of work for hours. He is quite exhausted in his high, heavy boots, and thick clothing ; he calls 'up' in a loud voice, and again he is hanging over the abyss ; and now the noise of the thunder below decreases as he comes

up, and soon a bright sunbeam greets him, and he rejoices to be again in God's warm light with his companions beside him.

Spring is the time—when the snow has melted on the mountains, and increased the amount of water in the torrents and streams—for sending the wood down to the regions below. Then logs and beams come tumbling down every cataract and stream. These are collected together in some level place, still very high up above the plain country; and the question now is as to their future course downwards. If there be no lake on this level place, an artificial one is constructed, and the water of all the streams from the heights above is made to flow into this receptacle. At the end opposite the mountain-side, there is a lock to prevent the water flowing out; thousands of beams and logs are collected opposite these lock-gates, and as the weather gets warmer and more water flows, into the lake, the woodmen, with their foremen, after their long, hard labour, stand around, waiting for a signal, which leads to a scene that they all are glad to see.

'Open the locks!' is the order given. The gates slowly open, and the motionless blocks of wood, crammed together in the lake, suddenly move about as if they were alive; the piles of timber totter and fall, the water rushes stronger and stronger onwards, and from all sides there is a terrific, crashing sound. The lake begins to glide down into the plain below. For a little distance, it proceeds gently onwards; but, when it comes to the edge of the precipice, it rushes down, carrying with it thousands of tons of timber of all shapes and sizes, and presenting a sight which words cannot describe. Even huge masses of rock are often carried away, rent, as it were, out of the mountains by the force of the flood.

The lake is gradually emptied both of the timber and water. In many narrow passes through which the stream flows, the 'wood-swimmers' have plenty of work; for here masses of timber block up the way, and they have to be let down by ropes to clear the passage. Thus the wood wanders on, till it comes, perhaps, to a lake out of which a river flows; in such cases there are always locks to confine the timber till the proper time has come for it to continue its journey. Very often it is cut and shaped into more seemly boards and beams round this lake. I have often seen the banks of lakes in Austria and the Tyrol piled for miles round with wood enough to build a large city, or supply a whole nation with a winter's fuel. Then generally it is allowed to float swiftly onwards till it comes to some great river like the Rhine or Danube; here it is formed into rafts of immense size, which are broken up at the towns for which the timber is destined; or perhaps it is conveyed further on by the railways.

At last it crackles upon the comfortable hearth, making many a heart warm and happy by its cheerful light and heat. In other forms it becomes the material out of which many things are made which neither rich nor poor could easily do without.

J. F. C.

ROBIN'S LONG VOYAGE.

A LETTER WRITTEN AT SEA TO A LITTLE NIECE.

AND now, my little precious one, I greeting send to thee
From this wild coast of Africa, across the mighty sea.

'Twas not so very long ago my darling came this way,
And just like Auntie in a cot and tiny cabin lay.
I wonder if she recollects the pretty things at sea,
Or if they all have faded out from her young memory.

The moons that rise from out the sea, so gloriously red,

The crimson and the purple clouds that put the sun to bed;

The stars that all come out at once, when night drops suddenly,

And then the wondrous Southern Cross that hangs above the sea,

The flying-fish that skim the wave like tiny flakes of light,

The shoals of rolling porpoises that leap and glisten bright,

The birds that settle on the shrouds, and bring us clouds and rain,

And sometimes fly so very far, they can't go home again.

Sometimes a little singing bird a week on board will spend,

And hop about from deck to deck, a little feathered friend.

I heard a tale of such an one while I was on the sea,
And I'll write it down for you, my love, just as 'twas told to me.

A little robin once had sailed with him, the captain said;

He came aboard at Portsmouth just as they anchor weighed,

He went aloft and stayed all day, but when the evening closed

Came flying down to beg the food which willing hands bestowed.

He soon became a welcome guest, the pet of all the crew,

And had his meals as regular as if he'd paid his due;
They crushed his rice at dinner-time and strewed it on the deck,

And Robin would come shyly down at the kind captain's beck.

And soon he grew to know the hour, and always came below

When 'eight bells' told the hungry time, nor feared a secret foe;

One place was always kept for him beside the cabin-door,

And there the cup of water stood, and barley strewed the floor.

Still high aloft at morn and eve his English song was heard;

It brought back tender thoughts of home, and much they loved the bird,

Until they reached Gibraltar when Bobby flew ashore,
And every one lamented him nor thought to see him more.

But just before they sailed again, as if the time he knew,
Away from that thrice-famous rock our little traveller flew;
Next morn the children heard his note before they left their bed,
And Robin ran a risk that day of being overfed!
He went ashore at Corsica, but there he did not stay,
Altho' the vessel coasted it the livelong summer day;
Perhaps he thought the rugged rocks inhospitably bare,
Or possibly he found no friends to make him welcome there.
But now Caprera's isle is seen, and gaily Bob set out Right straight to Garibaldi's home, to visit him no doubt;
The little red republican! he'd lots of news to bring,
He reached the ship by flying fast with weary, jaded wing.
At Malta, which they, made at night he went ashore again,
The children strewed his supper-crumbs and called to him in vain,
And hardly could they go to sleep, so much they feared to find
That Robin had not known the time and so been left behind.
But, clever fellow! well he knew how long the captain stayed,
Whate'er his business—it was done before the anchor weighed;
And guess how pleased the children were his scarlet breast to see,
They said his watch a perfect 'Dent's Chronometer' must be!
Full many the conjectures were of what he went to do,—
Some said to post for Jenny Wren a tender *billet-doux*,—
Others maintained he went ashore to drop a card upon
The Maltese Robin Redbreast or some foreign feathered Don.
The voyage at length is really done, and then it did appear,
That Bobby's was a pleasure trip, he had no *business* here;
He never went ashore at all, but watched with curious eye,
As one by one the people left and called to him Good-bye.
The children went with lingering steps, and one more meal would strew,
For fear he should forgotten be among the *Poonah's* crew;
'Oh, quarter-master, *do* take care,' was one small maiden's cry,
'And take my love to England, Bob! good-bye, sweet bird, good-bye.'

Five days at Alexandria the noble vessel lay,
And Robin in the rigging stayed, and hopped about all day;

Perhaps he thought that Africa no place for him could be,
No hedgerows cool, no shady lanes, no bush, no stream, no tree.
He started on his homeward voyage with friends both old and new,
The darling of the passengers, the pet of all the crew;
Ah, who can tell what thoughts of home, what memories fond were stirred
In many an exile's home-sick heart by that small English bird?
So back the good ship *Poonah* came and to Southampton fair
I fear our hero took French leave before they anchored there;
Of course he hurried off at once his Jenny Wren to see,
To take his lady by surprise and share her cup to tea.
But often, so the sailors said, while at the pier they lay,
Robin would come on board to spend a pleasant summer day;
You may be sure he always met a welcome warm and kind,
And at the captain's cabin-door his food would always find.
Now, Missie dear, I think 'tis plain that people small as you,
May something add to others' joys and works of love may do;
The 'little ones' may oft step in to comfort grief and pain,
Where pride keeps out the bigger folks who knock and ask in vain.
Three hundred people in that ship for weeks had sailed along,
And hardly one but had been cheered at times by Robin's song;
For many a kinder thought and deed, and many a gentler word,
Were due to memories of home brought back by one small bird.

A COLLEGE SHOEBLACK.

THE president of a college in Kentucky was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a visitor. He was a lad of about seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, with thick clumsy shoes on his feet, and an old tattered hat on his head. The president, a kindly and venerable man, asked the youth what he wished.

'If you please, Sir,' said the plough-boy, in a bashful, awkward way, 'if you please, Sir, I'd like to get some larnin'. I heard you had a college, Sir, and I thought if I could work for you, you would help me to an education.'

'Well, my young friend,' replied the president, 'I scarcely see any way in which you might be useful to us!'



'I can do nothing for you.'

'Why, I can bring water, cut wood, or black boots,' interrupted the lad, his eyes brightening with earnestness. 'I want to get an education. I don't keer how hard I work, only so as to get an education.'

The president said, 'I am afraid, my young friend, I can do nothing for you. I would like to help you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present.'

The plough-boy stood silent and mute, holding the handle of the door for a moment. His eyes were downcast, and his lip quivered. At last, he made a well-meant but awkward obeisance, and opening the door, turned sadly from the room.

His earnestness had, however, appealed strongly to the president's feelings. He called him back;

and in a few moments the plough-boy was hired as boot-black to the college.

Many years after, there might have been seen a new and magnificent place of worship, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in death-like stillness to the burning eloquence of a preacher. The speaker is a man of middle age, of striking appearance, piercing eyes, and with keen, high intellectual forehead. Every eye is fixed on him, every lip hushed, and every ear drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator. Who, in all that throng, would recognise in the famed, the learned, the eloquent president of a college in Pennsylvania, the humble boot-black of the college in Kentucky?

And yet it was he!

No. 34. July 20, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



HONESTY REWARDED.

TWO years ago, at the hunting season, the Baron J., who in summer resided at his seat in Touraine, and in winter at his house at Paris, had invited several of his friends to come and hunt deer upon his property. The sport was very good, and whilst the gentlemen were celebrating their triumphs at a magnificent supper, the baron was told that one of his farmers wanted to speak to him.

'Let him come in,' said the baron, and the good man entered, his countenance much cast down.

'Why, what has happened to you?' cried the baron, with fear and interest.

'It is, sir, that with your dogs and your friends you have terribly damaged my fields, which causes me great trouble.'

'And at how much do you reckon this damage?' asked the baron.

The farmer took a moment to reflect, and then replied, calculating on his fingers, 'Alas! sir, I reckon that the harm done will cost me at least a 500-franc note.'

'Well, my friend, you shall pay me 500 francs less in your rent this year, for it is but just that I should pay you for the damage which I caused myself,' said the baron.

The other day the farmer again came to see the baron, but this time to his house in Paris.

'Well, what brings you to Paris?' cried the baron, with much surprise. 'It is the first time that you have come here, I think; it can't be, surely, to claim some new amount of damages caused by me upon your lands, as I have been absent from France for a year.'

'O sir, quite the contrary!' exclaimed the good peasant. 'I have just married my daughter to a Paris young fellow; that is why I am here.' Then he added, turning his hat round and round in his hands, with some embarrassment, 'Because, too, I had a fine turkey and this — to give you.'

And, having placed his hat on the ground, he held out a splendid turkey and a paper to the baron. The paper was a bank-note of 500 francs.

'What on earth is this?' asked the baron, with the greatest astonishment.

'The turkey is one which my wife fattened in your honour; the money is what is owing to you,' replied the farmer simply. 'When I asked you for the money, I thought you had done a great deal of damage, but the harvest has been just as good all the same—better than the year before; then I said to myself that this money was not mine, but yours, and I have brought it back to you, with many thanks.'

The baron took the note which this honest man offered him: he was charmed with the simple delicacy of the action. He rose to put it in his desk, and took out another note, which he handed to the farmer.

'This is my wedding present for your daughter,' said he, 'and I join with it my sincere wishes for her happiness.'

The present was a note of 1000 francs.

J. F. C.

PAUL PETHERWICK THE PILOT.

(By William H. G. Kingston.)

CHAPTER I.



THE *Sea-Gull* Pilot boat, hailing from Penzance, and owned and commanded by old Paul Petherwick, lay hove to one winter's day many years back in the chops of the Channel. The dark green seas rose up like walls capped with snow on either side of the little craft; now she floated on the foaming, hissing summit of one of them, again to sink down into the deep watery trench from which she had risen. Thus, as rising and falling, her white stay-sail glancing brightly, she looked not unlike the sea-bird whose name she bore.

Old Paul was the only person on deck, and he had lashed himself to the bulwarks. His white hair, escaping from under his 'sou'-wester,' streamed in the wind, and ever and anon he turned his head aside to avoid the showers of spray which flew over him, covering his flushing coat with wet. Again he would look up in search of any homeward-bound vessel which might need his services. His heart was heavy, for that previous night a fearful sea had struck the cutter, and washed his mate Peter Budock and another man overboard. The latter had seized a rope, but it had slipped from his grasp; and poor Budock was carried far away, his shriek of despair as he sank beneath the waves being his last utterance which reached the ears of his shipmates.

Another of Paul's crew, an old hand, had been injured by a blow from a block, and the rest were young men, willing and active enough, but not able to take entire charge of the cutter. Still, old Paul was a determined man, and, as long as there was a chance of meeting a vessel to pilot up channel, and as long as the cutter could keep the sea, he would not give in.

Hour after hour passed by. Suddenly the crew sitting round the stove in the little after-cabin heard a loud report, followed by a deep groan. Thetrysail gaff had parted, and falling had struck the old pilot to the deck. They carried him below and placed him in his berth. Not a moment was to be lost if their own lives were to be saved. The helm was put up, and the little craft, paying off under her head-sail before the rough sea, which came roaring onwards, had reached her, was running up channel towards the Cornish coast. Old Paul continued to groan, seeming unconscious, and evidently suffering great pain. One or other of his young crew every now and then went below to ask him the right course to steer, for not even the outline of the coast could be seen. It was getting very dark, and thick flakes of snow were beginning to fall. The old pilot probably did not comprehend them—not a word could he utter. They endeavoured, therefore, to rig a spar on which to set the trysail, but no sooner did they hoist it than it was carried away, and at length they gave up the attempt

in despair. They could not therefore heave the cutter to, and were obliged to run on. One of them went below, and endeavoured by every means he could think of to bring the old man to consciousness. The darkness increased as the night advanced, and the snow came down thicker and thicker. On flew the cutter.

'We must be nearing the land,' said Jacob Pinner, the best seaman of the crew. 'I wish that the old man would rouse up; I don't like the look of things, mates, that I don't.'

Scarcely had he spoken when a deep, sullen roar, easily distinguished by a seaman amid the howling of the tempest, struck on the ears of the crew. 'Breakers! breakers ahead!' they shouted.

'Port the helm—hard a-port!' cried a deep voice. It was that of the old pilot. The sound of the breakers had reached his ears even below and roused him up. The order came too late. At that moment there was a loud crash—the cutter struck, and her rudder was carried away. The following sea lifted her and carried her as other seas came roaring up, and hissed and foamed round her. Though they covered her with sheets of spray, her crew were still able to cling to the rigging and preserve their lives. Providentially most of the hours of the night were already spent, for they could not long have endured the cold and wet to which they were exposed. When daylight broke they found that they were near the end of a reef, about a mile from the shore. The gale had greatly abated. The tide was low. Inside of the reef there was smooth water. If they could launch their boat, which had remained on deck uninjured, they might save themselves before the return of the tide, when the cutter would be sure to go to pieces. Though the little boat narrowly escaped being stove in, the attempt was successful. The shore was reached. It was close to Paul Petherwick's house, some miles to the eastward of the port to which the cutter belonged.

Close to the spot where Paul and his crew landed, on the shore of a romantic bay, stood the residence of Sir Baldwin Treherne, known as the Manor House. Sir Baldwin was lord of the manor—a kind, warm-hearted, generous man. He had himself been at sea in his youth, but on coming into his estate had given up the profession. He had learned when at sea, probably from experiencing some of the hardships sailors have to endure, to sympathise with them, and to feel for their sufferings. He had seen through his telescope while dressing in the morning the wreck on the reef, and had immediately set off to find out what assistance could be rendered to the crew. He met the old pilot and his people not far from the shore, and insisted on their coming at once to the Manor House to be warmed and fed. Paul Petherwick would indeed have been unable to have reached his own home, as his strength and spirits were already exhausted. As the day advanced the wind again increased, and when the tide rose the *Sea-Gull*, battered by the waves, was seen quickly to disappear.

Great was old Paul's grief as he watched the destruction of the vessel. 'God's will be done,' he

said, bowing his head. 'My poor wife and children, what will become of them? With her goes all the means I have of supporting them, and part of her cost is still unpaid.'

The kind baronet overheard him. 'Paul, we have known each other a good many long years,' he said, putting his hand on his shoulder. 'I should like to make you a Christmas-box. Let you and me go off to Plymouth to-morrow, and see if we cannot fall in with as fine a cutter as the *Sea-Gull*. It won't do to be letting our ships knock about the chops of the Channel this winter weather without you to show them the way up; so I'll find you a craft, and may she have better luck than the poor *Sea-Gull*!'

'O Sir Baldwin, you are very good; so good, I shall never be able to repay you,' exclaimed Paul Petherwick, respectfully pressing the kind baronet's hand.

'I am paid beforehand with all the blessings I enjoy,' answered Sir Baldwin. 'They came to me without my having toiled for them, far less deserved them; I am bound to make the best use of them in my power, so say no more about the matter.'

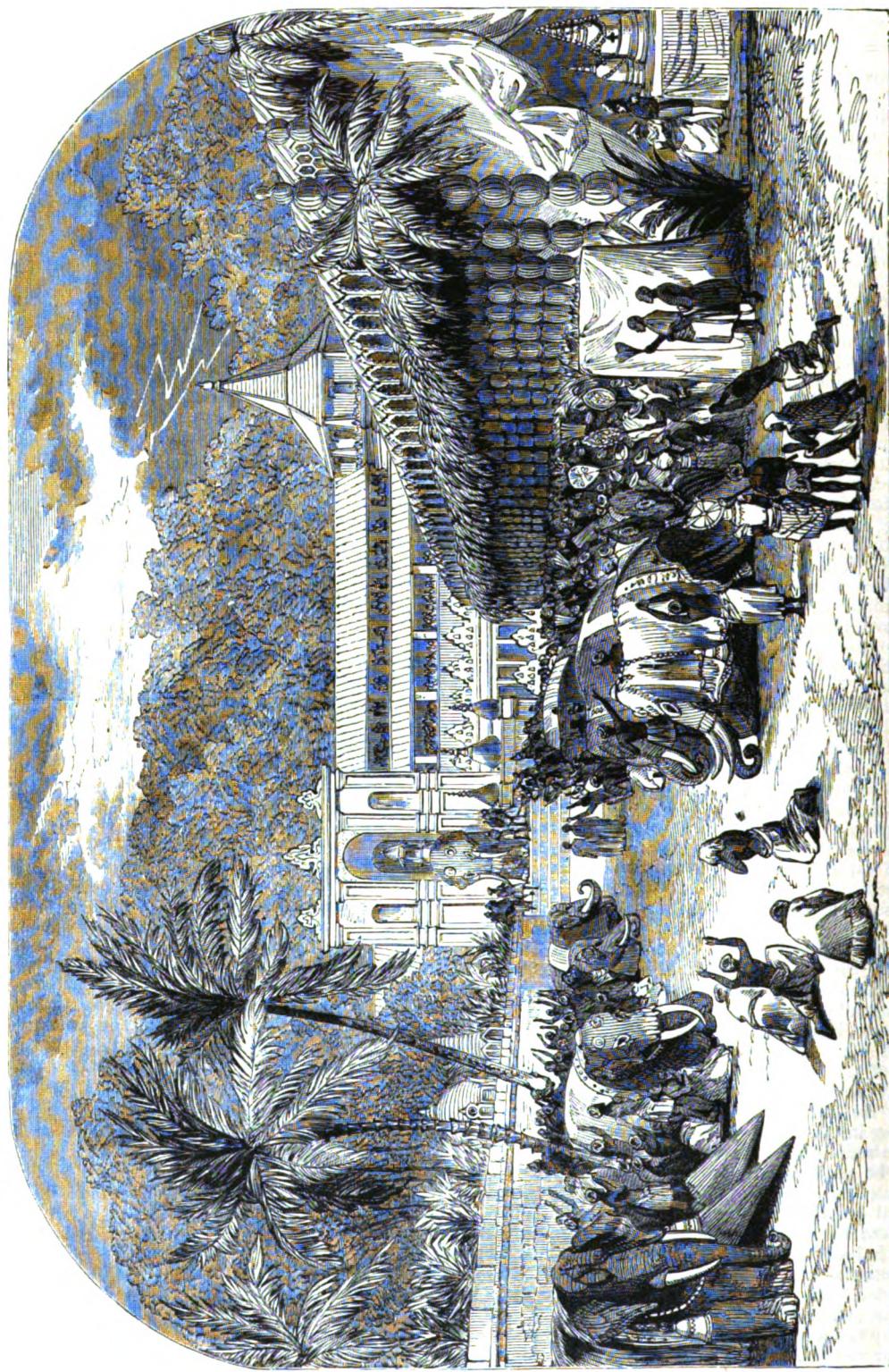
A new cutter was found and purchased, and named the *Lady Isabel*, after Sir Baldwin's wife; and for many a day, in summer and winter, Paul Petherwick sailed her in pursuit of his calling.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was not a finer lad in the country round than Sir Baldwin's third son, his blue-eyed, light-haired, merry, laughing boy Harry. When he came home from school for the summer holidays, Harry declared his fixed intention of going to sea. Sir Baldwin, after several conversations with his son, felt convinced that it was his settled wish to enter the navy, and forthwith set about obtaining a berth for him as a midshipman on board a man-of-war. There was but little difficulty in doing this; for, after a short peace, England was again at war with France and Spain and other countries, and ships were being fitted out as fast as they could be got ready. Harry was in high glee. The dream of his life was to be realised. He had not talked about the matter. People often, when they are very earnest in wishing for a thing, do not talk about it. Sir Baldwin took him to Plymouth; his outfit was soon procured, and he was entered on board the *Phœnix*, a dashing 36-gun frigate, destined for the West India station; a part of the world where there was every chance of her having plenty of fighting. Captain Butler, her brave commander, lost no time in getting his crew into an efficient state by exercising them constantly at their guns, and in shortening and making sail. Harry Treherne thus rapidly acquired a knowledge of the profession he had chosen. He had determined to be a good sailor; he gave his mind to the work, and considered no details beneath his notice; consequently, everybody was ready to give him instruction; he gained the confidence of the officers and the respect of the men.

'Asail on the lee bow!' shouted the look-out man at the mast-head.

(To be continued.)



Worship of Buddha's tooth.

THE WORSHIP OF BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

THE island of Ceylon, about which we sing in the hymn,—

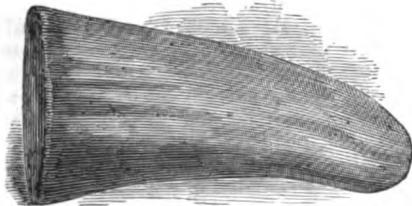
' What though the spicy breezes.
Blow soft from Ceylon's isle ;
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile—'

is one of the loveliest in the world. The bright, blue sea rolls in with one long wave upon the yellow sand, and the white surf is so dazzling that the eye can hardly rest upon it. A fringe of cocoa-nut and palms reaches down to the edge of the water. By day, gay butterflies flit over the flowers as bright as themselves ; and at night the trees sparkle with hosts of fire-flies.

' Every prospect pleases.' The forest-clad hills of the interior, the cinnamon-bordered bay, where the pearl-diver goes down for ' goodly pearls,' and the broad green lawns of the valleys, watered by rivers, all are alike beautiful. The forests contain at least an hundred different kinds of trees producing fine timber, from black ebony to white satin-wood—all very valuable to the cabinet-maker. The great *talipot*, one of the largest of palm-trees, rears its noble head everywhere, and a single leaf of it is large enough to make the native a hut, in which he may repose as comfortably as a soldier in his tent. Satin-wood is so plentiful that one of the longest bridges in Ceylon is entirely built of it.

' Only man is vile ;' and man in Ceylon is in a very sad state indeed. The people are of two races—Singalese and Tamils—the first being the natives of the island, and the others those who have come over from India to grow coffee for English planters. Out of every thousand of these people only about two are Christians, all the rest being idolaters—' heathens in blindness bowing down to wood and stone.' The Singalese are Buddhists—worshippers of Buddha, a god who is represented sitting in a state of repose, his hands and legs crossed, and his face quite without any expression.

In one temple of the island is a piece of bone, which the people believe to be Buddha's tooth. It



is kept covered with six gold and silver bells, over which are hung jewels, the whole valued at £60,000. Now and then this relic is brought forth from its temple to be publicly worshipped. The place then is gay ; elephants are trained to go down on their knees to it, bells are rung, music played, and processions formed. We give a picture of this sad ceremony. The trees on the right hand are artificial, the stems being made of cocoa-nuts threaded upon

poles. We are able also to give a picture of the tooth itself, drawn to its exact size. It will be seen that the tooth could never have been that of a man. It is simply a discoloured bit of ivory, part of an elephant's tusk.

The priests of Buddha in Ceylon are numerous, and very ignorant. They shave their heads and always wear stiff robes of yellow cloth. A little boy in Ceylon, who was intended for a Buddhist priest, once went into the temple to offer his evening flower to the idol. When he had done so, he looked up to the idol's face, expecting to see a smile of approval, but the great eyes stared on as before. He thought then that Buddha was too great to notice such a child as he was. Soon afterwards a man came in to offer his flower ; the boy looked at the idol's face again. ' This time,' thought he, ' surely Buddha will smile.' But, no ; still only the same stare. The boy began to think. He went to a mission school, heard of Christ, believed, and became afterwards a useful clergyman of the Church to his own countrymen.

Ceylon has been an English possession since the year 1796 ; before that time it belonged to the Dutch, who cultivated spices there. The English, however, have found coffee-growing more profitable, and the mountains in the centre of the island are now in great part covered with the coffee plant.

The principal town in Ceylon is Colombo, the English capital. In the middle of the island is the ancient native capital, Kandy—the centre of Buddhism.

W.

' ONLY A HALFPENNY !'



N a sultry afternoon in July, Mary Howard stood by the school-room table helping her mistress to count the coppers taken as school-pence that day.

' There it is, Mary,' said the mistress, ' go and bring me fifteen shillings for it.'

Whereon Mary gathered the coppers into her pinafore and departed on her errand. A bright, intelligent face was Mary's, and one which you would have liked had you seen it. Her dress told of poverty, it was much mended, but it was neat and clean. Mary Howard was a half-timer, who worked hard in the mill one half of the day, and took as a pleasure the duties in school on the other half. Very poor, I say, she seemed ; yes, her mother found it a difficult task to keep a home over the heads of herself and children, and make both ends meet ; for Mrs. Howard was a widow, and Mary, her eldest child, was little more than ten, while John had only just commenced working in the mill. So their earnings altogether seldom amounted to more than twelve shillings a-week, which, you may be sure, left nothing for luxuries.

Mary was on her way to change the coppers. Why did she move so slowly ? She seemed busy thinking. So she was. What a pity Mary ever

listened to that thought, for it was the voice of the tempter, and Eve's listening was the first step towards her fall. And so it may be with you.

On Mary's way to school this afternoon, she had passed a stall on which ripe fruit was arranged with all the art that could tempt the eye. Mary stopped to admire, and wished she could buy some. She could not, and so she settled that it was no use stopping to look at it. Now, however, the wish returned. She had nearly two hundred pence in her pinafore; might she not take just one halfpenny! No one would know. Perhaps the shopkeeper would never count it; he did not always; and if he did, and found one halfpenny missing, he would think some mistake had been made in school; so if he sent her back for it, she might pretend to go and return to give him the halfpenny she wished to keep. Thus Mary reached the shop.

Several customers were waiting to be served, so she stood aside battling with her conscience, till she was roused with a sharp—"Now then!" from the shopman, when she turned, saying she wanted change.

'How much?' asked the man.

'Fifteen shillings,' said Mary.

'Sure it's all right?' again questioned the man.

'Yes, sir,' said Mary, in a rather faltering manner, for she held the coveted halfpenny in her hand.

'Speak out,' said the shopman; 'if you say it's right, I can trust you, for you have brought it many a time before, and I am too busy to count the money myself just now.'

'Me and mistress counted fifteen shillings,' answered Mary, who tried to think she was not telling a lie, because there were fifteen shillings when she counted them. But conscience told her she meant the man to understand that the fifteen shillings were now in her pinafore, and that besides stealing the halfpenny she was telling him a downright lie.

The shopman, however, did not doubt her. He handed fifteen shillings to her and she hastily left the shop. She had the halfpenny now, but she could not wait till school was over to get the fruit lest some one might see it and ask how she came by it. Her anxiety now was to get rid of it. She went straight across to the fruit-stall, looking this way and that to make sure no one who knew her was about. Having asked for a ha'porth of red currants, she trembled while the man looked at her, afraid that he suspected how she had obtained the money. He took the halfpenny, however, and gave her the fruit. Now she had it, she wished,—oh, how she wished! even while standing there at the stall, that she had the halfpenny back again. But the voice again whispered in her ear, 'Keep your own counsel and no one will know you kept back a halfpenny, and you may enjoy your currants besides.' So she turned away to seek a place where she might eat her currants out of sight. She felt she was doing a 'work of darkness,' and was afraid of being seen. She passed up a yard near the school which led to some stables, and sat down on the shafts of a cart to eat her fruit. It did not please her. It was crushed, she thought, all stalks. Instead of moistening, it seemed to burn her throat. She was half inclined

to throw it away. Still, she had it, she might as well eat it, and she thought if she threw it away it might tell tales; she felt she must eat it, and this was part of her punishment, for she thought each berry must choke her. Well, well, this was a first offence, and it worked its own punishment, I can tell you.

Having swallowed the last of the bunch of currants, Mary wiped her mouth and hands to prevent discovery from any stain which might have been seen, and went to school.

'What a time you have been!' said the mistress; 'were you kept waiting in the shop?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Mary, 'several people were waiting to be served.'

'I thought it must be so,' answered the mistress; and Mary passed to her class.

During the rest of the afternoon she was dull and thoughtful. Her teacher asked what was the matter. Mary said she had a headache. But Mary had something worse than a headache. Her conscience troubled her sorely. She was afraid, and every time the schoolroom door opened she looked up with a start, expecting to find the shopman whom she had robbed, bringing in the man from whom she had brought the fruit, to carry her off between them to the police station. No wonder her teacher thought she must have a very bad headache.

It was a great relief to Mary when school was over. Not a word had she to say to her schoolfellows, but went on her way moody and plainly in trouble.

During the evening her mother and brother tried hard to find out the cause of her silence, but in vain, and when her mother saw her in tears, she sent her off to bed, saying, a good night's sleep would do her good. Sleep! there was little sleep for Mary that night. Mrs. Howard found her some hours after, sobbing as if her heart would break. She guessed her daughter had some trouble on her mind, and tried to find out what it was; but Mary could not tell her mother that she was a thief. No; Mrs. Howard had trouble enough, and to be told that her daughter was not to be trusted, when she prided herself so much on her honesty, Mary could not do it; so she spent the night in bitter regrets and resolutions for the future.

Next morning Mary looked really ill, and Mrs. Howard said that she had better stay at home till breakfast time. No, Mary could not do that; she felt then she should be robbing her mother of half a day's wages. So she went to her work, and it was soon whispered that Mary Howard was poorly; and, indeed, she was ill—ill in mind—which is much worse than bodily illness. Her conscience gave her no rest now, and it was well it was so.

In the afternoon she went to school as usual, but her teacher noticing how ill she looked, told her to take a holiday. Mary felt she did not deserve this kindness; she felt she could not go home and bear her mother's questions. She could not endure another day and night as the last had been, she thought. So she wandered up one street and down another resolving to return to school after the girls were gone, and tell the mistress all about it.

She found the mistress very ready to hear what she had to say, though she was much surprised at her confession.

'Why, Mary, I thought I could have trusted you with any amount of uncounted money,' she said.

'So you might have done, ma'am,' was Mary's reply, 'if I had not stopped to look at the red currants at noon. My mouth watered for them then, and when I had the copper the wish came back again so strong.'

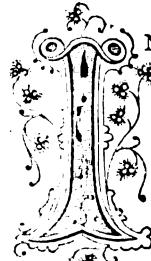
'Ah, yes, there it is. We ask God to "Lead us not into temptation," and the next minute of our own free will we walk into it. You, Mary, soon forgot the lesson we had last week on Achan's sin. You saw the fruit and stopped, coveting it, then you stole money to buy some. You deceived me and the shopman, but of that I will say nothing now. You forgot, for a time at least, that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Those eyes looked into your heart, however, and were felt by you. I think you are "truly sorry for your sin," and having made "confession to Almighty God," and asked for His pardon, had you not better go to the man whose money you took, and tell him all about it?'

Mary did so, and returned shortly, saying, the shopman had readily forgiven her, and said he hoped, after all, that she would turn out an 'honest lass.'

Mary was trusted regularly with the copper every week after that, and there was little fear that she would again listen to the voice of the tempter. She had suffered too much by doing so once.

F. S. A.

A SPINNING MATCH.

N the prosperous district between Deister and Leine, in Germany, flax is the most important product of the soil. Flax not only yields the chief article of ordinary clothing, but gives the poorer classes of the country occupation and wages during the cold winter season which stops all labour in the open air. The renown of being a good spinner not only raises a girl's wages at once, but causes her to be highly recommended and sought after.

When (says a German clergyman) I was appointed to my cure I had in my parish a poor honest weaver, whose wife, owing to paralysis in her limbs, was not capable of any work. They soon sank into deep poverty. When the man complained to me that he had not enough linen for his own use, as his wife could no longer spin, I did not know what could be done for him, and told the story of my trouble to Frau L—, a bustling farmer's wife, who was always hard at work early and late, and was the comfort and refuge of all the poor and destitute, but the terror of all idlers and vagabonds. This good lady advised me at once. 'I shall tell the man,' said she, 'to invite a spinning party.' I was surprised that such a poor man should give such a party, but I trusted to the good judgment of my adviser without saying anything further.

A few days after I met my poor friend in the street in his Sunday clothes, and to my amazement, he told me with great joy that he had invited a spinning party for to-morrow, and now I learned what this meant. On such an occasion every farmer's and peasant's house sends its best spinner, and all that is spun during the party belongs to the host. Most of the farmers send the flax with the spinner, the honour of the house demands this; only the less well-to-do try to avoid the outlay, and leave it to the host to provide the flax. The man told me also, with beaming eyes, that the farmer's wife had given him flour and other things too, so that he could offer cakes to his guests.

On the following day at twelve o'clock, I saw the young maidens with their ornamented distaffs which were so full and heavy that they would have lasted several days in ordinary work, going merrily to this spinning party. Towards evening I went to pay a visit to the company. As the poor weaver's room was too small, his landlord had kindly granted him the largest in the house. There sat all the girls in a circle without any distinction of class, the daughter of the most wealthy farmer next to the simplest servant maid, glowing with the excitement of the struggle as to who could give the most yarn to the poor man, and joking merrily all the time, as if the party was given to them purely out of love. The host sat in the centre winding away as fast as he could, this was his part of the business amid the cheerful jokes of the girls. The perspiration streamed down his face, and he had so much to do that he was obliged to get his landlord to help him at last.

In the afternoon the guests were supplied with coffee and cakes. The poor man could not afford to provide a supper. On the pretext that they must attend to their household work, but really to go home to get something to eat, the party dispersed for an hour, but came back again punctually as the clock struck, and now the spinning match began again and lasted till midnight.

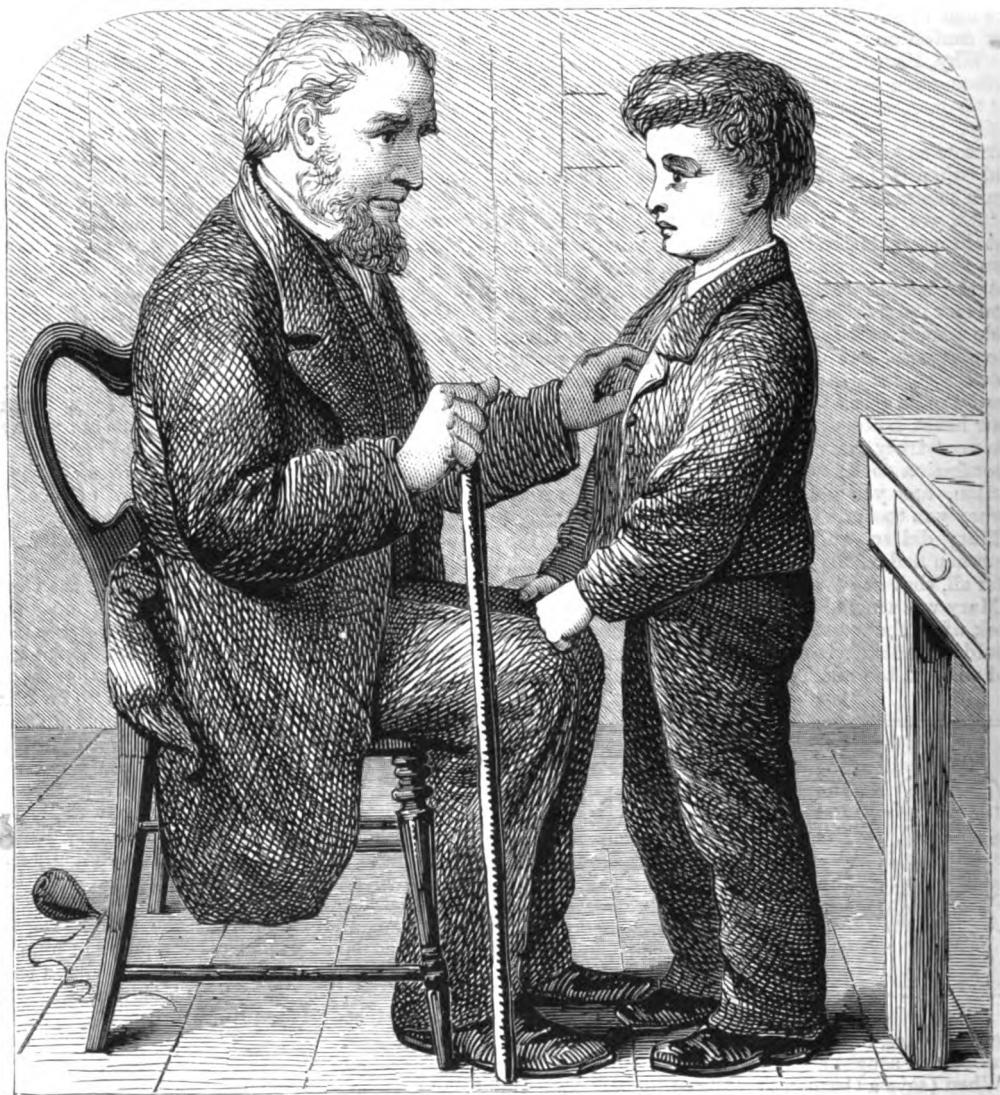
I heard afterwards that the victor, Dortchen L—, had spun five pieces composed of nine hundred reels full of flax, of nearly four ells in length. To effect this, besides eminent skill, a strength of nerve and body is needful which is only possessed by a few.

There is much in the way of doing a thing. The same persons who relieved their poor neighbour so completely and kindly out of his deep distress, and knew how to change a loving action into a fête day, would probably have seemed stingy and hard-hearted if they had been asked to contribute to a money collection.

J. F. C.

A CONSIDERATE CAT.

ONE day, last March, as a ticket-inspector, on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, was cleaning his bird-cages, his cat sitting by went into the garden, and shortly afterwards returned with a piece of groundsel in its mouth which it dropped upon the floor near his feet! As cats are counted the natural enemies of birds, this cat's act, which is vouched for as really true, is very remarkable.



WHEN IS A MAN RICH ENOUGH?

WHEN I was a lad, an old gentleman took the trouble to teach me somewhat about the world. I remember he one day asked me, 'When is a man rich enough?'

I replied, 'When he has a thousand pounds.'

He said, 'No.'

'A hundred thousand,' I said, and thought that would settle the business; but he still continued to say, 'No.' I gave it up, and confessed I could not tell, but begged that he would inform me. He gravely said, 'When he has a little more than he has, and that is never! If he acquires one thousand, he wishes to have two thousand, then five,

then twenty, then fifty; from that his riches would amount to one hundred thousand. And so on till he had grasped the whole world, after which he would look about him, like Alexander, for other worlds to possess.' Many a proof have I had of the old gentleman's remarks since he made them to me, and I am happy to say I have discovered the reason. Full enjoyment, full satisfaction to the mind of man, can only be found in possessing God, with all His infinite perfections. It is only the Creator, and not the creature, that can really satisfy the heart of man.

No. 35. July 27, 1868.

Weekly — One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



THE TWO CHAMOIS-HUNTERS.



often the question is asked when we read or hear an exciting story. Is it true? How much of it is truth, and how much 'made up'? The picture which you have been looking at, sets before you a real fact which took place in the Alpine regions, and is well known to the friends of sport there.

Chamois-hunting is the most dangerous as well as the most exciting of all sports. Many a brave mountaineer has fallen a victim to his passion for the chase.

Hans Walcher and Rudolf Bläsi started together one morning to hunt the chamois. Talking cheerfully, and every now and then raising the merry 'jodel,'* which echoed through the mountains, they climbed up the steep sides of the Ischingel till they reached its highest point. Here they stood still, and then decided to separate and seek their fortune in opposite directions. They agreed to meet at nightfall at Valzuber's hut; meanwhile, each pursued his own way, Hans in the direction whither, sparkling like silver, the peak of the Hanstock pierced the clouds, while Bläsi boldly climbed the rocky precipices of St. Martin glittering with crystals of ice.

Bläsi soon spied a chamois. His heart beat with joy. He took aim and fired. The animal uttered a loud cry, sprang up and fell. Quickly he hurried to the spot where she had fallen, but before he could reach her she had got up again and fled. She jumped over wide chasms and frightful precipices to get out of his sight, but still ever followed by Bläsi, who, abandoning himself entirely to his passion for the chase, soon forgot all about the way and the path, till he found himself just at the edge of a precipice on the side of which was a narrow ledge scarcely a hand's breadth in size, upon which he unthinkingly sprang—but when too late, he discovered with horror that he could find no place for his feet further down, and that return upwards was also impossible. There he hangs, as it were, deserted and alone. The picture shows his position better than words can describe it. Before him is a yawning abyss, above him an overhanging precipice; grim death of the most terrible kind stares him in the face. He commands his soul to God, for of human help he feels there can be no chance.

His irons with thick, sharp spikes in them which, fastened over his feet, have so often helped him on ice or glacier, and which we see hanging out of his hunting-pouch, can't help him now, neither the great nails which project from his strong boots, nor his good rifle, whose strap he convulsively clutches. There he must stand, leaning firmly against the rock, while his feet are planted firmly in two narrow ledges. An energetic will and determination are still impressed on his countenance, but they are mingled with the fear of impending death.

* A Swiss cry in the Alps.

The approaching sunset brings him new sufferings, but not a single ray of hope. His loud call, too, is quite in vain. One thought only gives him hope in his trouble. 'I know,' he felt, 'that if I don't come home my faithful Hans will search for me from rock to rock, and at last, perhaps, guided by God, will find me on this precipice.' But, oh, horror! can he survive through the long terrible night in this position, in this solitude?

Meanwhile the sun sinks lower and lower, mingled with the evening mists, its golden rays still tinge the grey rocks of the Freiberg, till at last they fade away altogether. Then dark, threatening clouds overspread the sky, a sultry stillness oppresses the atmosphere, and at last a violent thunder-storm bursts down from the heavens. The mountains re-echo far and wide with the roar of the thunder, the glaciers crack, the wind howls through the ravines, the brave huntsman's soul sinks in despair, 'Lord, Thou art terrible in Thy wrath, and Thy judgments are awful,' he seems to say: 'Is there not in Thy cup of mercy one small drop of a Father's love for me?'

The anxious question does not remain unanswered. Gradually the weather clears up. The clouds pass away. The mild light of the stars shines down from the dark blue firmament. This is some little comfort to him, but it does not bring him deliverance or help.

Thus hour after hour of the seemingly endless night passes away. Now doubting, now hoping, now looking up to God, now thinking of his poor wife and child, he holds on in that fixed, immovable condition till the grey morning reappears and the new day dawns. Then he cries, 'If till now I have been able to stand here, I shall certainly be able to hold on still longer; the Lord is doubtless listening to my prayers, and Hans will find me yet.'

Then the sun rises higher and higher, but no Hans is to be seen, and his sufferings increase with the heat of the sun which soon reaches him. His strength is failing more and more, his breathing is heavy. 'It will soon be all over now,' he says, submissively, 'O Lord, my God, I can hold out no longer.'

But in his deepest distress help is approaching. Our picture shows us how it came. Just when he was beginning to tremble and totter he hears above him the call, 'Bläsi! Bläsi!' and gazing up with an exhausted look, he sees his faithful friend, a spectacle which seems to him like a pleasant dream.

'Hans! Hans! is it you? God be praised! how eagerly have I longed for you; but make haste, friend, time is precious, I feel my strength fast ebbing away.'

And the answer sounds down from above, 'Here I am, be comforted, you are in God's sure protection! If you are able to catch hold of this rope, tie it round your body and fasten it well!'

The rope reaches him—with trembling hand he succeeds in fastening it, and then almost powerless he gives himself up to his fate; gradually he is lifted up,—now he is hanging over the precipice,—now he is approaching the wished-for point,—now, thank God, he has reached it. In joy and pain he sinks upon the breast of his faithful friend.

Who will wonder that during that terrible night Bläsi's hair turned white, that, when he gradually revived in the arms of his friend, he made him a present of his rifle, and said he would never hunt any more; but who too, if he knows human nature, and especially the nature of an Alpine huntsman, will be surprised when he hears that Bläsi, when he had been strengthened by food and drink, and saw a chamois within shot, exclaimed, 'Hans, I must shoot that chamois, give me back my rifle, there's a good fellow.'

J. F. C.

PAUL PETHERWICK THE PILOT.

(Continued from p. 267.)

THE cry made the captain and the officers on deck turn their glasses in the direction indicated. The helm was put up, and at length, through the haze of a warm summer morning, the stranger was discovered, with her mizen topsail aback and her main topsail shivering, evidently awaiting the arrival of the *Phœnix*. She was clearly an enemy's frigate, heavily armed. The *Phœnix* had been disguised to look as much as possible like a corvette, a much smaller class of vessel, and it was more than possible that the Frenchmen might find that they had caught a *Tartar*.

'We shall have some glorious fighting,' cried little Tommy Butts, the smallest midshipman on board. 'We shall thrash 'em in quarter less no time. I hope that we shall have to board; that's the way I should like to take the enemy.'

'Why, your cutlass would run away with you, Tommy,' said a big mate, who delighted to sneer at Tommy. 'It is a shame to send such children as you to sea.'

'His spirit may run away with him,' observed Harry. 'Never mind what old Hulks says; Nelson was a little chap, and he did a few things to be proud of.'

Many a joke and laugh were indulged in as the men, stripped to the waist, stood at their guns, while the frigate approached her powerful antagonist. At length, as she got within range, the Frenchman opened his fire, the shot flying through the sails and wounding severely the masts, yards, and rigging. Not a gun, however, was discharged on board the *Phœnix* in return till it could take deadly effect. The *Didon*, the French frigate, however, from fast sailing and clever manœuvring, always managed to keep in such a position that the guns of the *Phœnix* could not bear on her. At length the English, losing patience, ran right down on the *Didon* to windward, and thus the two antagonists were brought broadside to broadside.

This was the longed-for moment, and the British crew made up for the previous delay by working their guns with a rapidity which soon strewed the decks of the enemy with the dead and wounded, damaged her hull, and cut up her rigging.

Again the French ship got clear; but, as she had lost several of her sails, the *Phœnix* was more of a match for her. Once more the antagonists closed, this time in a deadly embrace, the bow of the *Didon* running into the quarter of the *Phœnix*.

'We have you now,' cried the gallant captain, lashing, with the help of some of his men, the bowsprit of the enemy to his own mizen mast.

While he was so employed, Harry Treherne and Tommy Butts saw a Frenchman taking deliberate aim at him. Tommy had got hold of the musket of a marine who had fallen wounded.

'See, Harry, what a little chap can do!' he exclaimed; at the same moment firing at the Frenchman, who fell, his musket going off and sending the bullet flying just above the captain's head.

Captain Butler saw the act, and nodded his thanks, for he had no time to speak. The next proceeding was to bring a heavy gun to fire through a port which had been formed by enlarging one of the cabin windows. Several seamen fell, picked off by the French marines, till the gun was in its place. When, however, it once opened fire, its effects were terrible indeed, full twenty of the Frenchmen being struck down at the first discharge.

Meantime the English marines kept up so hot a fire on the *Didon*'s forecastle, that the seamen could not venture on it to fire the gun which had been placed there. At length, however, the antagonists separated, both presenting a woeful appearance.

Instead of the clouds of canvas swelling proudly to the breeze with which they had entered into action, rope-ends and riddled sails hung drooping down from every mast and yard. The fight was not over; the crew of the *Phœnix* busily employed themselves in repairing damages, and, having knotted and spliced the rigging, and trimmed sails, she stood towards the *Didon*.

With the first fresh puff of wind the foremast of her opponent went over the side, and at the moment she was about to open her fire the brave captain of the *Didon* hauled down her colours, finding that he could neither escape nor fight with any prospect of success. Loud cheers burst from the British crew. This was Harry's first fight. It was indeed a hard-fought one. Twelve men had been killed and twenty-eight wounded of the crew; while the *Didon* had lost no less than twenty-seven officers and men killed, and forty-four wounded, out of a crew of 330, while the *Phœnix* went into action with only 245 men. She and her prize arrived safely at Plymouth. She only remained long enough to refit, and once more was at sea, and on her way back to the West Indies.

Harry's next exploit was of a different character. Passing near the Isle of Pines two schooners and a brig were discovered far up a bight, protected by a battery. There was little doubt that they were privateers, and likely to do damage to British shipping.

'We must cut those vessels out,' observed the captain.

The frigate stood off the land as if she was going away, but at night once more stood back. As soon as she was well in with the land she hove to, and three boats were manned and lowered. Harry was appointed to go in one of them. They were to pull up the harbour and attack the three vessels, and, if necessary, one boat's crew was to land and storm the fort. With muffled oars they pulled up the har-

bour. They could just make out the vessels as they lay floating in silence on the calm water, a light wind blowing off shore. The boats got close up to the brig before they were discovered. The enemy then, who had rushed to their guns, which were run out, opened a hot fire from them, with muskets and pistols; but the boats being close the shots passed over the heads of their crews. With loud cheers the British sprang up the sides of the brig. The crew bravely stood to their arms, but were speedily overpowered by the impetuosity of the boarders, and were cut down or driven below, some in their terror leaping overboard.

While Harry Treherne and his crew remained on board, the other two boats proceeded to the attack of the schooners. He, meantime, having secured the prisoners below, sent some of his hands aloft to loose sails while the cable was cut, and in a few minutes the captured brig was standing out of the harbour. The roar of the guns, the clashing of steel, and the rattle of musketry had aroused the garrison of the fort, which opened fire on the brig. The shots fell around her and several went through her sails, but no one was hurt. As he passed near the schooners he listened anxiously for the signal which was to announce their capture. First one loud cheer and then another told him that the work was done, and they were soon perceived following under all sail, little heeding the fire from the fort. Harry Treherne, with all the officers and men engaged, was warmly commended for the spirited way in which the exploit had been performed. It was not the only deed of naval daring in which he took an active part.

At length the frigate was ordered to Bermuda on her way home. Within a short distance of that island a suspicious vessel was seen from the mast-head. Sail was made in chase. The stranger on discovering the frigate did her utmost to escape, steering to the eastward, the wind being from the west. A stern chase is a long chase. The night was clear and the stranger was kept in sight. When morning dawned the frigate had scarcely gained on her. This made the captain still more eager to overtake her. All that day the chase continued—the frigate gaining, however, somewhat on the stranger, a large fore-and-aft schooner. At length, at sundown, it fell calm, and fears were entertained that, should a mist rise, the schooner might escape during the night. The captain, therefore, sent three of the boats to capture her. They had been discovered some time before they got alongside. Boarding nettings were up, small-arm men were stationed at the bow and stern, and as they drew near the guns opened a hot fire with grape and canister. Still the British seamen, not to be daunted, dashed on, and, climbing up the sides and cutting their way through the nettings, in another minute the schooner's deck was won. She proved to be a Spanish privateer, a very fine new vessel. A light breeze at daybreak enabled the frigate to come up with her. The prisoners were transferred to the frigate, and the command of the prize given to old Hulks, the mate, who had been Tommy Butts' tyrant; and Harry Treherne

was sent as his second in command, with orders to proceed to Plymouth.

Old Hulks had several failings: whenever spirits came in his way he could not refrain from them. Harry had, therefore, the chief charge of the schooner. It was the winter season, and as they approached the chops of the Channel the weather became very bad. Old Hulks, however, declared that he must be home by Christmas, and ordered Harry to crack on all the sail the schooner could carry night and day. Harry had taken his observations as long as the sun could be seen, but for some days the sky had been obscured by clouds. He believed that they were not far from the Land's End, and well over to the British coast. Old Hulks insisted that they were too far to the southward, and ordered the schooner to be headed more to the northward. Night was approaching. It was Christmas Eve. The wind was strong and a heavy snowstorm prevented the possibility of their sighting the land.

'Never mind, Harry; we shall see it in the morning,—about Plymouth, I take it, and I shall be at home in plenty of time for our Christmas dinner, and you shall dine with me, as you won't be able to get to your own place.'

'I wish that I could think so. We are nearer the English coast than you suppose,' said Harry.

'Well, heave the schooner to at midnight,' answered old Hulks. 'I shall go below—call me then; it's fearfully cold.'

Harry was compelled to obey the orders of his superior. He, however, kept as good a look-out as he possibly could, wishing anxiously for midnight. The hour was approaching. The wind blew stronger and stronger, and the snow came down, covering the deck, and making it impossible to see beyond the bowsprit end. Suddenly there was a loud crash—the vessel groaned from stem to stern, the foremast went by the board. Loud cries arose: 'We are on the rocks!—we are on the rocks! Heaven protect us!' was echoed from mouth to mouth.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE FISH-MARKET AT VENICE.

EVERY one has heard about lovely Venice, with its streets of water and marble palaces. Our picture represents the fish-market in that city, once the proud Queen of the Adriatic. The cry, *Frutti della mare*—fruits of the sea—by which title Italians mean all sorts of fish may be heard in the wild chorus of a hundred voices, all along the quay. An endless shouting and a constant stream of people will guide the visitor to a most lively scene of buying and selling. The hoarse, shrill voices of the fishmongers, some of whom are walking about with their wares, while others remain gesticulating and dancing round their rough stalls—the throng of purchasers of both sexes, surrounded by the splendours of marble palaces, columns, steps, and bridges, form a highly interesting picture.

The Venice fish-market is a very small affair compared to the markets of London and Paris;



but there is much more noise and movement in it, and the fishmongers are much more lively and amusing. The Italian dealer always overwhelms his customers with a torrent of words in praise of his goods. He will always get far more for them than they are worth, if he can, and no one with any experience of Italian ways will offer him more than half of the price which he demands.

Fish of all sorts, including oysters and other shell-fish, may be had in this market—some fresh, but a great deal of it fried or baked, ready for food. During cold weather and in Lent from three to four thousand fish are sold here daily. The fish are so cheap that they serve as food to the very poorest people. To the rich they are made acceptable by the expensive and dainty manner in which they are cooked. Many gentlemen may be remarked among the purchasers; they don't at all mind carrying home their fish themselves.

The fishermen in Venice—not to be confused with the gondoliers, who are the cabmen of the city of waters—are, as in all towns of the coast, very numerous; the greater number are employed in the capture of the white whale, the giant of the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas. Every year whole fleets are fitted out for this white-whale fishery. They set out with singing and shouts of joy; strong men and lads, with scarcely any clothing, with brown skins and crisp, black hair, steer boldly out to sea, and obtain, as a rule, a rich harvest. The white whale is for the Italians what the whale is for the coast population of the North; it gives its captors a great deal of trouble and causes them some danger, but it rewards them abundantly, and is to the Italians the most precious living 'fruit of the sea.'—J. F. C.

AS FAR AS THE SUNLIGHT GOES.

I WENT one morning for a walk; it looked so bright and sunny that I thought the warm spring must certainly have come; but I found that the March wind blew cold and unpleasant still. Only the sunlight was warm, and as I walked along where it shone, I found the ground soft and the way altogether pleasant to go on; but as soon as I came where the sunlight stopped and the shadow fell, the ground was frozen hard, and the easy walking became rough and uncomfortable. What a sudden change! just that little dividing line making such differences! On one side, warmth and a smooth way and pleasant going; on the other side, coldness and a rough path and hard walking.

"Now," I said to myself, as I stopped to notice it, and turned to go back into the sunlight, "here is a lesson for us!"

As far as the sunlight goes! ah! that is it! There is another kind of sunlight besides that which lights and warms the earth, and gives life to the trees and flowers; do you know what it is? It is the sunlight of love—a beautiful bright sunlight which God made just the same as He did the other.

And just as far as the sunlight of love goes, just so far will everything be pleasant and easy and beautiful; but when it stops and the shadow falls,

then all will become rough, and cold, and uncomfortable.

Oh, who would not wish to walk always in this sweet sunlight, and have all things glad and bright? We should rise in the morning with this sunlight of love shining full and clear, and be careful all the day not to let any shadow fall upon it, and then what smooth and pleasant paths we should have to go in.

There is my little friend Alice. I remember what a cheerful, pleasant face she had when she came downstairs this morning, and how kindly her voice sounded. Ah, the sunlight of love must have been shining there. How pleasantly everything went on! Mother was busy; and when little brother Freddy wanted to be dressed, Alice's skilful hands were ready for the duty, and her loving words soon changed the fretful quivering of his lips into merry smiles.

So mother was helped, and breakfast was ready in good time, and every one was happy, and every thing seemed to go just right. And Alice looked out of the window at the morning sunshine, and said, "How beautiful it is! it seems really like spring, and almost makes me begin to think of the violets. I wonder if Miss Reese will give us a half-holiday when they come."

"Never," answered her brother Alfred, "she's too cross; she'll not go in for the violets."

"Oh, no, Alf, she isn't cross; I'm 'sure she will! and won't it be splendid?" Alice clapped her hands and looked as if she had found the first violet already.

There was a button off Alfred's coat, and after breakfast Alice offered to sew it on; and she did it kindly too—did not "jerk and pull" him so as to rumple his clean collar.

Why, what a wonderful thing this sunlight of love is! and how smooth and pleasant was the way where it fell this morning!

By-and-bye it came near school-time; and Alice began to collect her books together.

"Why, my slate-pencil isn't here," she said, looking into the drawer, "that's queer, where can it be? I put it here yesterday afternoon."

Another search through the drawer—all in vain.

"Mother, have you seen my pencil?"

"No, Alice."

"Alf!" as if an idea had come to her suddenly, "have you seen my slate-pencil?"

"Slate-pencil?—why—" Alfred looked at first thoughtful, and then a little guilty, and then puzzled.

"Why, yes, I believe I did borrow it last night, when I couldn't find mine—but—"

"Borrow it! no you didn't! you just took it! and when you know I—"

"There now! don't be angry! I'll find it; though I really can't remember what I did with it."

Alfred began a vigorous search, and if the sunlight had only kept shining, all might have gone well, but alas! it did not; just then a shadow fell, and straightway how hard and uncomfortable everything became!

Alfred's good humour was fast giving way before his sister's impatient words.

"I declare I can't find it! but here's a little

stumpy one of mine I'll let you have; perhaps I can get another from one of the fellows."

"I don't want your old stumpy one! and I'd thank you to keep out of my drawer after this, and let my things alone!"

"Well, go without it then, Miss Crosspatch."

"Children!" called their mother's reproving voice.

"Mother! he's lost my new pencil; and here it is school-time, and I have got to go without any. And that ugly Miss Reese will give me a bad mark, I know! she always does if we don't have our pencils! I never did see!"

And, with this last exclamation, Alice closed the door, not very gently, and went out—walking all the while in that dark shadow; oh, such hard walking! Alfred soon went too; but not with his usual gay whistle. No doubt he had been sorry for his carelessness, and he had made the best offer he could to atone for it. And, O Alice, a "stumpy" pencil would not have been half as disagreeable as that shadow which has darkened the sunlight.

Do you not see, my young readers, how pleasant and beautiful everything is, as far as the sunlight goes; and how a little shadow changes everything? Even poor Miss Reese, who an hour before had been declared not 'cross' at all, then seemed quite 'ugly' to Alice, who stood in this gloomy shadow.

When Alice comes home I will ask her if she has passed a pleasant day in school; and if she says yes, and everything seems to have gone right, then I shall know that she somehow got out of the shadow into the sunlight again. And the surest way to get out of these shadows is to take hold of God's hand, and let Him lead us!

Dear boys and girls, as far as the sunlight of love goes, there is bright and pleasant walking; but no farther! so let us beware of the shadows.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

THE following most touching story is told by Bishop Kelly of Newfoundland, who heard it from one of the survivors of the terrible storm on the coast of Labrador last October.

The bishop makes his missionary journeys along the dangerous shores of Newfoundland and Labrador in a 'Church-ship' which has weathered many storms. This true tale of Christian heroism shows that the teaching of the missionaries has not been in vain.

'A poor boy, whose name no one knows, but we may be sure that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children who like himself had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, and they were wandering along that dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved. The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed, and then, taking off his own coat to cover them, he sat by them all the night long, soothing their terror until they fell asleep.'

'In the morning, leaving them still sleeping, he went in search of the parents, and to his great joy met

them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead.'

'He directed them where to find them and then he went on himself to try to find some place of shelter and refreshment. But when the parents were returning with their recovered little ones they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow not far from where they parted from him. The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his strength, and having saved his little charge—a stranger to them as they to him—he lay down to die. "Greater love hath no man than this."

THE BULLY AND HIS SURETY.

DICK DYKES was a bully. His delight was in teasing the boys less than himself, especially little Tom Fern who had not been long at school. One of Dick's favourite amusements was to snatch off Tom's cap and hold it out of his reach, when Tom wished to run home; and, after keeping it till Tom was quite tired of trying to get it back, Dick would 'chuck' it over a wall into somebody's garden, and then run away and leave shy little Tom to get it back as well as he could.

Like most bullies Dick was a coward, and never ventured on these tricks with boys of his own size. In school he was very stupid and careless about his lessons, so that he was in a class with little boys, and often vexed the master by his bad behaviour and sulky ways, till at last the master told him that he would not have him any longer in the school.

The next Monday morning, Dick's father came with the boy to the school-door, and begged the master to take him back.

The teacher said: 'We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid that he will ruin the other boys by his bad example.'

'I know he is a very bad boy in school,' the father said, 'but he is ten times worse at home. He will be quite lost if you do not take him back.'

'We could only take him back if we could be sure that he would behave well,' said the teacher. 'I will see what we can do.'

Then the master went into the school and told all the boys to listen to him, and he said, 'Dick Dykes wishes to come back into school again, but I cannot take him in again unless I can make *sure* of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?'

All were silent. The elder boys shook their heads, and said they knew him too well. Of the others, some didn't care for him, and some didn't like him because he bullied them, and they were glad because he had been sent away.

But when no one else spoke, at last little Tom Fern said. 'Please, sir, I will be surety for him.'

'You, Tom?' said the teacher, 'a little boy like you? Do you know what it means to become a surety?'

'Yes, sir. Please it means that if he is bad again I'm to be punished for it.'

'And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?'

'Yes, sir, if he's bad again.'

Then Dick was told that little Tom had promised



Dick Dykes.

to be his surety, and that he might come back, and Dick didn't say anything, but he thought to himself, 'I know I'm bad enough, but I'm not so bad as that. I'll never let that little chap that I've bullied be punished for me.'

And he didn't; for, from being one of the worst boys in the school, he became one of the best, and he was a kind friend and protector to the generous, forgiving little Tom, who had become his surety.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED, price One Halfpenny each.
Parts I. II. III. IV. V. VI. and VII. price 3d. each, are now ready.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

Digitized by Google

28 Castle St. London, W.C.

No. 36. August 3, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



IN A MINUTE.

HENRY,' said Mrs. Williams to her son, who was drawing houses on a slate, 'there are hens in the garden ; go and drive them out, or they will do mischief there.'

'Yes, ma,' said Henry, 'I will go.'

Mrs. Williams left him, in order to attend to her domestic matters. He kept on drawing. Did he mean to disobey his mother ? Oh, no ! He said in sincerity, 'I will go ;' but he added, mentally, 'in a minute.' He had nearly finished a picture of a house. He wanted to finish it before he went. It would take him but a minute. He did not finish it as soon as he expected. When it was nearly finished according to his original plan, a new thought struck him, and he rubbed out a part of his work, and thus his 'minute' became a very long one. In fact, he was so occupied with his work that he forgot his mother had spoken to him. In about a quarter of an hour his mother came to him and said, 'Henry, the hens are back again in the garden, and they are scratching your flower-bed !'

'Are they ?' said Henry, in a tone of surprise. 'I'll drive them so far away that they won't get back again very soon.'

Henry intended to make the impression on his mother's mind that he had promptly obeyed her by driving out the hens, and that they made their way back again.

That was deceiving her. It was acting a lie instead of telling one, and it was just as bad. Henry would have felt deeply grieved if any one had accused him of telling a falsehood ; yet a lie consists in deceiving. Deceit can be practised by actions as well as by words.

Henry came into the house looking black.

'What is the matter ?' said Mrs. Williams.

'The hens have scratched up all my flowers, and have dug great holes in the bed. The seeds I had planted were just coming up, and they are all scratched up. Why didn't you tell me they were there before they had destroyed my bed ?'

This was not very respectful language for a boy to use to his mother. He felt angry and guilty, and he wished to blame somebody.

This language brought his disobedience to light. Until he spoke thus, his mother thought he had driven the hens out when she told him to, and that they had come back again. She now suspected he had not.

'How far did you drive them when I told you they were in the garden ?' said she, in a tone which convinced Henry that she knew he had not heeded her command.

'I waited just a minute till I had finished my house, before I went. If you had told me they were on my flower-bed, I should have gone at once.'

'You should go at once whenever I tell you. Your words mean that you will obey your mother when it is for your interest to do so. That is not obedience. You are to do what your parents tell you to do, because they tell you to do it. Besides, you waited more than "just a minute." It is now

nearly or quite half an hour since I spoke to you. The hens were then coming in at the further end of the walk. If you had obeyed me, they would not have touched your bed. The loss of your flowers is a just punishment for your disobedience.'

'I didn't mean to wait so long. I meant to wait just a minute, and then I forgot that you told me.'

'That is no good excuse. To forget a duty does not excuse us from performing it. If you intend to obey your parents, you must do what they tell you to, when they tell you.'

'I do mean to be obedient—'

A neighbour coming in at that moment broke off the conversation. Henry retired not at all satisfied with himself and with what had taken place. If he had thought over matters as he should have done, he would have formed, at least, two resolutions : 1, Never to act a lie. 2, To render a prompt obedience to his parents' commands.

PAUL PETHERWICK THE PILOT.

(Concluded from p. 276.)

CHAPTER III.



LARGE merry Christmas party was assembled under Sir Baldwin Treherne's hospitable roof. All sorts of games had been carried on till a late hour, and everybody was in high spirits.

'Oh, if dear Henry was here it would be perfect,' exclaimed one of his sisters, the gentle Mary, who had been his chief playmate in his childhood.

'Oh, Harry is all right, enjoying the warm weather in the West Indies, instead of being frozen as we are here. Lucky dog !' said one of his brothers.

They all went to bed at last. More than one prayer in that house was offered up that night for young Henry's safety.

Christmas morning came. The sky was overcast—the snow was falling thickly. Sir Baldwin had promised to visit during the day a poor family—the mother lay dying.

'I cannot begin this blessed day better than by a work of love,' he said to himself, as he looked out on the snow-covered landscape. 'If I put it off till the afternoon she may no longer be here.'

He never allowed the weather to prevent him from going out. With a thick great-coat on, a stout stick in one hand, he set forth through the snow on his errand of mercy long before the rest of the family had left their rooms. He was just going into the cottage when he met Paul Petherwick, with his pilot-coat, sea-boots, and a spy-glass under his arm, accompanied by several of his crew, carrying oars and coils of rope and other ship's gear.

'What, Paul, are you going to sea such a morning as this—Christmas morning, too ?' asked the baronet, in a tone of surprise.

'Yes, Sir Baldwin, that I am ; for you see, sir,

I was one Christmas-day, as you will remember, tossing about on yon stormy sea till my craft was driven on shore, and I and my crew well-nigh lost. I should have been thankful if any brother pilot had been out on that morning to have towed the *Sea-Gull* into port. For what I know there are some poor fellows out of their reckoning; and if I can fall in with them and pilot them up Channel, I shall be doing as I should like to be done by.'

'You are right, my friend. Heaven protect and prosper you,' said the baronet. 'You'll come up in the evening to hear the carol-singers. There'll be a cup of mead ready for you, and for your people, too, if they will come.'

'Thank ye, Sir Baldwin, we'll come,' said several voices, and the pilot's crew hurried down to their boat.

The pilot vessel made several tacks along shore before stretching out to sea. She had made her last tack, and was standing off the land, when near the very reef on which the *Sea-Gull* was lost, Paul thought he saw the mast of a vessel. He called for his spy-glass. The boy brought it to him. Just then the snow cleared off somewhat.

'There are some poor fellows clinging to it, too,' he exclaimed. 'Ease off the jib-sheets! Down with the helm! we must beat up to them.'

'Poor fellows! poor fellows! I hope that they will hold on till we reach them,' he exclaimed several times, as he himself went to the helm, that he might make the vessel do her best, for tide and wind were against her. Just then a large ship hove in sight, with a signal for a pilot. 'She can wait; these poor fellows cannot,' he said, as he looked towards her. 'She would have paid us heavy pilotage, too.'

As the *Lady Isabel* drew near the wreck, one of the people on the mast was seen waving a hat feebly. The others appeared to be lashed to it, but unable to move. The cutter was hove to and the boat lowered. There was a broken sea running, and it was a work of difficulty and danger. Six men were clinging to the mast; most of them more dead than alive from the wet and cold.

'Take our young officer off first, pilot,' said one of the men. 'He's furthest gone.'

Two of the most active of the pilot's crew climbed the mast, and brought down the almost lifeless form of a young midshipman. Only two other men could be carried in the small pilot boat at a time.

'Why, if it isn't Master Harry Treherne!' exclaimed old Paul Petherwick, as he received the lad in his arms and deposited him in the bottom of the boat. 'Pull, my sons, pull!—the sooner we get him between the warm blankets the better.'

Harry Treherne, for it was indeed he, was quickly conveyed on board the *Lady Isabel*, and placed in the old pilot's bed, where, with the aid of a glass of grog (the sailors' specific for all maladies—in this instance the best that could be applied), he soon regained his consciousness. His first inquiries were for the rest of his crew. Five had been saved, but the rest, with old Hulks, had been lost. The cutter was now rapidly nearing the small harbour close to the manor-house.

Sir Baldwin saw her coming, and having observed her manœuvres near the wreck, was sure that she was bringing some shipwrecked seamen on shore.

'We have got some one here who'll be glad to see you, Sir Baldwin,' said Paul, as he and his men lifted a sailor wrapped up in blankets out of the boat.

'Father, dear father, I am all right!—don't be alarmed. Only rather weak from having been out in the cold all night,' cried a voice, which Sir Baldwin recognised as that of his son Harry.

'Paul, you have repaid me, and more than repaid me,' exclaimed the baronet, after the first greetings with Harry were over—'I knew that you would. Do what is right and kind on all occasions, and good will come out of it somehow or other, though we do not always exactly see how it is to be. That is what I have always said, and what has happened is a strong proof that what I have said is true.'

The shipwrecked seamen were received into the manor-house and carefully tended. Harry was almost himself again by the evening, and all agreed that that Christmas Day, if not as merry, was as happy as any that the family had spent. They had many great blessings to be thankful for, and among them, not the least to the parents' hearts, was that their sailor-boy, after all the perils he had gone through, had once more been restored to them in safety.

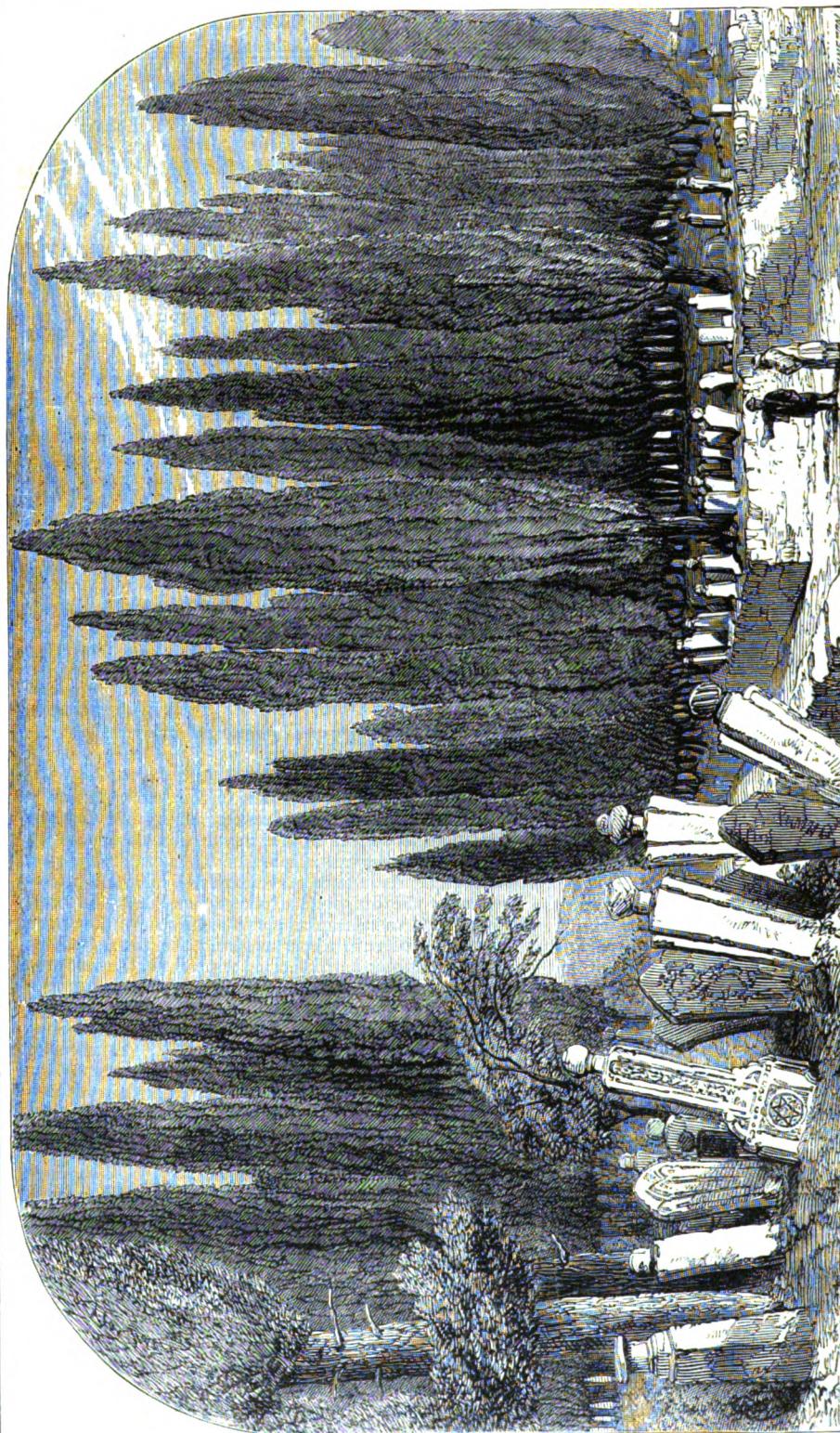
A TURKISH CEMETERY AT SMYRNA.

IN the first three chapters of the book of Revelation, there is an address given by our Lord to St. John to deliver to the Seven Churches of Asia. These were Smyrna, Ephesus, Thyatira, Pergamos, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea. Smyrna, however, is the only one of the seven that has been permitted to remain as a city; a few miserable huts or heaps of ruin alone marking the places where the others stood. Ephesus, which once had a magnificent temple to Diana, considered one of the wonders of the world (Acts, xix.), is almost blotted from the face of the earth. They are all monuments of what it is to depart from the ways of God.

Smyrna alone of the seven churches (Rev. ii. 8) had no rebuke from the Lord, and Smyrna alone remains to this day. It is, however, alas! no longer a Christian city. The Turks are masters there now, and most of the people are worshippers of Mahomet, the false prophet. Those who call themselves Christians belong to the Greek Church; but the most of them are ignorant and superstitious.

The city is situated on the sea-shore, facing the Mediterranean, and it is a place of considerable trade chiefly in fruit. The quays and market-place are busy spots; Turks, Greeks, Jews, French, English, and Americans, are the buyers and sellers; grapes, figs, currants, silks, leather, and carpets, are some of the things sold.

The streets of Smyrna differ a good deal from those of other Eastern cities, on account of the



A Turkish Cemetery.

Greek element in the population. The houses which are not uncommon in that part of the world. Almost wherever you go, outside the city, you come upon a cemetery. The Turks, when once a grave is made, never bury twice in it, hence the great number of tombs in Turkish countries which meet the eye in all directions. Our picture is taken from a drawing made in Smyrna a short time ago of the cemetery at what is called 'The Caravan Bridge.' It is a

which are not uncommon in that part of the world. Almost wherever you go, outside the city, you come upon a cemetery. The Turks, when once a grave is made, never bury twice in it,

solemn scene, with its tall dark poplars and white grave-stones. The nightingale sings almost constantly in the trees.

In a Turkish burial-ground, the stone erected over the grave of a male has always a turban carved at the top; if the rank of the deceased was that of an *emir*, or nobleman, the stone has an *emir's* turban; if a dervish, then a dervish's turban, and so on. Of late years the fez, or skull-cap with a tassel, is beginning to appear upon Turkish tombs. If the stone covers a female, the top of it is simply painted. The picture represents these various kinds of monuments. The stone is often carved into patterns, which, in case of rich people, are painted and gilded. All of them bear the name of the deceased, and a text from the Koran is frequently cut upon it.

The Turkish notions of heaven and hell are these: the bad and all who are not Mahometans perish; but the 'faithful' have to pass into paradise over a bridge called *El Sirat*, the top of which is as fine as the edge of a razor. At the end Mahomet stands to receive his true followers, and to push off into the gulf below the hypocrites who have succeeded in getting so far.

W.



MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.

MAXIMILIAN I., Emperor of Germany—sometimes called the 'Last Knight,' from his chivalrous character—was in his youth remarkable for a high courage and love of adventure which at times led him to feats of rash daring.

Among the many lands over which he ruled, none was so dear to him as the mountainous Tyrol. Partly from the simple and loving loyalty of the hardy race of shepherds and mountaineers who dwelt there, partly also because hunting among the Tyrolese Alps was one of his chief pleasures.

On Easter Monday, in the year 1493, the young Emperor, who was staying in the neighbourhood of Innsbruck, rose before dawn for a day's chamois-hunting. He took with him a few courtiers and some experienced hunters.

At sunrise they were already high up on the mountain pastures, which are the favourite haunts of the chamois, the valleys beneath them were still covered by a sea of white mist, while the golden rays of morning shone from an unclouded sky on the snowy peaks and ridges above them.

Maximilian fixed a longing gaze on the rocky summits, which stood out clear and sharp against the blue heavens. He felt the power of the fresh mountain air and the sublime scenery, and it filled him with the spirit of enterprise and daring.

'I wish,' said he, 'that I could gain to-day some spot which the foot of man has never trod before, and where no man should be able to follow, a spot amid the homes of the chamois and the eagle; where the busy hum of men should be lost to my ear, and all the crowded 'earth should lie beneath my feet;

where even the thunderclouds should mutter far below me; while I stood in eternal sunshine! That would be a fit spot for the throne of an emperor!'

The courtiers replied that his majesty had but to wish and it would be fulfilled—to such a renowned hunter and intrepid mountaineer what could be impossible?

At this moment one of the huntsmen gave notice that he had sighted some chamois—the whole party guided by him cautiously approached a rocky point, behind which the animals were grazing. On this point of rock stood a single chamois, its graceful head raised, as if on the watch. Long before they were within shot range, they heard it utter the peculiar piping cry by which the chamois gives notice of danger to its fellows, and then off it bounded with flying leaps towards the rocky solitudes above. Maximilian followed on its track, and had soon distanced his attendants. To be a good chamois-hunter a firm foot and a steady head are required. For these beautiful little animals lead their pursuer into their own peculiar domain—the rocky wastes just below the regions of perpetual snow—and there they climb and spring with wonderful agility; and if they cannot escape, it is said that they will rather leap over a precipice and be dashed to pieces, than fall into the power of man.

Maximilian had all the qualities necessary for this adventurous chase, and was generally most successful in it. Now he reached the brink of a chasm, which the chamois had passed; black yawned the abyss at his feet, while beyond the rocks rose steep and forbidding, with but one little spot where a man could find footing. One moment he paused, then with a light spring he gained the other side, while a shout, half of admiration, half of terror, burst from his astonished suite.

'That was a royal leap! Who follows?' cried Maximilian, with an exulting laugh. Then he sped onwards, intensely enjoying the excitement of the chase.

For a minute he lost the chamois from view, then it appeared again, its form standing out against the sky, on one of those rocky ridges that have been compared to the back-bone of a fish, but are perhaps more like the upper edge of a steep gabled roof. To gain this ridge it was needful to climb an almost perpendicular precipice; but Maximilian, nothing daunted, followed on, driving small iron holdfasts into the rock in places where he could gain no footing, and holding on by the hook, at the upper end of his iron-pointed Alp-stick. At last he seized a projecting piece of rock with his hand, hoping to swing himself up by it; but the stone did not bear his weight, it loosened and fell, and the Emperor fell with it!

Breathless and stunned, it was some minutes before he recovered consciousness after the fall. When he came to himself, he found that he had received no injury, except a few bruises; and his first thought was that he was most lucky to have escaped so well. Then he began to look about him. He had fallen into a sort of crevice, or hollow in the rocks; on one side they rose above him as a high wall which it was impossible to scale; on the other

they were hardly higher than his head, so that on this side he had no difficulty in getting out of the hollow.

'Lucky again,' thought Maximilian; but as he emerged from the crevice and rose to his feet, he remained motionless in awe-struck consternation. He stood on a narrow ledge, a space hardly wide enough for two men abreast, and beneath him sheer down to a depth of many hundred feet sank a perpendicular wall of rock. He knew the place, it was called St. Martin's Wall, from the neighbouring chapel of St. Martin; and the valley below it, which was now concealed from his view by white rolling vapours, was the valley of Zierlein.

Above him rose the 'wall' so straight and smooth, that it was utterly hopeless to think of scaling it. The only spot within sight, where a man could find footing, was the narrow shelf on which he stood. This ledge itself extended but a few feet on either side and then ceased abruptly.

In vain Max gazed around for some way of escape.

No handsbreadth was there to which to cling; no hold for foot or hand of the most expert climber—beneath, a sea of cloud; above, a sea of air.

Suddenly he was startled by a whirr and a rush of great wings in his face—it was a mountain eagle which swooped past him, and the wind of whose flight was so strong that it had nearly thrown him off his balance. He recollects that he had heard how these eagles try to drive any larger prey, too heavy to be seized in their talons, to the edge of a precipice, that so, by suddenly whirling round it, they may dash it over the brink; and how they had tried this manœuvre more than once on hunters whom they found in critical and helpless positions. And then his wish of the morning occurred to him. How literally and exactly it had been fulfilled! And how little could the Emperor exult in his lofty and airy throne! He merely felt with a shudder his own exceeding littleness in the face of the great realities of Nature and Nature's God.

Beneath, in the valley of Zierlein, a shepherd was watching his flocks. As the sun rose higher and drew the mists off which clung round the foot of St. Martin's Wall, he noticed a dark speck moving on the face of the rock. He observed it narrowly; 'It is a man!' he cried, 'what witchcraft has brought him there?' And he ran to tell the wonder to the inhabitants of the valley. Soon a little crowd was collected and stood gazing up at Martin's Wall.

'God be with him!' was the compassionate exclamation of all; 'he can never leave that spot alive—he must perish miserably of hunger!'

Just then a party of horsemen galloped along the valley, and rode up to the crowd which was increasing every moment. It was the Emperor's suite, who, giving up all hope of following his perilous course, had gone back to where they had left their horses in the morning and ridden round, hoping to meet their master on the other side of the mountain.

'Has the Emperor passed this way?' one of them called out, 'He climbed up so far among the rocks that we lost sight of him.'

The shepherd cast a terrified look at the wall, and

pointing upwards said, 'That must be he up yonder. God have mercy upon him!'

The Emperor's attendants gazed at the figure, and at each other in horror. One of them had a speaking trumpet with him such as mountaineers sometimes use for shouting to one another among the hills. He raised it to his mouth, and cried at the pitch of his voice, 'If it is the Emperor who stands up there we pray him to cast down a stone.'

There was a breathless hush of suspense now among the crowd, and down came the stone, crashing into the roof of a cottage at the foot of the rock.

A loud cry of lamentation broke from the people and was echoed on every side among the mountains. For they loved their young Emperor for the winning charm of his manner, for his frank and kindly ways, and his especial fondness for their country.

The sound of that wail reached Max's ears, and looking down he could see the crowd of people, appearing from that giddy height like an army of ants—a black patch on the bright green of the valley. The sound and sight raised his hopes; he had completely given up all thought of delivering himself by his own exertions, but he still thought help from others might be possible. And now that his situation was discovered, the people he knew would do whatever lay in the power of man for his deliverance. So he kept up his courage and waited patiently and hopefully. It was so hard to believe that he, standing there in the bright sunshine, full of youthful health and strength, was a dying man, and never would leave that spot alive.

Higher and higher rose the sun. It was midday now, and the reflected heat from the rocky wall was well-nigh too great to bear. The stones beneath his feet became hot as a furnace, and the sunbeams smote fiercely on his head. Exhausted by hunger and thirst, by heat and weariness, he sank down on the scorching rock. The furious headache and dizziness which came over him made him fear that he was about to become insensible. He longed for some certainty as to his fate before consciousness had forsaken him, and, following a sudden thought, he drew from his pocket a small parchment book, tore out a blank leaf and wrote on it with pencil, then tied the parchment to a stone with some gold ribbon he happened to have with him, and let the stone fall down into the valley as he had done the first. What he had written was the question, 'Whether any human help was possible?' He waited long and patiently for the answer; but no sound reached his ear but the hoarse cry of the eagle. A second and a third time he repeated the message, lest the first should not have been observed—still there was silence, though the crowd in the valley had been increasing all day; and now a vast assembly—the inhabitants of Zierlein and all the district round—had gathered at the foot of that fatal throne which the Emperor had desired for himself.

Terrible indeed,—who can tell how terrible,—were those hours of suspense to Max! Many deep and heart-searching thoughts visited him—thoughts of remorse for many sins, of self-reproach for great responsibilities unfaithfully fulfilled.

(To be continued.)



CLEVER FRENCH DOGS.

OME years ago two turn-spit dogs were employed at the College of Plessis in France. Both knew their trade very well: they never allowed the roast meat to be burned. The smell told them when it was roasted enough, which fact they announced to the cook by barking. They led a tolerably easy life, each worked in his turn; though, as the number of days in the week is an uneven one, they had not an exactly equal share of work. The cook's favourite, therefore, only turned the spit on Monday and Wednesday—his companion performed his task on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday; Friday and Saturday being fast days were holidays for both—this arrangement, sanctioned by custom, caused no difficulties. When the law is established people submit to it and respect it; but even the authorities must not violate it.

One Wednesday, the cook not seeing the dog for the day just at hand, wished to put the other, who had worked the day before, to the wheel. But he thought this very unjust, growled, skulked away, and hid himself in a corner. The man pursued him; the dog threatened and showed his teeth. The cook took a stick. The dog rushed out through the kitchen-door, through the passages, and out of the college-gate into the square, where his comrade was playing; he goes up to him, growls, seizes, pushes, bites him, and at last drags him to the cook's feet, where he becomes quite quiet again, seeming to say, 'There is your dog—it is his turn.'



M. Pibrac, a celebrated surgeon, who lived a short time before the Revolution, one day found a very handsome dog at his door; its paw was broken, and it was suffering great pain. He had it brought into his house, treated it kindly, set the limb, dressed it, and at last cured the animal. During this treatment the dog showed much gratitude to him. M. Pibrac thought he would attach himself to him altogether. But the dog had another master, and with these animals the first affection always lasts for life. When the dog was able to run he went away and did not return. M. Pibrac almost regretted his kind action. 'Who would have thought,' he said, 'that a dog could be so ungrateful?' Five or six months had passed away when the dog appeared before the same door, and showed great delight at seeing M. Pibrac. The surgeon saw him again with pleasure, and wished to make him come in. Instead of accepting this invitation, the dog first licked his hands and then pulled him by the coat, as if he wished to show him something. It turned out to be a dog among his friends whose leg was broken, and whom he was leading to his benefactor to be cured as he had been.

J. F. C.



CURE FOR A TUMBLE.

SONG USED WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN THE AUTHOR'S OWN NURSERY.

DOWN again! Up again! That's the way!
Oh, never mind it, but think it's in play.

Perhaps you're not hurt in the least.

Down again! Up again! Never mind!

Kiss the poor place again, let us find

If there's a bruise on the floor!

Down again! Up again! Let us try
Who's hurt the most, my sweet—you or I?
I wish I could bear it for you.

Down again! Up again! Who would care?
Pick yourself up again; smooth your hair!

You've ruffled it all with the knock.

Down again! Up again! There's a man!
Kiss the poor place again, if we can

Find where the hurt was at all!

Down again! Up again! Let us sing,
'Practice makes perfect.' Oh, what a good thing
You've not far to tumble, my dears!

J. E. C. F.

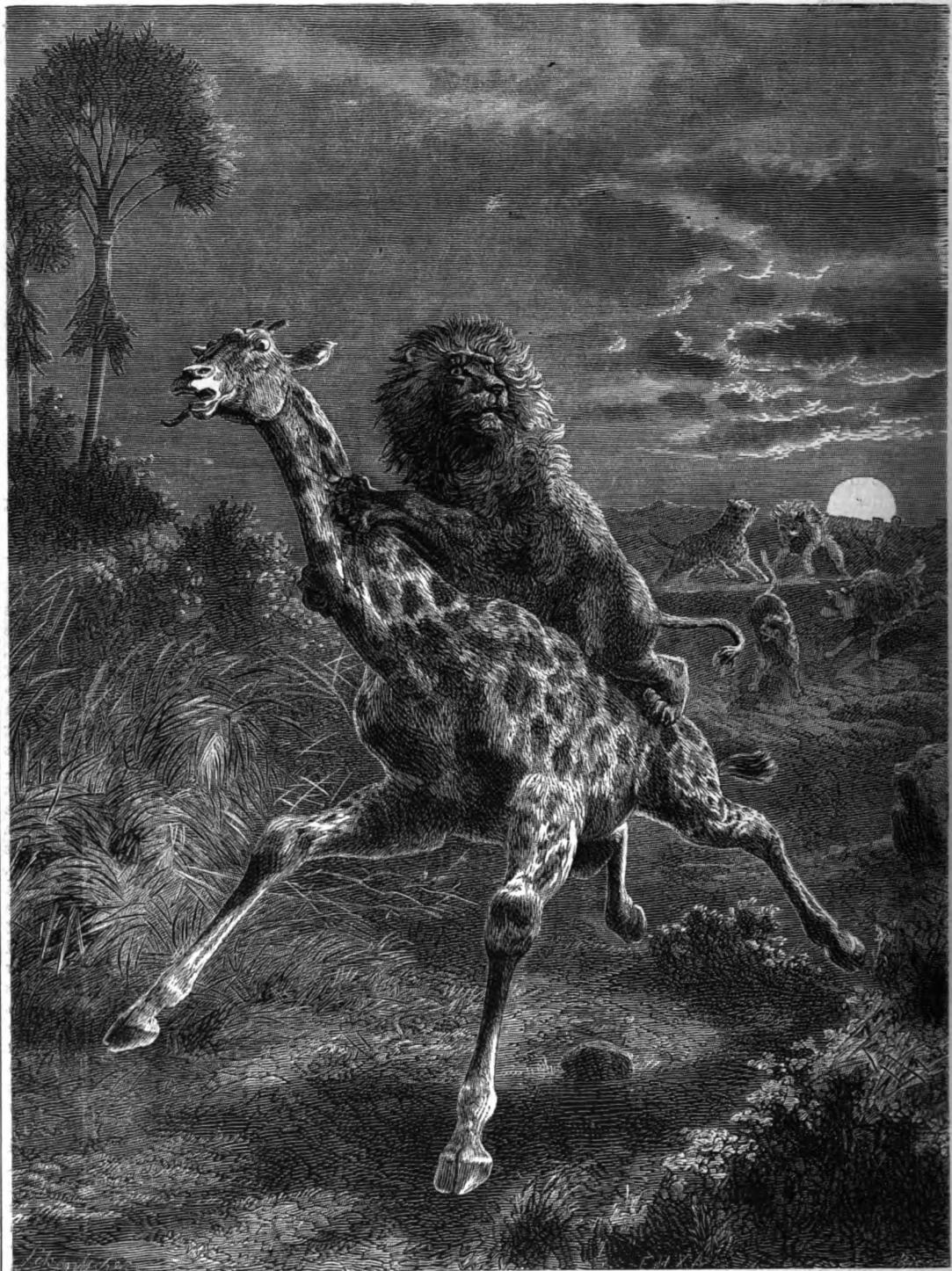
THE LION'S RIDE.



HE incident shown in our picture is one which African huntsmen tell us frequently occurs. Towards evening, the king of the desert, wandering through his wide domain, comes to the dark lagoon, where he lies in ambush among the rushes, knowing that at this hour gazelles and giraffes are in the habit of coming to drink. He has not long to wait. Soon a stately giraffe comes through the desert to cool her hot, dry tongue in the brackish waters of the lagoon. Kneeling down, she stretches out her long neck towards the dark, shallow pond. Suddenly there is a stir among the reeds and rushes; with a loud roar the lion springs on the neck of his victim. Here is a horse to ride upon! Not more splendid steeds are to be seen in royal stables than that which the king of beasts now bestrides. He greedily fixes his teeth in the muscles of the poor giraffe's neck; his yellow mane waves round her shoulder; with a sharp cry of pain she springs up, and rushes onward in agony; with light step she passes over the moonlit plain; her eyes look as if they would start from their sockets; dark drops of blood flow down her beautifully spotted neck.

In their track they leave a yellow cloud of sand behind them; the vultures arouse from their rest, and, with shrill cries, hover over them in the air; hyenas and panthers, leaving their lair, follow the blood-stained track of their king. They see their ruler sitting upon a living throne, which he is tearing with his sharp claws. Ever onwards, till strength fails her, the giraffe must carry him; no rearing or kicking can rid her of such a rider. At last, on the outskirts of the desert, she falls down and expires, and is then devoured by the ruthless rider.

J. F. C.



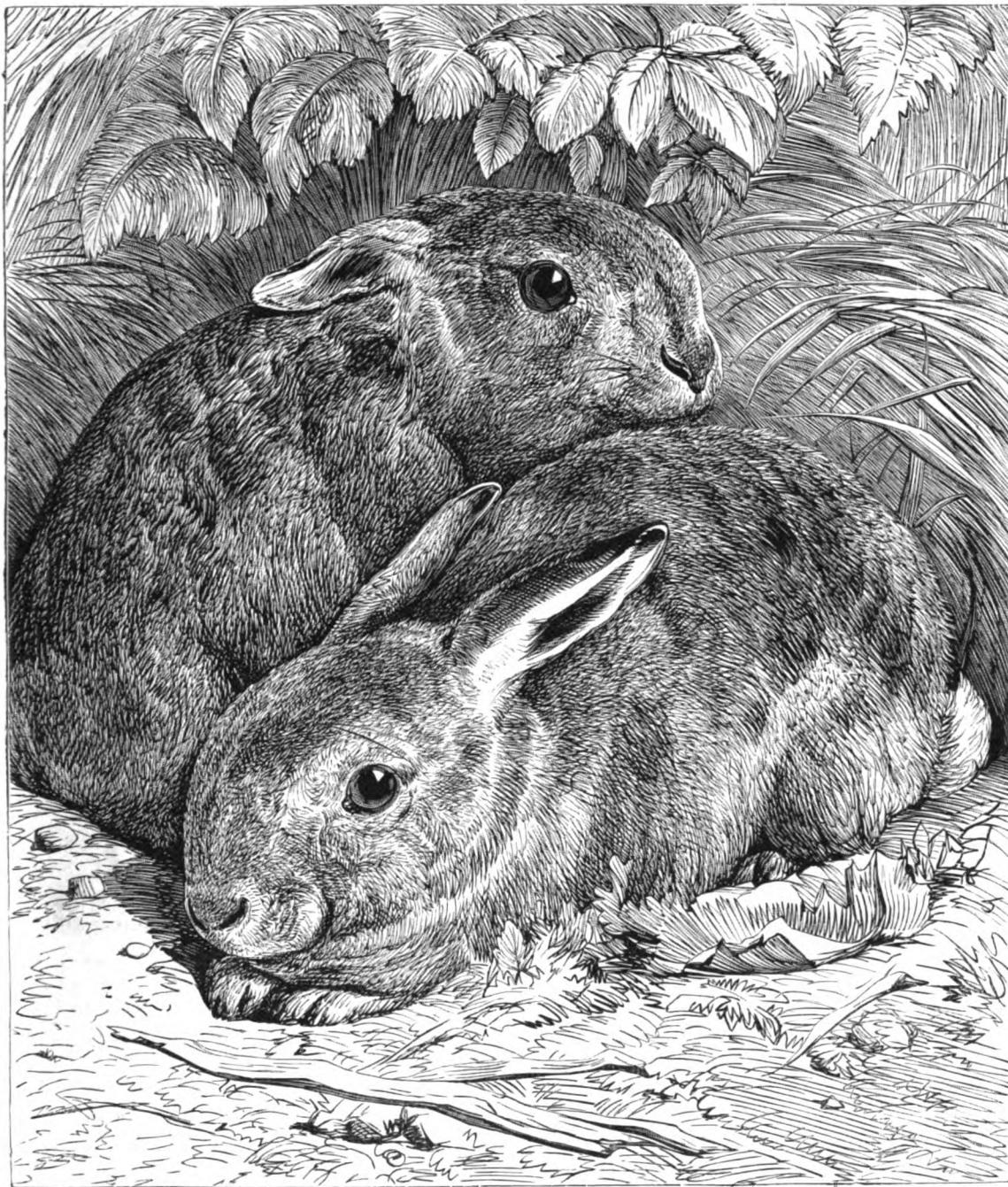
The Lion's Ride.

 ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED, price One Halfpenny each.
Parts I. II. III. IV. V. VI. and VII. price 3d. each, are now ready.

No. 37. August 10, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.





LEVERETS.

EVERETS are frequently found by mowers in the meadows. They are not born blind like the rabbit, but able to see and take care of themselves at once like guinea-pigs. They have always a pretty white star on their foreheads. They need be wide awake, for besides man, dog, cat, fox, owl, hawk, raven, even buzzards, are their enemies; worse than all, the old jack-hares will persecute them when they fall in with them, and help each other in so doing. If one imitates the cry of a distressed leveret, you may often see one or two jack-hares bustling up to see what they can do; while a wily fox may creep up too, for in any case he *may* find a supper—off Jack if possible, and failing that, off leveret. Old hares are often so eager in their bad deeds of killing leverets, that sly Reynard snaps up one of them, and serves him as he was serving the little leverets.

I reared a leveret once, but he drummed at the door of his box (a large dog-box) so violently at night, and showed so little attachment, that he was taken into the country. The keeper marked his ear and promised he should not be shot if possible.

MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.

(Concluded from p. 280.)

THE day wore on; the sun was fast sinking towards the west, and Max could no longer resist the conviction that there was no help possible, that all hope must be over for him. It seemed, as soon as he had faced this certainty, that a calm resignation, a high courage and resolve, took possession of his soul. If he was to die, he would die as became a king and a Christian—if this world were vanishing from him, he would lay firm hold of the next.

Again he tore a leaf from his book, and wrote on it. There was no more gold ribbon to bind it to the stone, so he took the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece—what value had it for a dying man?—and from that high and airy grave he threw the stone down among the living.

It was found, like the others before it. None had answered these, because no one was to be found willing to be a messenger of death to the much-loved Emperor. The man who had found the stone read the letter aloud to the assembled crowd, for the Emperor's messages were addressed to all Tyrol. And this was the last message.

"O Tyrol, my last warm thanks to thee for thy love which has so long been faithful to me.

"In my pride and boastfulness I tempted God, and my life is now the penalty. I know that no help is possible. God's will be done—His will is just and right.

"Yet one thing, good friends, you can do for me, and I will be thankful to you even in death. Send a messenger to Zierlein immediately for the Holy Sacrament, for which my soul thirsts. And when

the priest is standing by the river, let it be announced to me by a shot, and let another shot tell me when I am to receive the blessing. And then I pray you unite your prayers with mine to the great Helper in time of need, that He may strengthen me to endure the pains of a lingering death.

"Farewell, my Tyrol,
"MAX."

The reader's voice often faltered as he read this letter amid the sobs and cries of the multitude.

Off sped the messenger to Zierlein, and in all haste came the priest. Max heard the shot and looking down could just see the white robe of the priest standing by the river which looked like a little silver thread to him. He threw himself on his knees in all penitence and submission, praying that he might be a spiritual partaker of Christ, though he could not receive in body the signs of salvation. Then the second shot rang on the air, and through the speaking trumpet came the words of the blessing,—

"May God's blessing be upon thee in thy great need,—the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whom heaven and earth praise for ever."

The Emperor felt a deep peace filling his heart as the words of blessing were wafted to his ear.

The sun had by this time sunk behind the mountain range beyond the valley of Zierlein; but a rosy blush still lingered on the snowy summits, and the western sky glowed in crimson and gold. Beneath, in the deep purple shade of the valley, the people all knelt, and the Emperor could hear a faint murmur which told him they were praying for him. Touched by their sympathy, he too continued kneeling in prayer for the welfare of his subjects.

It was quite dark now, and one by one the stars came forth on the deep, blue sky, till at last all the heavenly host stood in glittering array. The sublime peace of those silent eternal fires stole into Max's heart, and drew his thoughts and desires heavenward to eternal Love and eternal Rest. So he knelt on, wrapt in prayer and in lofty and holy thoughts.

Suddenly a bright gleam flashed on his eyes, and a figure in a flicker and dazzle of light stood before him. No wonder that in his present mood, his spirit raised above earthly things, this vision should seem to him something more than human.

"Lord Emperor," it spake, "follow me quickly—the way is far, and the torch is burning out."

Hardly knowing whether he was still in the world of mortals or not, Max asked, "Who art thou?"

"A messenger sent to save the Emperor." Max rose; as he gazed it seemed to him that the vision assumed the form of a bright-haired, bare-footed peasant youth holding a torch in his hand.

"How didst thou find thy way to the cliff?" he asked.

"I know the mountains well, and every path in them."

"Has Heaven sent thee to me?" asked Max, still feeling as if he were in dream-world.

"Truly, it is God's will to deliver thee by my hand," was the simple answer.

The youth now turned and slid down into the hollow out of which Max had climbed that morning, then glided through a crevice in the rock

behind which the Emperor had failed to detect. Stooping low, he with difficulty squeezed through the narrow chink, and saw the torch flaring below him, down a steep, rugged fissure which led into the heart of the rock. Leaping and sliding he followed on, and the torch moved rapidly before him, its red light gleaming on metallic ores and glittering on rock crystals. Sometimes a low, thundering sound was heard, as of underground waterfalls, sometimes water, dripping from the rocky roof made the torch hiss and sputter. Downwards they went, miles and miles downwards, till at last the ravine opened into a long, low, nearly flat-bottomed cavern, at the end of which the torch and its bearer suddenly vanished. But at the place where he had disappeared there was a glimmer of pale light. Max groped his way towards it, and drew a long breath as he found himself again in the open air, with the silent stars above him and soft grass beneath his feet. He looked round for his deliverer, but no one was to be seen. He soon perceived that he was in the valley of Zierlein, and afar he heard a confused noise as of an assembled multitude. He followed the sound, but was forced to rest more than once from extreme weakness and weariness, before he reached the foot of St. Martin's wall, and saw priest and people still kneeling in prayer for him. Deeply moved he stepped into their midst and cried,—

“Praise the Lord with me, my people. See, He has delivered me!”

The Emperor was never able to discover who had been the instrument of his wondrous rescue. A report soon spread among the people that an angel had saved him. When this rumour reached the Emperor's ears, he said,

“Yes, truly, it was an angel; my guardian angel, who has many a time come to my help—he is called in German ‘The People's loyal Love.’”

Maximilian never forgot that day on St. Martin's wall. It taught him many a lesson. It is said that he never again went out chamois-hunting without commanding himself “*à la garde de Dieu*,”* as the native mountaineers of Switzerland and Tyrol now are wont to do. And his spirit of thoughtless daring was sobered into a true and higher courage, which throughout his life never forsook him in the face of danger and death. That spirit of brave and high-minded endurance which has been so nobly exemplified by his latest descendant and namesake in our own days,—another Maximilian of Hapsburg, who so bravely died in Mexico.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

I WONDER what good you expect all that cricketing and boating and running to do for you, Seymour!” sneered a pale-faced young man to another of about his own age, as they sat together in their tutor's house at Richmond.

“Oh, I enjoy it all,” laughed young Seymour, “and I do pretty well at my books too, so the tutor

says. For my part, Langley, I wonder how you can stick to all that dry stuff, while it is such glorious weather out-of-doors. I'm off, I know, for a row on the river; and, suiting action to the word, young Seymour and his loose flannel suit disappeared over the low window-sill. Langley the studious cast a contemptuous look at his retreating form, and then settled himself down to a steady afternoon's work.

Two months later his name came out second in the army examination he had gone in for, while Seymour stood forty places lower down. Seymour pleasantly congratulated his companion.

“You see your work told, old fellow, at last; and, considering I am but a poor hand at the books, I came off very tolerably, old Shaw says. Fifty-four below me.”

“And he can be contented with that,” mused Langley. “Well, I wonder what is the good of such half-and-half fellows in the world.”

A little later, and Seymour and Langley found themselves posted to the same regiment, then quartered at Malta. Here Seymour speedily became a great favourite with his brother officers, his cheerful temper and readiness to oblige being sure passports to favour. Still Langley wondered what people could find to like in an empty-headed, rascally fellow like Seymour.

One afternoon, two young officers were looking out of the mess-room windows at a little boat, about a mile from shore, which was tacking about in a strange way.

“She'll be over in a minute,” said the one, handing a glass to his companion. “You look, Langley, who's in her. I say, it looks like Grant.”

“Grant, Palmer, and little Charley Mayne, went out for a sail at three o'clock,” said Langley. “I declare they are over, all three in the water. What can be done?” and he turned pale at the sight.

Just at that moment a breathless figure rushed past the window,—

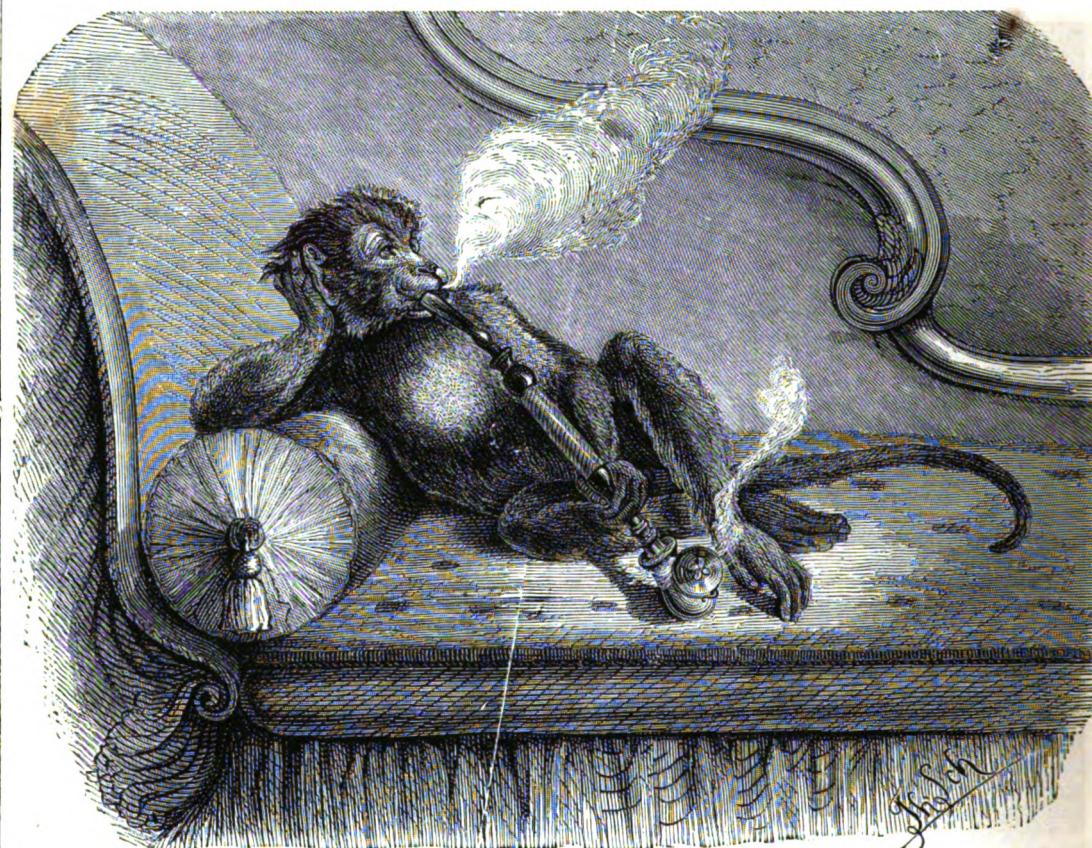
“I've ordered a boat out; put brandy in it—Langley—Sykes—any one.”

In two seconds Seymour, for it was he, returned and ran down to the landing-steps. He found the boat already started to the rescue, a few yards from shore.

“Back, men!” he shouted, and, though they murmured at it, they returned for him. “Now, row for your lives, and for those poor fellows' lives,” he added. “We could have done little, perhaps nothing, without the brandy—and without some one in command,” he felt, but did not say aloud.

Meantime, the three young men of the capsized boat were struggling for life. Two could swim, and the other had got hold of an oar. But, alas! a dreadful terror was felt in each heart unknown to our northern seas. Sharks had been seen at the distance of half-a-mile, or even less, from shore, and these poor drowning men had a double danger to meet. Seymour and his companions spoke little, putting all their strength into their oars. The men would have stopped to take in Captain Grant, who was the first they came to; but Seymour sternly bade them row a few strokes further. His quick

* To the keeping of God.



HIGH LIFE.

eye,—he was steering at the time,—had observed young Mayne, evidently completely exhausted, and he was the first dragged into the boat. All three were recovered, but in such a prostrate state that, for some time, they feared for their lives. They were laid in the bottom of the boat, a little brandy was given them, and then they were rowed quickly back to shore.

Langley was the first to press forwards and seize Seymour by the hand and congratulate him. His somewhat crusty nature had given way at last. He had it forced upon him that Seymour was good for something, and, underneath his gay nature, had qualities worthy of respect and honour. His promptitude, decision, and activity, had saved these men's lives, while Langley, pale and unnerved, was merely wondering what could be done.

Seymour was a hero for some time after, though, as he said, no praise was due to him; he had not risked his own life, only used his energies on behalf of others. Still, Captain Grant, Mr. Palmer, and little Charley Mayne, did not forget what they owed to him, and Langley has learnt to live and let live.

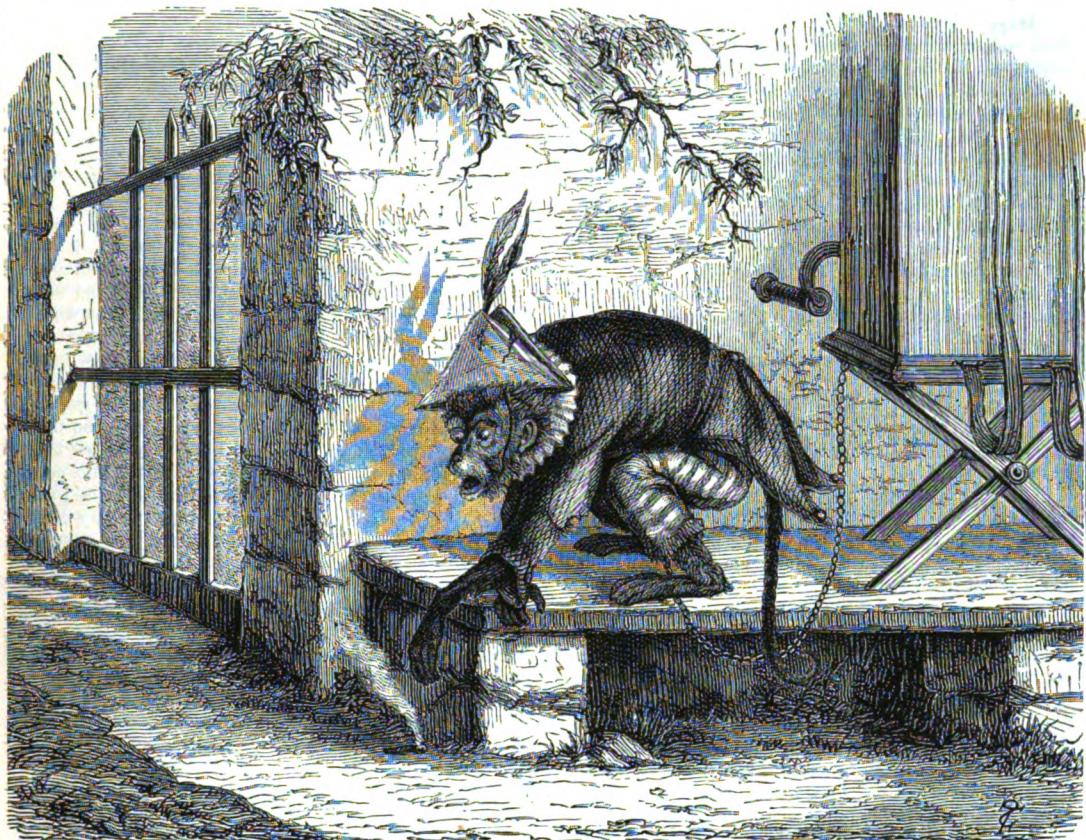
THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A Clergyman's Story.

CHAPTER I.



LONG time ago, when I was a young man of thirty or thereabouts, the bishop, in whose diocese I had worked as a curate for six years, gave me the vicarage of St. Margaret's, Netherton, in the county of Norfolk. Netherton was a thriving little country town; the church was old and grand, with a high tower that could be seen a dozen miles away; and the thatched-roofed, ivy-covered vicarage, standing amongst the trees beside it, was the cosiest little nest of a house that ever was seen. In that vicarage I lived by myself for two years—two anxious, busy, happy years! At the end of those two years; when I had made friends with the Netherton folk, I took my first holiday. I went away to be married. It was late in the autumn,



LOW LIFE.

I remember, after the corn-fields and orchards were stripped.

As Mary and I meant to be very busy people when we got home, we thought we would travel about a little, at our leisure, and enjoy ourselves. We didn't travel very far, after all. We only went to see some of the English cathedrals—the beautiful churches that men built hundreds of years ago, with such a wealth of labour and love; but this sight-seeing gave us an immense deal to study and think of, and it took up nearly six weeks. So it was getting on for winter, when we came home to Netherton. The air was full of fog and snow, as we drove through the little town, muffling the sound of the church-bells, which were ringing merrily to welcome our return.

That night Mary and I drank our tea in my study, before a blazing fire, and had a long talk about Netherton. I told her of the different things I had done, and had tried to do, during the two years that I had lived there by myself. And then we set about laying our plans for future work, and arranging Mary's share of it.

'You must take me out with you to-morrow,' said she, 'and show me the church and the schools.'

So the next day, when Mary had looked over her new home, and scattered her wedding-presents about all the rooms, she put on her bonnet, and we went out together. After I had showed Mary the carvings and brasses, and all the curious things in the old church, we hurried to the school-house, to be in time to see the children before they dispersed.

As I opened the door of the boys' school-room, nearly forty pairs of sparkling eyes were turned towards us, on the look-out for 'the new lady'; and the boys, like well-behaved little fellows, stood up when I brought Mary in. We went to the top of the room to speak to the master, who left off what he was doing to receive us.

'Should you like to examine any of the boys, sir?' asked he, when I had introduced Mary to him, and made a few inquiries about what had been done in my absence.

'No, thank you,' I replied; 'Mrs. Elliott and I will look on for the few minutes that are left; I'll speak to them by-and-bye.'

So, while the master finished up his morning's work, I stood by Mary's chair, and answered the questions which she asked me about the boys. Then I asked her one.

'Mary,' I said, 'will you look quietly along that desk where the first-class boys sit, and tell me which you think is the head-boy of the school?'

She looked hard at one and another of the young faces that were just then bent down over a row of slates. Then she answered, in a very decided tone, 'Oh, that handsome, sharp-eyed lad, of course!'

'Richard Burton, you mean!—the tall, dark boy?'

'Yes—with the good forehead. What a bright face he has! Any one may see that he is the clever one of the class. Now, isn't he?'

'Yes; he's the cleverest, certainly.'

'Ah, I knew I was right! I knew he *was* the head-boy as soon as I caught sight of him.'

'But you happen to be wrong. Burton is not the head-boy; there's one above him. You must guess again.'

'But you said he was the cleverest?'

'So he is; but he's near the bottom of his class all the same. Now, which out of the others is at the top?'

'I can't guess,' said Mary.

'Then I'll tell you. It's that little freckled-faced lad on his right hand—George King his name is.'

'Well, that's strange!' she exclaimed. 'Why, he looks the dullest and stupidest of all, I think.'

'He isn't very bright. That is to say, he is slow to see and grasp things. But he works like a little horse; plods on patiently, and perseveres, till he masters what he is about—never gives a thing up because it is difficult. That's how he has got to be head of the school. Your favourite, Burton, who has twice the brains, hasn't the patience nor the industry in him. He puts on a spurt now and then for an hour or two, and does wonders. But he won't follow it up. There are days and weeks when he contents himself with glancing once over his lesson before he goes up to say it. He can rub along for a time, in a sort of hand-to-mouth fashion; but he doesn't take the trouble to lay the foundations in his mind, and when the examinations come he breaks down.'

'What a pity!' said Mary, with her eyes still fixed on Richard Burton's face. 'But he's young yet. He's got the promise of good things in him. A boy with such a face as that ought to do something in the world, oughtn't he? He will, won't he, Arthur?'

I shook my head doubtfully.

'But look at the difference between him and little George King!' urged Mary. 'Wouldn't *any* one prophesy that Burton would win for himself the higher place of the two, in the long run—when they get into the world, you know?'

'When they get into the world they will be just as they are now,' I replied. 'It's the case of the Hare and the Tortoise, my dear. That little, dull, plodding fellow will do the best.'

'Do you really think so?' said Mary, regretfully; for she had taken a great fancy for my clever and idle young scholar; 'I don't.'

'Well, we shall see which of us is right; we shall see how they turn out—if we live long enough,' I said, as we rose to go home.

And we *did* live long enough, and we *did* see.

CHAPTER II.

FROM that day till the Christmas holidays came Mary and I paid a visit most mornings to the schools. We generally went in after service; and, whether I did or not, Mary mostly stayed till the classes broke up at twelve. She sat in the girls' school-room, and taught the children that hour or half-hour herself, taking one class one day and another the next. The mistress and the girls used to look out for her regularly, as soon as the clock had struck eleven; and I believe they were all deeply disappointed if any accident kept her away. Sometimes she used to go in the afternoons for a few minutes, to look at their needlework, or to hear them sing; but that was a matter of chance. She did not come into the boys' school-room, which was in a separate wing of the building, unless anything particular was going on. But she generally saw them in the play-ground at noon-time, when school broke up. And she used to stop and speak to them, and ask them how they got on with their lessons, and so on, till she soon came to know them all as well as she did the girls. I used to see her sometimes talking to shy little Georgie King, who always looked so red and nervous when she praised him. She was fond of the good, steady little man, who worked so hard and did so well, and she never missed a chance of encouraging him in her kind way. But still Richard Burton was her favourite. She used to look about for him as soon as she came down the steps into the playground; and then she used to put her hand on his shoulder, and talk to him so earnestly—trying to make him see the need and the good of turning his talents to the best account. She used to tell him how wasted time and opportunities never came back; and what great things he might do for himself and others and the service of God, just by setting his shoulder to the wheel in earnest—just by persevering like a man in the work that was put in his hands to do. And the colour used to come into the lad's face, and the tears into his eyes, and he used to say eagerly,—

'I *will* try, ma'am, that I *will*! I'll turn over a new leaf and not be lazy any longer!'

And then Mary used to come tripping home with a smile on her face, looking as happy as if some one had left her a fortune—and a good deal happier.

'At Christmas time, when the half-yearly examinations had come to an end, and the school was about to break up, I found that George King was second in the first class, and that Richard Burton was at the top. I came home and told Mary, and she clapped her hands.

'I'm sorry for poor little Georgie,' she said, 'who has, I know, done the very best in his power. But I *am* glad that Richard has worked so well. I knew he had plenty of power in him. He'll do all right now, Arthur. He has taken a good start, and taken it in earnest. That boy will be a credit to us all by-and-bye; you'll see if he won't!'

'I hope he will,' I said. 'We shall see next year how he keeps it up.'

A few days after this, Mary began to busy herself about Christmas decorations for the church. We went into our little garden and cut great branches of

yew and box and laurel and bay, to make texts and garlands of ; and some of our Netherton friends, who had gardens and shrubberies, sent baskets of evergreens and everlastings to add to our store, along with offers of assistance for Christmas-eve. But when all was ready, and we elders had assembled for work, Mary sent round to our first-class schoolboys and schoolgirls, to ask if they would like to come and help too. Of course all who could be spared by their fathers and mothers came at once, in high glee ; and, before she did anything else, Mary set their eager hands to work. She set the boys—amongst whom were both Richard and Georgie—to pick and sort laurel-leaves and little sprigs of box and yew ; and she set the girls to sew them, in a close, thick band, upon strips of brown paper, which were afterwards to be joined together into one long wreath, to be cut again into lengths as it was wanted. Mary had a deal of business to see to after that ; but she kept coming back to the children every now and then, to look at their work, and to remind them of what they were doing it for, and what it was all to mean. Sometimes they seemed inclined to forget that part of it.

Georgie King sat as silent and still as a mouse hour after hour, making his little piles of big laurel-leaves and small laurel-leaves, and trimming his bushy sprays of yew and box into convenient shape. Thanks to him, Lucy Barnes and Ellen Hardy, whom he waited upon, made yards of the green wreath so quickly and beautifully as to be far before the rest.

Richard Burton, on the contrary, helped but very little. For half-an-hour or so he busied himself picking leaves and sprays as Georgie did, and made a high heap for the girls in a very short time. But they found all sorts and sizes mixed up together, so that they had to arrange them afresh for themselves as they used them. And then Richard grew tired of the picking business ; he wished to go and help the people who were dressing the pulpit and lectern.

'Please, ma'am,' he said to Mary, 'may I do something else ?'

'Are you tired of this, then ?' she asked gently, as a little shadow of disappointment crept over her face. 'If you are, you'd better leave off, my boy.'

'Oh no, please ; I want to help ! but may I do something else for a change ?'

As she stood, hesitating a little, she let her hand fall on Georgie's patient head, and stroked it kindly. Then she said to Richard,—

'Yes, if you like. You may come with me while I put the wreath on the vicar's stall. But if you get tired again, you must leave off. We mustn't do any of this work unwillingly.'

So she took him off with her into the chancel ; and I saw that, while they were busy there, she talked to him gravely for a few minutes in an undertone, and he hung his head as he listened. Then they came out again, looking very bright and cheerful, and began to twist the long, thick wreaths round the pillars of the nave. Nearly all the afternoon the two were together at this work, and a more handy, helpful little fellow than Richard proved himself, never was seen—so Mary said.

When it was getting dusk, she and I went home for a few minutes, to fetch some of the more delicate decorations, which had been kept at the vicarage till the last. We left the children still at work upon the fag-ends of the wreath—Georgie still sorting and trimming his leaves and sprays for Lucy Barnes and Ellen Hardy. And we left Richard still standing on the short ladder by one of the pillars near the west door, fixing a chaplet on the string fastened up for it, according to Mary's directions.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE WORD AND ITS GREAT RESULTS.

A TRAVELLER o'er a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea ;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at eventide,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased at heat of noon,
To rest beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore ;
It stood, a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.
A little spring had lost its way,
Among the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care,
A ladle at the brink,—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.
A dreamer dreamed a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new ;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It fell upon a genial mind,
And lo ! that thought became
A lamp of light, a beacon ray,
A safely-guiding flame.
The thought was small, its issue great ;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sends its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.
A nameless man amid the crowd,
That thronged the busy mart,
Let fall the words of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
Nought but a passing breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O words of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.



INDIAN HONESTY.

AN Indian, being among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke ; and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful.

Next day the Indian came back enquiring for the man who gave it him, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it was given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered pointing to his breast, 'I got a good man and a bad man here ; and the good man say, "It is

not mine, I must return it to the owner." The bad man say, "Why he gave it to you, and it is your own now." The good man say, "That's not right ; the tobacco is yours, not the money." The bad man say, "Never mind, you got money, buy some dram." The good man say, "That is wrong, you must not do so." So I don't know what to do ; and I think and go to sleep ; but the good and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me ; and now I bring the money back I feel good.'

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED, price One Halfpenny each.

Parts I. to VIII. price 3d. each, are now ready,

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

Google

128 Castle St. Leicester Sq.

No. 38. August 17, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



THE SOLDIER AND THE THISTLE.



ITTLE Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on a sharp, prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterwards.

'I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world,' she said, pettishly.

'And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it, they engrave it on the national coat of arms,' said her mother.

'It is the last flower that I should pick out,' said Minnie; 'I am sure they might have found a great many better ones, even among the weeds.'

'But the thistle did them such good service once,' said her mother; 'that they learned to esteem it highly. It is said that when the Danes invaded Scotland, they prepared to make a night-attack on a sleeping garrison. They crept along barefooted, as still as possible, until they were almost up to the wall. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the pain made him utter a sharp cry. That sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So, you see, if the story be true, the thistle saved Scotland; and ever since it has been the chosen flower of the nation.'

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

(Continued from page 295.)

HEN we came back again from the bright lamplight in our little house, the church seemed so dark. We could hardly see who was in it at first; but when we walked up the nave and looked about us, we caught sight of some one on the top of the broad screen, ever so high above our heads.

'Who's that up there?' I said, rather sternly; for whoever it was had gone up without my orders.

'It's me, sir.'

'Richard Burton?'

'Yes, sir. I thought—'

At this moment I heard a sound of breaking wood, and a quick, gasping cry in the air overhead; and, before I could guess what had happened, the boy fell like a lump of lead upon the pavement before us. All who were in the church came rushing up and crowding about him; but I put them back, and asked them quietly to finish what was to be done, that all should be in order before evening-service; and then I carried the poor lad into the vestry, and Mary shut the door. We found he was seriously hurt, and quite insensible; he lay in my arms as if

he were dead. So, as his own home was more than a mile away, I carried him on to the vicarage, and sent for his parents and the doctor.

Meanwhile Mary made inquiries as to what he was doing up on the choir-screen. The answer was, 'Please, ma'am, he got tired of dressing the pillars when you were gone, and he wanted to be after something else for a change. He heard you say you would like a holly-wreath on the screen, and the long ladder stood handy; and so up he went, all in a hurry, and without thinking how ticklish the old carving was to hold on by.'

'Ah!' I said, when Mary repeated this to me, 'how like Richard Burton that was!'

When the doctor came, we found that the poor boy had broken his left arm in two places, and had badly cut his head. It was not possible to move him. His father, a thriving miller and baker, came to see him; and his mother took up her abode in the house, to be able to nurse him till he should be taken home. When the bells rang out for the Christmas-eve service, they were setting his arm and dressing his cuts and bruises. I did not know then the extent of his injuries; but on Christmas-day he was in a high fever and delirious; and, in the middle of the happy morning-service, I startled the Netherton people with that touching appeal, which is generally made on behalf of those who are near death,—'The prayers of the Church are desired for Richard Burton.'

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD BURTON did not die, but he had a long and painful illness. All through the winter-time he stayed at the vicarage, as he was in too weak and critical a state to be moved from his bed. His mother kept with him night and day, only running home to look after her husband and her household at odd times, when he chanced to be asleep. Poor woman, he was her only child.

In the beginning of February, on a mild, sunny day, he was allowed to get up for the first time and sit for an hour or two by the fireside in an easy chair. His arm was doing very fairly then, though it was still bandaged and splintered up. It was the blow on the back of his head which had caused the most serious mischief.

'I think, ma'am,' said the worthy miller to my wife, 'we might manage to get him home now; we could hire a close carriage and wrap him up well.'

'No,' said Mary, 'he must stay here a week or so longer yet; the weather is cold, and a little chill might throw him back. We mustn't run risks, Mr. Burton; he's getting along famously now. Perhaps he'll be able to be moved next week; but I shan't allow it to be thought about till then.'

The miller drew the back of his hand across his eyes, and cleared his throat.

'You're very good, ma'am,' he said; 'and God bless you. But it lies on my mind, it does—thinking of all the trouble and inconvenience you've had with him. I don't know how I'm ever to thank you properly.'

'Never mind that,' replied Mary, in her cheerful, kind way; 'you would have done as much for me.'

'So I would, ma'am. And so I will, if I ever have the chance.'

And the miller kept his word. Years afterwards, when one of Mary's sons went to bathe in the mill-stream, and was drifted by the current into the whirlpool under the wheel, he risked his life to fetch him out, without a moment's hesitation.

Poor Mrs. Burton was sadly knocked up before the winter was over and Richard began to get about. She was a delicate woman, who was used to being worked for and taken care of herself, being blessed with the kindest and most industrious husband in the whole parish. So Mary insisted upon sending her home instead of Richard when the miller came; promising that she and her servants would take good care of the sick boy meanwhile.

How busy Mary was that week! How she tried to fill the mother's place, which is so hard to fill! How she bustled about in her kitchen and store-room, seeing herself to the making of jellies and puddings and broth! How clever she was in all sorts of contrivances for the lad's benefit and amusement!

One evening in the middle of that week, when I came into the drawing-room after dinner, I found that Mary had had her patient brought down-stairs. He was lying on a sofa before the fire, looking, poor lad, very different from his old self! and she was sitting near him, knitting and talking to him.

It was getting late, and I had had a hard day's work and was very tired. I sat down on the other side of the hearth, after I had spoken to them both, and took up a newspaper; feeling, I must confess, very much inclined to go to sleep. They thought I was reading, and went on with their conversation in an undertone. I could not help listening to it, it interested me so much.

'My Uncle Joe went to the diggings,' Richard was saying eagerly. 'He hadn't a farthing belonging to him, and he worked his way out; and he got so rich in a year or two, that he was able to buy thousands and thousands of acres of land in Australia.'

'But you'll be better fixed than Uncle Joe was,' replied Mary; 'for you'll have your father's good business ready made for you. There isn't a better business, nor a more respectable name, for a son to carry on, in the whole town.'

'But I don't want to be a miller and baker! I'd rather go and see the world and make my fortune, as Uncle Joe did,' said Richard. 'I want to go to the gold-fields.'

'It's that story I lent you which has put this into your head,' said Mary, laying her knitting down and looking perplexed and troubled. 'Yesterday you said you must either be a carver and gilder or nothing. You are too changeable—too unstable, my boy. Make up your mind to follow in your good father's steps, and stick to it, and you'll be a long way the best off, in every sense.'

And then Mary told him a sad little story of three young men—friends of her own—who went to the diggings to make their fortunes, and came to a disastrous end; and warned him of the fatal consequences which surely follow an unsettled disposition and a love of change. He listened very quietly and

attentively, as he always did listen now when Mary spoke. But the idea of emigrating to Australia, as soon as he was old enough, and winning untold wealth in the gold-fields, had taken fast hold of him, and couldn't be given up all at once.

Next day, however, I heard him talking about studying hard to be an engineer. He could learn things very quickly, he said—which was true; and he had a special turn for mathematics—which I knew was true also. I believe Mary had been lending him a book to read about the boyhood of great men—those great men who had 'found out' steam-engines and electric telegraphs, and built Eddystone lighthouses and Thames tunnels, and so on; and that this had suddenly fired him with the ambition to become an explorer in the world of science. Poor Richard! While this fit was on, he made the cook a mouse-trap to set in her closet, which was a striking little bit of mechanical invention. He had brains enough for almost anything; but he had none of the patient industry and stedfast purpose without which no great or worthy work is ever done.

Richard's sixteenth birthday came during that last week of his stay at the vicarage; and his father decided that he should not go back to the school-room again.

'We'll nurse him up till he's strong,' said the miller, patting his head tenderly with his big brown hand, 'and then it will be time for him to be setting about learning his father's trade. He's our only son, ma'am; and I want to make a man of him. He'll take my place by-and-bye, and be a comfort to his mother and me in our old age, please God.'

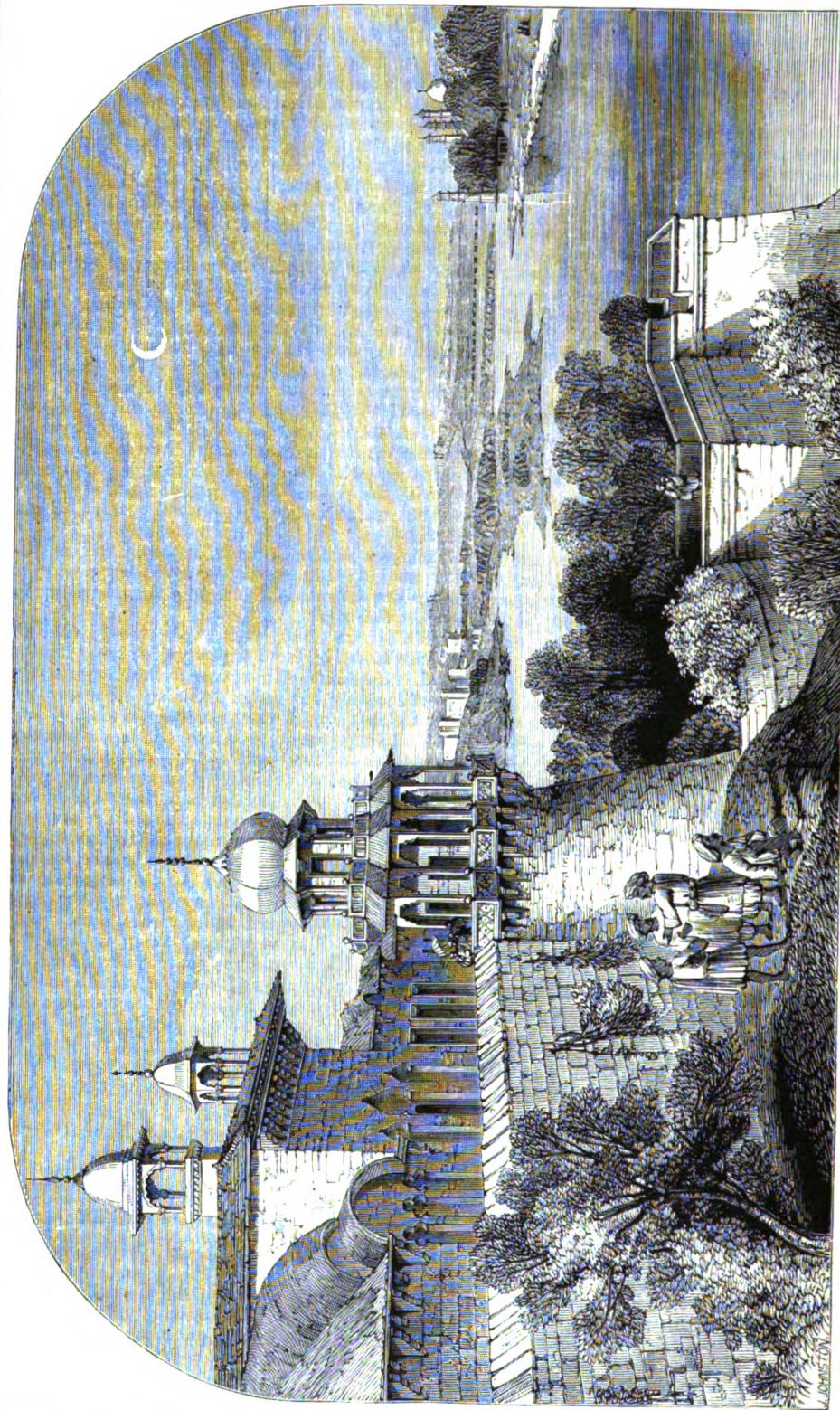
Mary looked at the boy when the miller spoke, and Richard hung his head and flushed a little as he met her eye. Afterwards I heard her earnestly entreating him not to disappoint his father, who had been so good and kind a father to him, and had no other child to look to. And I heard the lad promise her solemnly that he would try hard to be a good son, and do what was right and best.

We missed him very much when he was gone home; and Mary could not content herself without walking down to the mill once or twice a week all through the summer, to see how he went on. By the time autumn came he was getting quite fat and strong again; and in the beginning of winter it was decided that he should be in due form put to business. He was bound an apprentice to his father, the honest old miller and baker; and, as far as we could judge, he seemed likely, after all, to take kindly to his trade.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PALACE OF AGRA.

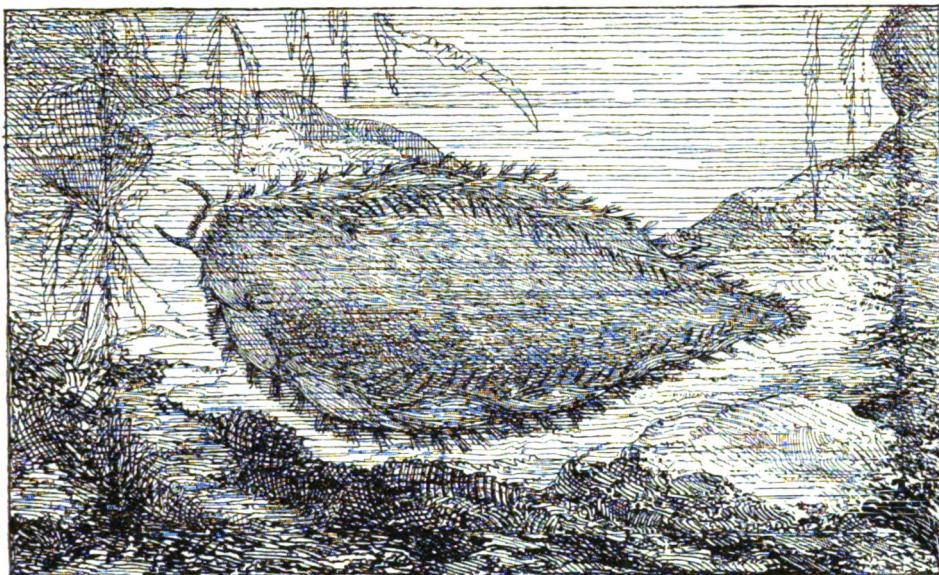
THE palace and fort of Agra, in India, occupies a fine position above the River Jumma, and commands in one direction the view shown in the picture. The palace walls are a mile round, and they contain many buildings, including the "Pearl Mosque" of white marble, and the arsenal, of red sandstone. The whole was built by the Mogul king Akbar, in 1570; but the place he made so strong



The Palace of Agra.

and beautiful for his successors, has been almost ever since in stranger's hands. The most important event which Agra has witnessed took place in 1857. On Sunday,

May 10, of that year, all was as quiet as usual in Agra, but on Monday, the next day, came fearful news! The native troops, or Sepoys, Agra also was in their hands, and the European and loyal natives had to shut themselves



The Sea-Mouse.

P. 302.

up in the fort. Here for many weeks was a motley gathering of races and persons, such as never before resided under one roof. In the royal galleries of Akbar and under the domes which he decked with gold and blue enamel, were English, French, Germans, Italians, Arabs, Chinese, and Americans, besides natives from all parts of India. There were Jews from Berlin; priests from Rome and Sicily; Missionaries from London, Basle, and Ohio; pedlars from Armenia; nuns from France, and rope-dancers from Russia. All these, and more, had to take refuge in Agra from the common storm. Some had lost everything,—wife, children, and all their property.

On July 5, five hundred English were brave enough to go out to meet five thousand of the Indian mutineers; but they had to retreat again into the fort.

For more than two months the besieged had held out. Food was getting scarce, and there seemed little hope of relief. Often must they have gone out upon the battlements, and looked down the Jumna to see if help was coming; and God at length sent them help. After the fall of Delhi, two English regiments, weak themselves, and few in number, marched to the relief of Agra; but the soldiers looked more like sun-dried skeletons than Englishmen, and scarcely had they pitched their camp, when they had to fight again. A troop of Gwalior rebels attacked them, and cut many to pieces before they were driven off.

And now the gates of Agra were opened, and those who had been so long shut up came forth to succour the wounded. They were carried upon litters into the palace, and lodged in Akbar's Pearl Mosque, where, for weeks, English ladies became their nurses

Nothing could surpass their kind attention to the sick and dying, both by day and night.

When all was over, such of the sick as had got stronger, asked leave to entertain their kind nurses as well as the whole English society of Agra, in the beautiful gardens of the Taj-Mahal; and there, under the marble walls of that famous building, amidst flowers and sweet music, did the wounded and scarred veterans of England stand up to thank their countrywomen who had nursed them so well while they were sick. Such a sight was never seen before.

In the picture, the Taj-Mahal is just visible in the distance on the right hand. Though so magnificent a pile, it is only a tomb to a bad Mogul king, erected during his lifetime by himself. It cost a sum equal to three millions of our money. It is allowed to be the most wonderful Moslem building in the world, and with its white marble dome and minarets, seems cut out of snow. Marble is the meanest thing about it; its ornaments are wrought out of cornelians, agates, blood-stones, opals, pebbles, &c. Flowers and devices intermixed with texts from the Koran—the latter of black marble let into the white—cover the walls. Though hundreds of years old, it looks as if the scaffold had only just been cleared away. One competent judge says,—‘St. Peter's at Rome is not to be named in the same breath with the Taj-Mahal.’ A painter once gazed at it for a long time, and then said,—‘It surpasses anything mentioned in the “Arabian Nights.” It only wants one thing—and that is a glass case to cover and protect it.’

Shortly after the events mentioned above, the Indian Mutiny was suppressed by Lord Clyde and the British troops; but Agra has not yet recovered from the blow which it then received.

B. W.

THE SEA-MOUSE.

I FEEL quite sure that even the little people who read *Chatterbox* or who have it read to them, as the case may be, know as well as I can tell them what a mouse is. Perhaps, some very little ones feel inclined to scream and run away when they see the tiny brown animal suddenly dart across the floor or over the garden-beds; I have even known some grown-up people who are afraid of mice: but fears such as these are very foolish, for a mouse is a timid little creature, and, when it runs about so quickly, it is not thinking of hurting us, but is very much afraid of being hurt *itself*, and is eagerly trying to find some safe place, where it can hide its soft little head and rest its poor little limbs which are shaking with terror.

But, besides this shy little creature, there is another kind of mouse, called the Sea-Mouse. I do not know why this name is given it, for, excepting the colour of its back, it is not at all like the tiny animal which steals our wheat and barley and nibbles our cheese, whenever it has a chance.

The sea-mouse lives in the mud, at the bottom of the sea. When it is brought up in a net, it is generally covered with mud, and looks very ugly and dirty; but, if it be put into a glass vessel filled with sea-water (called an aquarium), the coating of mud soon falls off, and then we can see how curious and beautiful the sea-mouse really is.

Each side of its body is thickly covered with soft hair, fine as silk and coloured with all the tints of the rainbow. These hairs shine brightly as the creature moves along, and if we look closely we shall see a great many sharp, hard spikes amongst them which look black in the shade and purple in the sun. These spikes are the sea-mouse's weapons of defence. Each spike has a double sheath (you all know what the sheath of a sword is), and, when the animal feels inclined, it can draw its spikes into their sheaths and the sheaths into its body so that none of them can be seen. Is not this very wonderful?

I have had a living sea-mouse in an aquarium for a long time. I often watch it, and try to find out its habits and what it likes or dislikes. It is very fond of hiding away under the shells or sea-weed, and after walking about the aquarium it generally goes back and rests in the same place.

It has two little horns in front of its head, and, as far as I can judge, it has thirty feet on each side of its body; each foot is made of ten hairs, four are rather longer and coarser than the rest. I have never seen these sixty feet all out at one time: twenty-six or twenty-eight on each side is the usual number. If I touch the sea-mouse, it rolls itself up into a ball, and does not move again for a long time; perhaps it is easily frightened like the land-mouse.

I have taken a sketch of my curious pet, so that my young friends may see what sort of a creature it is; but it does not look half so pretty in a drawing as it is in reality, for you cannot see the beautiful colours. The drawing is the same size as the sea-mouse itself.

I have a great many other curious creatures in my aquarium, but I cannot write about them now; another time, perhaps, I will do so. A. C. W.

AN ADVENTURE OF BARON ROTHSCHILD.



HE celebrated and wealthy Baron Rothschild, of Paris, who is proud of going about on foot like any ordinary mortal, not long ago took a very long walk and came to that part of the city which is behind the Pantheon, a district which was completely unknown to him, so that he soon lost his way. At first he looked round rather uneasily, he saw neither cab nor omnibus, and very few passers-by. But his anxiety vanished when he thought of the amusement which this accident would afford him, and quite pleased, he went on further, making a sort of voyage of discovery, for this part of Paris was as unknown to him as America was to Europeans before its discovery by Columbus.

As he peered about he saw a shop for the sale of second-hand goods; he went in, looked round at the strange confusion of articles, and discovered in the midst of this wilderness an antique barometer of the time of Louis XVI., which bore no trace of its original gilding, but the carved work of which was in perfect preservation.

The baron is a great admirer of such curiosities, and so he at once determined to buy the barometer. The price was ten francs, and, quite pleased at having made so cheap a purchase, Rothschild put his hand in his pocket to pay for it—but, alas! in his hurry on leaving his house he had left his purse at home.

'Well, that is of no consequence, I shall take this barometer at all events,' he said to the shopwoman. 'Send it to me; I am Baron Rothschild; they will give you the money when it is brought to my hotel.'

'I do not know either the name or the address, sir,' said the woman; 'and, besides, I never send things to people who have not paid for them beforehand.'

This was a complete rebuff to the baron, for he had never dreamed that there could be anybody who had never heard his name. But, as he was in a good humour, he was only the more amused, and he was just about to enlighten the good woman about his name and position when he saw a porter go by on the other side of the road. He beckoned to him, and asked him smiling, 'Have you ever heard of Baron Rothschild?'

'Well, that is a queer question; why that is our money-king; but why do you ask me?' said the man, rather crossly, for he thought they were having some jest at his expense.

'Because madame here has just refused to give him a credit of ten francs,' said Rothschild, pointing to the shop-woman.

'Is that really the case, Madame Duclos?' said the porter, in the greatest astonishment.

'Yes; why you see, Monsieur Pierre, one cannot know everybody,' replied the shopwoman with the greatest composure, 'but I know you, and if you will guarantee it to me . . .'

At these words the baron interrupted the woman with such a hearty burst of laughter, that he was a long time before he could recover himself.

'Well, Monsieur Pierre,' he said, still laughing, 'if you will undertake to be surety for me, will you go first and fetch me a cab, and then take this barometer to my house.'

The porter did not wait to be asked twice; he saluted the baron respectfully, soon fetched him the best carriage which he could find, and then hastened with the barometer to the baron's mansion, where, of course, he was handsomely rewarded. J. F. C.

THE LITTLE ORANGE-BOY.

TWO a penny oranges! oranges! who'll buy?
Two a penny oranges! That is all my cry.

I have a little brother who is sick at home in bed,
And mother has no money to buy a bit of bread,
Father died long, long ago—he was a soldier brave,
As long as he was spared to us we had no need to
slave;
But now all day my mother works and sits up half
the night,
And then the candles cost so much, for she must
have a light;
And she has got so weak herself, I don't know what
she'll do:
I almost fear, if we've no help, my mother will die
too.

'Two a penny oranges! oranges! who'll buy?
Two a penny oranges! That is all my cry.

I have been up since daybreak, walked many a
weary mile,
And only sold a very few—it hardly seems worth
while
To toil so hard, and only get a pittance such as this;
Best to lay down and die—'Please buy an orange,
Miss!'

No—nobody will buy—I have not got a friend!
Oh, weary, weary, weary life, whenever will it end?
They say there is another life—I hope it's not like
this—

To lay me down and die—that seems the only bliss.
'Two a penny oranges! oranges! who'll buy?
Two a penny oranges!' my useless, useless cry.

I have not had one bit to-day, and Benny has got
none;

Would it be very, very wrong to snatch one little bun
From out the baker's shop close by? would it be
very wrong?

I do not mind much for myself for I can get along,
But Benny is so very ill and cries when I come home
And have no food to bring to him—I think I'll take
one, come—

But mother says a soldier's son should aye be brave
and true,
And I must never steal nor lie, or else what should
she do?

'Two a penny oranges! oranges! who'll buy?
Two a penny oranges!' my hungry, hungry cry.

I'm glad I did not take it now; I'd best go out of sight
Of all those tempting-looking things, or else perhaps
I might,

For no one knows how hard it is, when hunger gnaws
within,
Not to reach out one's hand to take—although it is
a sin.

If I could only earn enough for mother and for Ben,
I would work hard by day and night and never
murmur then;

But this is weary, weary life, whenever will it end?
Oh, weary, weary, weary life—I wish I had one
friend!

'Two a penny oranges! oranges! who'll buy?
Two a penny oranges!' my weary, weary cry.

'Hush, hush, my boy!' a kind voice said, 'you have
indeed a Friend

Who loves and watches over you, will keep you to
the end,
Who loves you with a father's love, and He sees fit
to prove

Whether you'll be His own true child and give Him
love for love;

And He has sent me to you now—He heard your
weary cry,

And He has work for you to do, ere you lay down
and die.

Your father was a soldier brave, for Queen and
country fought,

And you must be a soldier too—*Christ's* soldier;
we are taught

That He laid down His life for us and claims us as
His own,

And, if we try to serve Him here, He'll place us
round His throne;

And sorrow, suffering, sin and want we never more
shall know

In that blest home where all is light, where Christ's
own people go.

'But now I'll come along with you and see your
brother Ben,

Perhaps, when he has got some food, he'll soon be
well again;

Your mother shall have work to do that's better
worth her while,

And then you'll ply your trade again with bright
and happy smile.

And you shall go to church and school and there be
taught to pray,

To love God's holy Will and Word, His holy Name
and Day;

There's nought like honest work, my boy; to w : ik
we all are meant:

And there's naught like loving God, my boy, to
bring us true content.'

'Two a penny oranges! oranges! who'll buy?

'Two a penny oranges!' is now my happy cry.

AFRICAN SHEEP.

THE word sheep makes us think of a woolly animal;
but in hot countries there are breeds which
are hairy only. Nevertheless, the hair opens in a
way which suggests the clefts of the wool. In



Spain, even now, hairy sheep are found side by side with the Merino and other woolly breeds, some of which are very like black-faced Scotch sheep, as a very distinguished painter of the animals of *both* countries tells me, while now in South Africa, from which place the sheep in our picture came, the Merino thrives and produces wool as good as in Spain.

Eastern and Southern sheep remind one always of the Bible, and the many colours which are found among them, explain Jacob's bargain with Laban, where all the speckled and ring-straked fell to his lot. How different, too, are their quaint shapes, and curved noses, and long ears, from those in our simple English flocks.

No. 39. August 24, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



SWING SONG.

AS my little Johnny sat,
With the feathers in his hat
Ail a-blow,
On the wing,
Ail a-blow,
Through the shifting light and shade
By the birchen branches made,
To and fro
Swang the swing,
To and fro.
If your thought, my bonny lad,
For a penny may be had,
Let me know,
Out with it,
Let me know,
Darling boy, with dreaming eyes,
Looking so exceeding wise,
To and fro
As you flit,
To and fro.
Oh, papa, I haven't any
Thoughts at all to earn a penny,
To and fro
As I fly,
To and fro.
If it wasn't so absurd,
I do wish I was a bird,
And could go
Through the sky
Like a crow.
What! So eager for a start,
Restless little truant-heart?
To and fro
Yet awhile,
To and fro.
Yet awhile? Ah! old or young,
While on mortal pivot swung,
Joy and woe,
Tear and smile,
Come and go.
Quaint, small human pendulum,
Lightly may they go and come!
Blessings, oh!
May they bring
And bestow;
While the clock-work of the spheres
Ticks away your chequered years—
To and fro,
As you swing,
To and fro.

Once a Week.

DON'T CRY BEFORE YOU ARE HURT.

AUNTIE, I'm sure it's a bull, and I know it will run at us. Oh, dear, dear!' And Minna Weir, a girl of nine years old, clung to her aunt in a terrible fright, as a well-disposed red cow walked leisurely towards them, stopping short after a little while to enjoy some tempting grass in a corner of the meadow. Minna's aunt laughed at the little girl's fears, but took no further notice of them, beyond

helping her out of the field, till evening, when Minna, bringing her long strip of sewing to her aunt's side, asked her to tell a story. This aunt was renowned for stories, so very soon she had an audience of Minna, Jenny, and even twelve-year-old Tom.

'I shall give you a true account this time of a journey that your Aunt Amy and I took together from London, and as Tom doesn't like a moral, or what he calls the 'good part' of a story, I shall leave you to find it out for yourselves. So to begin.

'This journey took place some years ago, when Aunt Amy and I were younger, and not used to travel by ourselves. Just at that time, too, some dreadful stories had got about of a girl travelling by railroad and a man holding a pistol to her head and making her give him all her money. Amy and I agreed that the best plan would be to travel in a carriage where there was no man at all.

'So we told the old ladies, with whom we had been staying and who had come to the station to see us off, and they agreed with us that we should be best alone, and they helped us to choose an empty carriage, put us in, and stayed by the door giving last messages till the time was up for the train to start. Then a loud "By your leave, ma'am," made them start aside. A porter opened our door, pushed in a carpet-bag, and then helped in a tall, whiskered man. Amy and I looked helplessly at each other; but the door was slammed, the engine whistled, and we were off. Here was the man at last who robbed girls of their purses.

'I hardly dared look at him, I was so terrified. Just his sly way, too, of jumping in at the last, so that no one could stop him. I pinched Amy's arm by way of communicating my feelings; her look in return expressed, "Isn't it dreadful?" and so the train sped on. Suddenly Amy and I both started. The dreadful man had spoken—asked us would we like the window open. His voice did not sound unpleasant, but no doubt he would not show his real character at first. After a while he asked did we like music, as we heard some one playing a cornet at a wayside station. We were afraid of irritating him, so we answered that we were, feeling sure, however, that this was only a trick to get us off our guard. Presently the gentleman, for he was a gentleman to look at, got up and began to fumble with his great-coat, which was in the netting over his head, and by degrees he drew out slowly a long, thin parcel. "The pistol!" I breathed to Amy. She turned pale, too. "Here it is," exclaimed our companion; "the very thing I was speaking of—a new arrangement of my favourite song. I bought a lot of new music just before starting." The parcel contained new music—nothing else! The revulsion of feeling caused my cheeks to redden, and Amy laughed outright. Yet the parcel did look a suspicious shape, and then being buttoned up in his great-coat in that queer way, too!

'After that we forgot our fears, and our companion turned out to be a very pleasant one—no robber, but a real gentleman, owing his ferocious whiskers and moustache to his profession, I suppose; for after a while he told us his regiment, and, oddly enough, it was quartered at the very place in India

where a brother of ours then was, so you may fancy we had plenty to talk about. We became great friends, and ended by telling him the pistol-story and our alarms on the subject, at which he laughed heartily, apologizing for the terror he had caused us. And that's all.

'Well, Tom, is there a moral?' asked Auntie.

Tom was heard to mutter that girls were such fools, always afraid of nothing.

'I know, Auntie,' said Minna; 'but you know I did think it was a bull; and, Auntie, I'm glad you were silly, and frightened of nothing once.'

'And is that all the moral I am to have for my story?' said Auntie. 'Well, I shall have to give up story-telling at that rate.'

THE INDIAN'S LETTER.

By Rev. John Horden, of Moose, Rupert's Land.

WHAT a luxury it is to have *Chatterbox* to read! What a luxury to receive letters, to know how friends in dear old England are! What should we do now-a-days if we were deprived of all letters and newspapers. Well, I suppose we should still try to send messages one to another. Not many years ago the Red Indians of North America knew nothing whatever about reading, writing, or books—they saw now and then the white man's book, but it was to them a thing of mystery, which they thought was connected with the world of spirits; now many Red Indian tribes can read and write just as well as my young chatterboxes in England; they can read of God and Christ, and they regularly write letters to each other and to their minister.

Being some time since on a journey in the interior of the country, whither I was going to teach the people the blessings of the Gospel, my only companions being Indians, our attention was one day attracted by something on the river's bank. We went to it, and instantly one of my men exclaimed, 'Eliue o musenahekun!'—'It is an Indian's letter.'

I must allow that I was puzzled, for I saw nothing to show that it was anything of the kind. I saw a stick stuck up, in a slit at the top of it there was a small piece of bark, cut in the shape of a duck, its head pointing to the direction in which we were going, on it were two large spots and three small ones. Now what could a whole troop of chatterboxes make of that? Let us see what the Indian made of it. Taking it in his hand he read it off. Enishenabe, with his wife and three children, have lately left this spot, and are now on their way to the trading post to take out their Fall supplies. What do you think of that? And now for the explanation. The name was known from this being that Indian's lands; the direction of the duck's head showed the way in which the party had gone; the two large spots represented the man and his wife, the three small ones their little children; and now was the time for all Indians to make their way to their respective trading posts to take out the supplies they require for the winter.

And now is this as good a plan as the A's and the B's and the C's? I think not, and I am sure my

little friends think so too, and although they sometimes find it hard to write a copy in a creditable manner, and still harder to write a good letter, yet they already know that father and mother ought to be represented by something better than a spot, and baby sister by something else than a dot—that a well-folded letter, addressed in the well-known hand, is better than a piece of bark, although it be cut in the shape of a duck—and that the pillar post is a more convenient and safe letter-box than a slit stick stuck in the ground on the river's bank.

A NOBLE-MINDED SLAVE.

MANY, many years ago a galley-slave in a foreign country succeeded in making his escape from captivity. He fled to the mountains; he rejoiced in his freedom, for he had been many years in confinement. It was night: the stars alone showed him his way. He ascended a hill, and at last stood and listened beside a cottage which stood close to a brook.

'Here I shall rest,' he said to himself; 'I shall demand shelter, and, if they refuse to give it me, I shall take it by force. I have been so long at the galley that I have forgotten how to pray or beg. Now my hour for revenge is beginning; woe to him who resists me!'

As he was thus muttering angrily to himself, the man to whom the little hut belonged came up.

'What are you seeking for here?' he inquired.

The slave looked furiously at him,—'I want your property, your money, and, if you will not give them me, I will take your blood.'

The man smiled with tears in his eyes. 'My property and money! Oh, go and look into that cottage so poor and empty; I have not even a morsel of bread. May God have pity on us! I would ask you to give me food for my wife and child who are in misery and hunger within. To-morrow we are to be driven out of this hut—which is all that remains to us—to satisfy our hardhearted creditor.'

The galley-slave stared at him. 'And why will he drive you from this cottage?'

'Because I owe him fifty dollars; you know how hard men are.'

And again a tear stood in his eye. The rough slave stood silent; he could find no words to express his feelings. He gave a heavy sigh as if he was again bound and fettered on his galley in the sea, and then a different and milder look beamed over his face.

It was a beam of grace—a ray of light from above, which had melted that heart so hardened by a life of suffering and wretchedness. The slave burst into tears. 'Poor man,' he exclaimed, 'keep your house, I—I will pay for you. Come, instead of the money, poor man, take me.'

'You?' inquired the other, 'what do you mean by these words?'

'Why,' continued the compassionate slave, 'a price is set upon my head, a price of fifty dollars; do you understand now? Take me back bound before the tribunal, they will not refuse you the reward; they



Brahmins.

will then lead me quickly out to death, but you, poor man, you will be able to keep your house.'

'What!' cried the other, 'I bind you? You strong as a giant, I a poor weak fellow?'

'Go on,' cried the criminal, 'I will follow you. If you were as weak as a bulrush I would follow you like an obedient child, and even if you were lame and blind.'

And behold! the man who came to rob, and perhaps to murder, follows as quietly and gently as a lamb to the slaughter, and allows himself to be conducted back to prison. He is another man now, filled with a happiness which swells up high in his heart, because he feels that from a slave he has become a hero. His noble, beautiful deed was certainly accepted by God in heaven. The judge heard of it too, and the knowledge of it at last got to the king's ears, who pronounced the sentence, 'Let the man be free who as a criminal could act so nobly.'

J. F. C.

BRAHMIN LADIES.

THE Brahmins are the gentry of India, no matter whether they be rich or poor. The poorest Brahmin is thought to stand higher than the richest man of a lower caste, and the Brahmin will not so much as suffer his dress to touch another person's as he walks along. It is even a law in some parts of India for the low-caste man to cry out if he sees a Brahmin coming towards him, lest the Brahmin by accident should not see him, and so should touch him unawares.

There are many Brahmins mere beggars, so poor in outward things that, when they rise in the morning, they know not where they are to sleep at night, who are actually worshipped by people of lower castes whenever they are met. Our picture shows such a

scene as this. The Brahmins stand erect and dignified, and do not so much as notice the people who are worshipping them. All Brahmins are supposed to be born priests, and the men wear a 'sacred thread' over the right shoulder as a mark of their priesthood.

The other picture shows us the wife and daughter of a rich Brahmin. These are true likenesses, and are copied from a photograph made in Bombay. It will be observed that these ladies wear clothes of various patterns. A Bombay lady dresses in garments stained in all the colours of the rainbow. The shawl which the seated figure wears on her head is most likely of yellow and crimson; the sort of plaid, which the other wears, is of scarlet and white, with a blue border. The fringe is of gold. The men, on the contrary, in Bombay, generally wear clothes of pure white.

But the lady's dress is not complete without jewellery. Her right ankle, her wrists, her neck, her toes, and even her nose, all bear the weight of massive gold rings. The goldsmith and the silversmith do a good trade in Bombay. In the silversmith's quarter, the hammer and the bellows may always be heard and the merchant seen in his shop finishing off the articles. The shops are merely little boxes of painted wood, about a foot from the ground, and in them is shown his stock-in-trade, which is never very large. A few metal rods hold the whole of it. On these are hung all the ornaments a female can want—armlets, anklets, bracelets, and rings for the ears, the nose, the toes, and the cheeks. The ladies in the picture wear their rings through the left nostril, but the poorer Hindoos wear a very large ring hanging from the centre of the nose, so that if a mother wants to kiss her child she has first to lift up her nose-ring, just as we do a street-door knocker, before she can do so.

W.



Brahmin Ladies.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

(Continued from page 299.)

CHAPTER IV.



LL this time we seemed to be forgetting Georgie King. He was not a boy to attract notice. He was shy and quiet and diligent, never behindhand with anything, and at the same time never far in advance of the rest of his class, though he held the 'blue ribbon' of head of the school from the time of Richard's accident till he himself went to work. I used to see him day after day, always in his place, always the same—silent, patient, and busy; and I used to feel more and more sure that my prophecy would come true. Sometimes it seemed as if I put him aside and did not notice him; that, from being so accustomed to his steady-going diligence, I took it as a matter of course, and did not think of it. He never looked for notice or praise; but, whenever I gave him either, his little freckled face used to flush crimson with shy delight, and I saw that he did not soon forget it. We always called him 'Little Georgie.' He was very small, and slightly deformed, and gave one an impression of being some years younger than he really was. His head scarcely reached to Richard Burton's shoulder, but he was older than Richard by nearly a year and a half.

His father was a basket-maker in a small way of business. He was, compared with Mr. Burton, a poor man, and struggled hard to maintain a sickly wife and a young family in decent comfort. Georgie was his eldest child; and his ambition was to make the boy 'a scholar,' as he thought him too weak and small in body for hard work. This was the reason why he kept him so long at school; and this was the reason, in a great measure, why Georgie was so industrious and painstaking. There were four other little ones in the school, all under six, and two babies at home.

It was just after Richard had been bound an apprentice, a week or two before the breaking-up at Christmas, that a sad blow fell upon this little family—Mr. King caught a fever, and died.

His grave was dug in the frozen earth a few days afterwards, and we laid him down near the old church-porch—through which he had passed with his wife and children week by week for so many years—in the blessed hope of everlasting life. When the funeral was over, and the forlorn little family had gone back to their home, Mary and I sat down, and talked long and anxiously about Georgie.

'What can he do? that weak little fellow!' said Mary, with tears in her eyes. 'His mother is an invalid, his brothers and sisters are no better than babies; there is nothing for them to depend upon but that little basket-making business, which he knows nothing about! What can he do?'

We turned that question inside out, over and over, round and round, and could make nothing of it. The things which I suggested Mary thought

wouldn't do; and the things which Mary suggested I thought wouldn't do. It was a difficult matter to deal with, and evidently could not be settled at a moment's notice. So, after a long consultation, we went to dinner, agreeing to talk it over again in my study before night.

But Mary had no sooner left the dinner-table than she came back to say that Georgie himself was in the hall, waiting to speak to me. I rose and followed her at once, and we found him standing, cap in hand, on the mat by the study-door. I had told the servant to show him into the study, if he should happen to come; but the shy little fellow would not cross the threshold till I led him in myself.

'Well, Georgie,' I said, 'we've just been talking about you, my boy—wondering what would be best for you to do now father is gone.'

'Thank you, sir,' said he. 'And it's that I've come about now. The children are in bed, and poor mother, she's so cut up, she can't talk about anything yet. And I didn't like to put off any longer, sir; and I knew you'd give me the best advice, and wouldn't mind the trouble.'

Here he broke off and wiped his eyes; and Mary came round softly and sat down by his side, like the born comforter that she was.

'Never be afraid of troubling me that way,' I answered, wishing in my heart that all the neighbours would come to me as Georgie had done, as to a loving friend and father in God, whose interests were all bound up in their welfare. And then I got him to tell me everything that was in his mind, and to talk to me freely of his plans and prospects.

To my surprise, he took it as a matter of course that he should carry his father's business on.

'But you don't understand it, do you?' I said.

'Yes, sir,' he answered, quietly. 'I understand it pretty well, from waiting on father in play-hours; and what I don't know I'll learn.'

'Have you quite decided upon that, Georgie?'

'O yes, sir!' and he opened his eyes, as if wondering what I could possibly mean.

And then he went on to speak of the shop, and the workmen in the yard, and the books, and all the details of the business, and so on; in a practical, matter-of-fact way, which made him seem a father of a family already. I soon left off wondering what would become of him. I saw that, if God spared his life he would work his way up bravely, whatever difficulties might lie in his path.

I shall never forget his manner when he left us that night. Quiet and shy still he was, though we had been talking to him as if he were our own son; but he had such an air about him of having made up his mind—of having traced out and settled his life's work once for all. Somehow, we never called him 'Little Georgie' any more.

So he took his father's place, and carried on the business. He had to fight against difficulties and hardships from the first, before which many an older man would have given in; but he plodded on steadily, just as he had done at school, never going aside from the path he had tracked out. I used to call in at his shop when I passed down the street,

and I used to visit his little yard, where the rod-peelers sat in the summer-time, amongst the brown and white willow-sheaves, and where the two or three men whom he was able to employ wove the fruit-baskets, which he sold in the London markets. And I saw that he was very poor, and had a hard struggle to keep things going.

'You must draw in a bit, Georgie, if you get too hard pressed,' I used to say. 'You must do anything rather than run into debt.'

And he used to smile, and say, 'O yes, sir, I'll keep clear of that.'

And he neither got into debt, nor found it necessary to draw in. He stuck to his business, and put only good work into it. And people saw how he tried, and encouraged him; and by slow degrees his honest reputation spread and spread, and his little trade increased. When his twenty-first birthday came, he was getting a comfortable though very modest living. He was educating his six little brothers and sisters, and taking care of his sick mother; and, in short, he was doing his duty, bravely and steadily, in the state of life to which God had been pleased to call him.

(To be continued.)

ONE TOO MANY.

IN the year 1772, in the reign of the benevolent Emperor Joseph II, there was a terrible famine at Vienna. The sufferings of the poor were very great. A man, whose bent figure and anxious countenance showed that he was in great distress and trouble, was one day walking sadly up and down the Prata, a park of that capital. 'What is troubling you so?' asked a gentleman who met him.

'Alas, sir,' said he, 'I am a poor old man who, notwithstanding all the efforts I have made, cannot get enough to feed my ten poor starving children in these hard times.'

'What are you?' inquired the gentleman.

'I am a clerk, sir, and now when bread is so very dear I find it is quite impossible to keep my large family on the small salary of three hundred florins (£30) a year. I fear we must all starve.'

'Well, ten children, that is certainly a large number; I can hardly wonder at your being in difficulties with so small an income: but in these troublous times there are many kind hearts who, I should have thought, would have relieved you, but, in order to convince me that you speak the truth, lead me to your home that I may see your ten children.'

The poor man looked up to him with tears in his eyes: a star of hope seemed to shine upon him. The gentleman smiled and said, 'Come along, I should like to see your little establishment, and, if there really are ten children, I shall speak to the Emperor for you.'

'To the Emperor! sir, what are you saying?'

'Yes, certainly; why not? or are you afraid because what you have told me is not all true? Ah, ten is too large a figure, probably. I see how suddenly you have turned pale!'

The poor man was silent and gazed upon the ground, thinking of his hard fate. At last they

reached his dwelling where they heard his children crying loudly for bread. His companion counted them. 'Six, seven, eight, nine—ten! it's all true. But no—there is one more, that's one too many—how's that?'

'Only an orphan, dear sir,' said the poor clerk; 'this child has lost both parents, so I am bringing it up.'

'What!' said the stranger, smiling, 'were not ten enough, then?'

'Yes, indeed,' he replied; 'but I thought where there were ten an eleventh could not make very much difference. God will be gracious to us, and if He can feed ten He will surely not let the eleventh starve.'

The poor man was silent. The stranger stood deeply moved; a prayer to the Almighty arose from his heart, in which earnest sympathy was mingled with pain at the sight of so much suffering. 'Oh, brave and honest man,' he exclaimed, 'you are truly great and noble in your hard lot. If a poor man like you can exercise such kindness, surely I ought to do so in a threefold way. Henceforth the case is mine, the eleven are no more a cause of anxiety to you. For them as for yourself I will provide—I am your Emperor! Good man, do you recognise me?'

And, as he drew back his overcoat and pointed to the star on his breast, the poor man sank down at his sovereign's feet, and Joseph II. exclaimed, 'Truth and honesty always bring happiness in their train, and a prince should always recognise and reward noble generosity.'

J. F. C.

QUESTIONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

LITTLE Children, do you pray.
Call on God from day to day?
Do you pray that God may keep,
And protect you in your sleep?
Do you in the morning pray,
God to bless you through the day?
Little Children time should spare
Every day for humble prayer.

Little Children, do you praise?
And your little voices raise
Unto Him in whom you live,
And who all your blessings gives?
Do you praise Him for your food?
For your clothes, and all that's good?
For His sweet redeeming grace?
For His love to all our race?

Little Children, have you read
How the blessed Saviour bled,
That He might your souls restore
Unto joys for evermore?
How He did ascend on high?
How He lives above the sky?
How He waits your souls to bless
With the riches of His grace?

Little Children, do you love
Christ who dwells in heaven above?
Do you love His precious book?
Do you in it daily look?
Do you love your parents dear?
Teachers do you love to hear?
Little Children, you must love
All below and all above.



Little Children, you must die;
To your only refuge fly,
If you wish to die in peace,
Oh, then seek the Saviour's grace;

This will teach you how to die,
This will raise to heaven on high,
This will make you ever live,
This will crowns immortal give.

Parts I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. and VIII. for 1868, price 3d. each, are now ready.

No. 40. August 31, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



BOY AND PONY.

THE old pony in the picture has just given its rider the pleasure of a good gallop, as you can see by the panting of the little terrier whose tongue is all in a quiver, and Tolly-boys' (that is the pony's name) distended nostrils—which make his nose look quite square—an appearance which is characteristic of Shetland and Scotch ponies.

The little boy knows that it is the right thing to do, and kind to his old favourite, so he gets off for a few minutes to let him get comfortable and rested again. There was no need of whip, stick, or spur, as the pony is always ready to go, and enjoys a little burst as much as his rider. English boys owe a great debt of gratitude to these ponies, because it is by their early practice on them that they get that good seat and skill in taking a horse across country for which Englishmen are more noted than any other nation. The best riders in the hunting-field have been formed in that way. A really good rider is he who can *achieve most* through his horse, with the least amount of exertion to the latter. A true gentleman is always careful of his horse, and kind to it, which this noble animal, always so unsparing of himself, richly deserves.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

(Continued from p. 311.)

CHAPTER V.

FOR the first few months of his apprenticeship Richard Burton did wonders. He seemed wholly to give his mind to learning his business, and his quick, clever brains helped him on at a great rate. The good old miller, who loved him so dearly, was in a constant state of satisfaction and delight. His smiling face, whenever we met him, was a pleasant sight to see. He used to tell us how sharp and handy his boy was; how much work he turned over in a day; how quick he was with the accounts; how easily he caught up things that ordinary lads had such trouble to master; how knowing he was about the machinery; and all the rest of it. And then he used to say how 'he would be a man of mark, mind you, some of these days, and beat his old father out and out.' Whereat I always shook my head in my mind, so to speak.

But at the end of those few months Richard showed signs of restlessness and discontent. It was the old tale; he was 'tired of' being a miller and baker, and wanted 'something else for a change.' He took an idea into his head that he was meant for a sailor. He had been to Southampton to pay a visit to his grandfather, and had seen a naval review. And then, on his return home, he had borrowed and read Captain Marryatt's stories, and all the tales of sea-life and adventure that he could lay his hands upon; and for a time he was quite crazy on the subject. He talked to Mary and me about it, and we did our best to put it to him in the right light. We told him he was like the dog in the fable, and wanted to drop his good piece of meat to grasp at a shadow. We reminded him of that wise old saying, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss,' and warned him

that, if he gave way to that unsettled disposition of his, he would probably end his days in the workhouse, if not in a worse place. And then we talked to him more seriously still, about his duty to his father and mother, and all that—which touched his heart and sobered him.

But still he clung hard to that tempting notion. Talking did not go far with him. When he was first taken with a fancy of this kind, he was as obstinate and determined as he could be. Of course he found out all sorts of arguments in favour of his sea-going plan. How many of the great men who had left their stamp on the world, had been only 'prentice boys, like himself, he argued. How many, following the grand impulse within them, had broken away from the tailor's counter and the cobbler's stall, and worked their own way to the topmost round of the ladder—had become painters, poets, musicians, scholars, statesmen, whose names would be written in gold while the world lasted! Why shouldn't he go to sea, and become a Nelson or a Collingwood? It was in this way that he tried to talk the miller into consenting to his scheme.

The old man smiled sadly and shook his head.

'I've lived more years in the world than you have, my lad,' he said, 'and I've seen that great men and great things aren't turned out in such a hurry. Great painters and great scholars mostly find out their calling afore they're as old as you. And I'll be bound they never change their minds about it from first to last. And I've seen,' added the father solemnly, 'out of twenty who set themselves to play a risky game in such a spirit as this, hardly one escape shipwreck of the whole lot. It's steadiness and perseverance as makes great men and rich men and good men; and it's not knowing your mind and changing about as is the way to come to beggary. The Lord puts us in our place, and gives us our right work, my boy. All we've got to trouble about is to do that, and do it as best we can. Them as He meant for painters and statesmen and admirals, and suchlike, were born to it, and were painters and statesmen and admirals in their pinaflores, showing in a sort o' humble way what they were to grow up to. And it was by perseverance and patience, and by sticking to their one course, that they managed to do the work that was cut out for them. And I don't know,' continued the miller, who wasn't good at an argument, and now and then lost his head—'I don't know but that they who were born to the cobblers' stall wouldn't have ended their days just as happily if they'd stuck to it. If a man has got brains for learning, why let him learn. God never gave a talent without meaning it to be used. But a man can stick to his trade till he *has* learned—till he's done his duty by his own, and by his fellow-cobblers, amongst whom the Lord cast his lot, and till he's called, by right and duty, to sit up higher.'

And then the miller, finding himself a little out of his depth, paused, and went back to the starting-point.

'Wanting to go to sea just for a fancy, after thinking about it for a week, when I have worked

forty years to make a good living for you, when I and your mother have no one else to look to in our old age. Ah! that's not what I expected of you, my boy!"

The old man would talk on and on, in this musing disjointed way, over his evening pipe; while his wife sat beside him, silently knitting, with a sad, grave look on her quiet face.

Of course Richard had to give up his plan of going to sea, and remain a miller and baker's apprentice. But he did not see the wisdom of his father's decision, and thought, like many another headstrong boy or girl, that it was very hard upon him to be thwarted and prevented from ruining himself in his own way, and he became irritable and unsteady, neglected his work and idled away his time. All his energy and cleverness seemed gradually to die out of him. If his father left him in charge at the mill, he found on his return that Richard had strayed away, carelessly leaving everything to take its chance. If he went round with the bread-cart he forgot to call at all the houses. If he made up his accounts there were mistakes somewhere. The miller got into trouble with his customers, who had called at the office with orders and found no one there, or had delivered orders which had not been attended to, or had had bills sent to them which they had paid, or something of that sort. He got into trouble at the railway-station about trucks and sacks, and he heard reflections made upon his character as a business man which half broke his honest heart.

The good old man didn't say much. He was not one to get into a passion and rave and storm, nor one to grumble and fret, at the worst of times. But I saw that the change in his son went to his soul. His jovial old face began to look harassed and thin, and he seemed as if he had aged twice as fast as he had done. Sometimes he used to laugh and say 'Boys will be boys,' or 'We can't put an old head upon young shoulders'—bravely trying to make the best of it. But this didn't deceive either Mary or me. We saw that our dear old friend had felt the blow to his love and hopes so keenly that he would never get over it again.

No warnings or persuasions could prevail on Richard to give his attention to the business now. He seemed to get more unsteady, in spite of our efforts, as he grew into maturer manhood. And at last his father yielded to his craving for a change and let him go away. It was not to be a sailor now—that fit had worn off long ago. It was to 'settle'—so he called it—in London. He had made acquaintance with a young Londoner, who had come to Netherton for a holiday, and who was engaged in some singular trade, such as the miller had never heard of—a sort of trade, he imagined, that no one out of London would have thought of following. And this young man and his trade both took Richard's fancy. He would have no peace, he said, unless his father allowed him a part of his inheritance that he might go and 'set up' in London in the same way on his own account. And his father agreed to his wish.

I ventured afterwards to ask the good old man whether he had done wisely to let his son loose into

such a world as the London world, with his weak and unstable nature.

'Sir,' he replied, sadly, 'I did, as far as I could see, for the best. He is of age, and his time is out. He's not a child now, to be treated as a child. And mayhap when he gets alone, and finds out what life is without father and mother and the protection of home, he will learn a better lesson than we can teach him. I think he will come back to us presently a better and a wiser man.'

I went home to Mary that night with my heart full of anxiety and fear. I could not but shake my head over the gloomy prospects of our 'clever boy.'

He was lost to us, in a manner after that. We heard very little more of him. At first the miller used to speak hopefully about him, and say he thought he was doing well. And he would add, with a little touch of the old fatherly vanity—

'He's got brains enough, you know, sir. He's up to the place. There's no Londoner 'cute enough to get over him. Maybe that sort of thing will suit him better than our dull country ways.'

But he soon left off those little sayings: in fact, he soon began to leave off talking of the lad altogether. He grew strangely sadder and older, and more silent and reserved. He used to make frequent visits to London, while his wife, who had fallen into a lingering illness, lay in her bed. He used to draw large sums of money out of his business from time to time, and make all sorts of retrenchments. And by many other sad signs I could guess that my worst fears were realized. I did not often ask questions, for the miller and his wife both seemed to wince at the slightest allusion to their son, and sometimes would not answer me. So I left them to tell me what they liked and simply tried to comfort them.

One day the miller went to London and came home in a state of the utmost distress. Richard was not to be found anywhere, nor any trace of him. He had gone and left no sign, no address, no message, and no one could be found who knew even where he was likely to be.

We tried all means to find him, but we failed. He had disappeared like a light when it is blown out, and neither his father nor his mother looked upon his face again in this world.

His mother died the following year, and the miller died seven years after that. Just before the old man's death, he gave me a sealed envelope, containing a letter and four five-pound notes—the little remnant he had been able to save out of his once large and prosperous business.

'Will you take care of this, sir, please,' he said—'you and Mrs. Elliott. If you find Richard will you give it to him just as it is? And if you find any wife or children, and not him, will you open the seal and burn the letter, and use the money for them as you think best? And if you should hear that he is dead and has left no one belonging to him, will you put it into the offertory plate? And if in your lifetime and in Mrs. Elliott's you hear nothing at all, will you tell your son, Master Arthur, to burn the letter and give the money to the poor.'

That was his last will and testament.



The Bolan Pass.

THE BOLAN PASS.

BETWEEN India and Persia are several countries under the rule of our Queen, of which we hear little now except the names. These countries are separated from India and from each other by high ranges of mountains, which have to be crossed whenever a journey is made from one to another.

The places where the mountains are crossed are called 'passes,' and our picture represents one of the chief of these, called the Bolan Pass. It will be seen that the passage through it is narrow and difficult; but how grand is the scenery, and what tremendous rocks and cliffs there are on each side! The pass is moreover made more dangerous from the number of thieves who lurk about, ready to attack any travellers who may pass through.

The Bolan Pass is no less than fifty miles long. All the way through it rocks and mountains tower on each side. In the highest part not a single blade of grass will grow—all is naked rock. In winter the rocks are covered with snow, but in summer the sun strikes upon them with scorching heat.

In the year 1839 several regiments of English soldiers were led through this pass to place a king, named Shah Soojah, upon the throne of Cabul. They were six days making the journey through it; the camels which carried the baggage fell dead by the way-side, and the Beloochee robbers gained an unusual booty.

The pass is little used now. At most, a caravan of merchandise comes from Afghanistan down into the plains of India once a year for trade. The journey down is made in October, before the snow falls, and the journey home is made in the following April, when the snow has gone. The merchants who own the caravan dread the Bolan Pass on account of the robbers which invest it. They muster their camels and stores as best they can while they are passing through, and an armed advance guard is sent on to watch. The merchants themselves also carry arms, and pass every projecting turn and overhanging shelf of rock with alarm. As soon as the caravan reaches the plain and is in safety, the men resume their peaceful appearance, and put on coats of camels' hair, and carry staves in their hands instead of guns and drawn swords.

The Belooches are a very wild people. The children are brought up to follow their fathers as robbers and murderers. The more people a man kills, the more the others honour him. A short time ago a Beloochee lad of sixteen years of age came to an English officer on some question of native law. The officer said jokingly to the lad,—

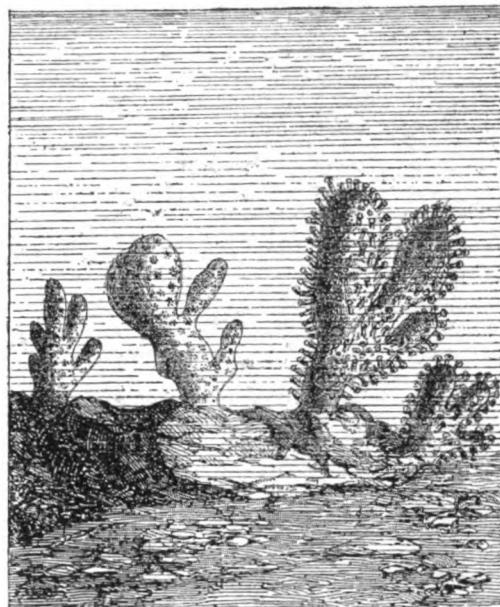
'What does the law signify to you? How many men have you killed?'

The boy replied, and it is said with modesty,—

'Oh, I have only killed *four*; but father has killed *eighty*!'

No wonder the peaceful merchants, as they travel through the Bolan Pass, are afraid of the people of Beloochistan.

W.



'DEAD MEN'S FINGERS.'

IN the short chapter about the Sea-Mouse which lately appeared in *Chatterbox*, I mentioned that I had various other curious and beautiful creatures in my aquaria. I get them at sea with a dredging-net. When the weather is fine and the sea tolerably smooth, we sail out in a small yacht, and spend the day very pleasantly in dredging for what we call 'Neptune's Treasures.'

A dredge is a strong net, joined together on three sides and left open at the top. This top, (which is usually called the mouth) is fastened to two iron bands with long handles to which a rope is attached of a great many yards in length. After sailing out about seven or eight miles, the sails of the yacht are taken in so that it may not go so fast, and then the dredging-net is thrown over.

The weight of the iron makes it sink to the bottom of the sea, and, as the yacht moves slowly forwards, the net scoops up all sorts of beautiful things. After it has been dragged along for about a quarter of an hour, it is hauled up again, and its contents are emptied on the deck for us to look over. We pick out what we think valuable and put them into pans of sea-water, and then the rest of the heap is thrown back into the waves. Dredging is a most interesting and instructive amusement. People, who have never taken part in it, can scarcely believe what curious and lovely creatures live beneath the waves.

I dare say some of my readers are wondering what 'Dead Men's Fingers' can be; I will do my best to satisfy their curiosity.

Amongst the heap of shells, starfish, and suchlike, which the dredging-net brings up, we often find oddly-shaped, clumsy-looking lumps, with tough, dirty-white or yellow skins. They seem to sprout

out of a piece of rock, and are more or less like fingers or toes in shape.

Most people, looking at a specimen of Dead Men's Fingers for the first time in their lives, would think it was some withered sea-plant, and a very ugly one too. If any one were to tell them that, instead of being a dead plant, it was really a mass of *living creatures*, they would hardly believe it.

And yet it would be quite true. If the ugly, dirty-looking lump be placed in clear sea-water and not disturbed, a large number of tiny stars will soon be seen on its surface, and after a time these stars (which are living creatures called *Polypi*) will push themselves out from the lump, and the ugly 'dead plant' will be changed into a collection of beautiful, transparent points, each ending in eight rays, which are the polype's feelers.

Polypi are indeed most wonderful creatures; the lump out of which they push themselves is the body *belonging to them all!* The food taken by one little star goes into this general body, and nourishes not only itself but all its companions; and, if one Polype be frightened and draw itsself back into the lump, all the others are frightened too, and make haste to hide themselves.

Dead Men's Fingers are generally found in deep water sticking to pieces of rock, stones, or shells. The picture shows what Dead Men's Fingers are like, both when the stars are pushed out and when they are drawn back.

Dead Men's Fingers are by no means rare, but I think such wonderful creatures ought never to be called common or worthless; and the more we study the natures and habits of these and others of 'Nep-tune's Treasures,' so much the more ought our hearts to be filled with love, reverence and awe for their Almighty Maker, Who—

'Plants His footstep in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.' A. C. W.

THE SHOEBLACK'S CONFEDERATE.

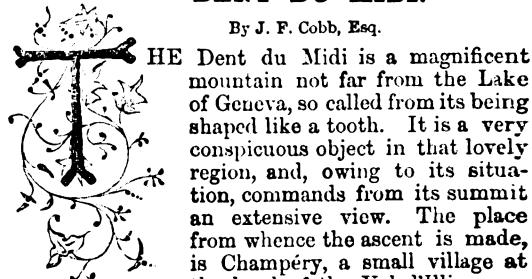
UPON one of the bridges of Paris a shoebblack used to stand, who, when he took his place there in the morning, was accompanied by a poodle dog, as it seemed, of very dirty habits, for he took delight in rolling in the puddles, and then, when he saw any person approaching whose boots were polished, he would rub his muddy coat against them, so that the blacking-pot and brushes of his master were required to clean them.

An English officer, who often passed that way, watched the dog narrowly, and finding that the shoebblack was his master, taxed him with the trick; when after a little hesitation he acknowledged that he had taught the animal to do this, in order to procure customers. Struck with the dog's sagacity, the officer purchased him at a high price, and brought him to London, where he was kept tied up for some time and then released. In a day or two after he was set at liberty the dog disappeared, and was found with his former master, rubbing off the polish which pedestrians had just paid to have put on their boots, enjoying the fun of the thing more than they did.

H. G. A.

A NIGHT IN A CHALET UP THE DENT DU MIDI.

By J. F. Cobb, Esq.



HE Dent du Midi is a magnificent mountain not far from the Lake of Geneva, so called from its being shaped like a tooth. It is a very conspicuous object in that lovely region, and, owing to its situation, commands from its summit an extensive view. The place from whence the ascent is made, is Champéry, a small village at the head of the Val d'Illier, one

of the most lovely spots in Switzerland. Here I arrived one beautiful morning last September, with the intention of ascending the Dent du Midi before the fine weather passed away.

The first thing to do was to find a guide, and I had no difficulty, as mountaineering friends had recommended me to Antoine Clément, a young man who combines the profession of a guide with that of blacksmith. I found him hard at work at his forge, and we settled to start for the Dent du Midi very early next morning. As, however, I was rather tired, owing to broken nights and long railway journeys, he advised me to start that same evening and sleep at the Chalet of Bonavaux, which would save me two hours' hard walking on the morrow. I consented to this, so, after passing a pleasant day at beautiful Champéry, we started about six in the evening on our way to the chalet, Antoine carrying a knapsack containing our provisions for the expedition.

After passing through the village, and crossing the river, we began at once to ascend by a steep, rough path among pine-trees. It soon became quite dark, and I stumbled along over stones and the roots of trees, till at last, after nearly two hours walking, Antoine announced that we were out of the wood and close to the chalet, which we soon afterwards reached about eight P.M. On our knocking, the door was opened by a woman and we entered. It was a strange-looking place; in the centre of it, suspended from the roof, hung a huge boiler for making cheese, and all round the room, as far as the light of the fire and of a tallow candle allowed us to see, were large, wooden tubs full of milk. Above was an open loft filled with hay and corn; here, too, several domestic animals had their abode. Two wild-looking men were crouching down over the fire. The woman, who was hospitable and civil, opened a door at the further end into an apartment which contained two very high beds, in one of which I feared it was to be my lot to sleep, while the rest of the family would probably occupy the other, or be scattered in picturesque attitudes of repose over the floor. However, this was not my lot. After some parley with Antoine in a dialect which I did not understand, a door was opened which led from this apartment into another very small room, in which was a bed, a window, a bench with a jug and basin in it, while round the

room were hung on large pegs, all the clothes of the entire family, the Sunday hats and bonnets of the females, as well as the coats and vests, &c. of the men, together with the household linen, some clean, some doubtful.

As to the bed—well—not many persons had gone up the Dent du Midi this year, and fewer still slept at the chalet, so perhaps the sheets had *only* served for those few. The sheet was merely laid over some straw, the bolster covered by some dirty pink material was hard as wood. Antoine obtained for me the luxury of a large pailful of cold water for a morning bath. The window I insisted upon being left open, and a delicious smell of cows, mingled with the faint odour of a stable, was occasionally wafted in by the cool night-air. I looked round the room, and the bed; it was not tempting, certainly; but there was no help for it, so to bed I went.

In about half-an-hour, nine o'clock struck; I tried in vain to go to sleep; I was tired but not sleepy, the bells of the cows and sheep kept up a continual jingle outside. At ten o'clock I felt more lively than ever, I heard voices overhead, and the floor above me creaked when any of the family turned in their beds. At eleven o'clock I began to get desperate; what was to be done? here were nine or ten hours' hard walking and scrambling before me on the morrow, with only four hours' chance of sleep. At half-past eleven I got up, looked out of the window—sky cloudless, air delicious, stars bright. I drank some water, tried to compose myself to sleep, but all in vain. The bells of the cows jingled away, a horse began to neigh, chickens to cackle, and the people above to turn more vigorously in their beds. At twelve I was wide awake, at one there was no change in my feelings or condition. At two I heard a stir in the next room, and a light was struck and then extinguished. This I perceived, because my door was ajar, there being no means of shutting, much less of locking it; as I rightly imagined, this was Antoine striking a light to see what time it was. Soon after came a tremendous noise over head as if some very heavy person had fallen out of bed, and the wooden house creaked and groaned; this, Antoine afterwards assured me, was 'only the servant of the house dreaming a little.' But at half-past two a light was again struck, and Antoine came to tell me that it was time to get up. I had a head-ache, felt very tired, and not the least up to such an expedition after so bad a night, but I bathed myself in the pail of water, which was deliciously cool, and made a speedy toilet by the faint light of the tallow candle. I now heard the crackling of a fire, and the boiling of water,—preparations for the coffee which we were to take before our departure, and to which early breakfast Antoine and I sat down at a quarter to three. The coffee and milk were excellent, the bread as sour as it always is in these regions. At three A.M. we started, Antoine carrying a small lantern, for, though fine and cloudless, it was perfectly dark, and he had to hold it close before me down to the ground that I might see where to place my feet. It was rough walking enough, now over large stones, then through bushes,

scrambling up and down the sides of streams and torments.

On, on, we went in the darkness, till we came to a place where we had to pass a narrow ridge at the side of a precipice over a ledge of rock scarcely wide enough to place our feet on, holding on by an iron bar fastened into the rock for the purpose; close by I heard the roar of a waterfall. Then came a descent to the banks of a wide mountain-torrent, where Antoine left me while he went in search of the plank which the guides use as a bridge, and which they have to conceal, or the peasants would use it for firewood. The day now began to dawn, we were in a wide, desolate valley surrounded on all sides by bare, bleak rocks, over which we saw several snowy mountain-peaks which soon began to glow with the red light of the rising sun.

There were a few clouds, but Antoine assured me the weather would be fine; he now put out his lantern and hid it among some rocks till our return.

We continued our march by daylight; it was a dreary walk enough, for we soon left the green grass and bright blue Alpine flowers behind us and had to go over rough stones and barren rocks, but the mountains looked grander as we approached them, and numerous glaciers were seen around us. There was no longer any path, and we had to make our way up the steep mountain-side. The summit of the Dent du Midi looked close to us, as if we should be there in a few minutes, but it was a good three hours' tug before we reached it. The climb we now had was quite as tiring to one's patience as to one's legs, it was up a mass of loose shale, something like slate, only thicker and softer; we seemed to make no progress, sinking back two steps in every three we made; this fatiguing walk lasted for a long time; then we had some very steep climbing up rocks, where hands and knees had to be used as well as feet, next we went through a snow-field, then over a sloping piece of glacier in which Antoine cut steps for me with his axe, then more climbing through the fatiguing shale, and we came to a hard ridge of rock on which walking was comparatively easy, and from whence we had a grand view down into the valley below.

Here we had a rest, to prepare for the final pull up to the summit, and a terrible pull it was, for so exhausted was I, that Antoine had quite to drag me up for the last quarter of an hour; however the cross on the summit was plainly before us, and so it was easy to measure the short distance which we had now to climb, for a regular climbing and scrambling it now was, requiring hands, feet, knees, and alpenstock, as well as holding tightly on by a strap attached to a belt which the guide wore round his waist.

At last, however, the summit was attained, and here, indeed, I was well rewarded for all my fatigue by the glorious view which burst upon me.

A large wooden cross is erected on the highest peak of the Dent du Midi. Immediately we appeared standing beside this, guns fired at Champéry greeted our arrival, and announced to our friends below that we had successfully accomplished our expedition. The weather was everything that could



Interior of a Swiss Chalet.

be desired, the sun shone brilliantly, there were scarcely any clouds, and those of the brightest character. Almost straight below us, lay the green valley of Champéry, with its pretty little village and church, beyond which lay the deep-blue lake of Geneva with its vine-clad shores and busy towns, above which rose a chain of mountains backed by the Bernese Alps. But the grandest sight was toward the south, where Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains, a huge mass of glittering snow and glaciers, forms the central point of the picture. The top of the Dent du Midi is very small; we had just room to sit down comfortably in a little hollow under the cross and eat our breakfast of very tough mutton, some bread, and tolerable wine, which the landlord of the hotel had

provided for us at a very exorbitant price. We sat here nearly an hour and a half to rest ourselves and enjoy the magnificent view. Even, with the warm sun shining on us, it was rather chilly, the summit of the Dent du Midi being 10,500 feet high. It was hard work enough coming down, but not so bad as the ascent. We made several long slides over snow-fields; we ran quickly down through the shale, which sank with us and helped us on, and after frequent rests, for the sun was now hot, we reached the chalet at half-past one; here we had some milk and then pushed on to Champéry, where we arrived about three P.M., in heavy rain, the fine weather having now forsaken us. My next night at the hotel was not such a sleepless one as that which I had passed in the chalet.

 ALL THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED,
price One Halfpenny each.

Parts I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. and VIII. for 1868, price 3d. each, are now ready.

No. 41. Sept. 7, 1868.

Weekly — One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.





HUGH CHALMERS.

CHAPTER I.

UGH CHALMERS sat on a low stool in his father's study one winter evening. He was gazing into the fire intently, and the flickering flame seemed to make his large brown eyes look bigger and brighter, and made his face look thinner and paler.

Hugh was thinking, according to a trick he had, not of something he happened to have on hand; not of to-day's fishing or to-morrow's football, but he had wandered away into some land of his own imagination, and was puzzling himself about matters in which he had little concern.

His father, too, was thinking—thinking of Hugh, and wondering whether this dreamy habit of his, of turning over things in his own mind, and reasoning and questioning at every turn, were good, and whether in the battle of life Hugh would have any chance of fighting his way. But, at all events, Mr. Chalmers had no time of his own to waste; he was the vicar of a large scattered parish, and five years ago, his wife, who had been his great stay and help in his work, died. In the study, just over Hugh's head, there hung a photograph of her, and under the picture a text which she had illuminated: 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

Since her death Mr. Chalmers had managed his parish, his house, and his two boys, Jack and Hugh, with very little more assistance than he got from visits of his sisters now and then, and from his faithful old servant, Janet Holmes. She had lived with him from his own boyhood, and now devoted herself to his children. Jack was now at home for his Christmas holidays, as jolly and high-spirited a specimen of a Harrow boy as could well be found. Jack was twelve, and looked down with patronising compassion on Hugh, who was three years younger, and not considered strong enough for school at present.

Jack could not at all understand why Hugh should be thin and weakly; and as for a headache, what was the good of being a boy at all if one had to stop in for a headache? And yet Jack was very fond of his brother, and amused him with many a wonderful tale of school exploits, as they lay side by side in their small white beds, before they went to sleep at night. On the evening of which we first spoke, however, Jack was engaged in some carpentering operation, and Hugh was, as usual, meditating, when Mr. Chalmers jumped up and said,—

'Now, Hugh, my boy; wake up and ring for candles. Haven't you got anything to do? Is that verb ready for me to look over?'

'Papa,' said Hugh, quite lost to all the details of his father's speech, but roused by it to a sort of consciousness, 'why doesn't Mr. Tanner come to church?'

'Did you hear what I said, Hugh? Ring the bell.' Hugh got up and rang it, but repeated his question.

'Have you been thinking about Mr. Tanner all this time, Hugh?'

'I don't know how long,' answered Hugh.

'Well, I am quite sure we shall not do any good by talking about him, my boy, so you had better get your books at once; and then seeing Hugh's wistful, questioning face, Mr. Chalmers added, 'I have done what I can for him, Hugh. I have called at his house over and over again, and when I found that he would never see me, I wrote to him, but he returned my letter, and I don't see that I can do anything more. Are you satisfied?'

'Yes, papa, thank you; and Hugh walked off dreamily, hardly knowing whether it were the Latin Grammar, or the candles, or Mr. Tanner himself, that he had been sent to fetch.

When the necessary work had been got through, Jack came in, and the rest of the evening passed cheerfully, for Mr. Chalmers had the happy art of amusing and instructing his boys at the same time.

When it was bed-time Hugh seemed to have forgotten all about Mr. Tanner, so engrossed was he in the explanations his father had been giving them of the working of the electric telegraph; but when old Janet came into their room as usual, to see that all was right with them, and Jack was in the height of his fun and rollicking spirit, Hugh called her to him, and whispered that he did so want to know Mr. Tanner's history. Could she tell him anything? And why didn't he like Mr. Chalmers?

'Old Tanner, Hugh!' exclaimed Jack. 'Why, I can tell you about him. He's the surliest beggar that ever lived, and never did anybody the least good in all his life.'

'Ah! and a many a deal of harm,' sighed Janet.

'How? do tell us, Janet.'

'How?' repeated Jack; 'why, in ever so many ways. I don't believe he'd let anybody have a crust of bread if he could take it away, and he swears like a trooper; and everybody hates him because he's a beat altogether.'

'Master Jack, that's bad language, my dear,' said Janet, remonstrating.

'Very well, what is he then, Janet?' exclaimed Jack. 'A good man, and a regular church-goer, and a help to my father. Oh, yes!'

'Now, Jack, do be quiet, and let Janet tell us about him,' said Hugh.

'Well, my dear, I don't know so very much about him. He lives in that big house on the hill, you know, with two or three old servants. And that light you see from the window comes from his room. There he sits all alone, Master Hugh, from year's end to year's end, and when I see it at all times of the night, I says to myself, "Whatever is he doing?"'

There was something mysterious and romantic about this, and both the boys instantly jumped out of bed, and rushed to the window to stare across the park at this light in the Square's window.

'He can't be very happy, that's one comfort,' exclaimed Jack.

'Happy! I should think not,' said Janet; 'there's never one of his kin that dares come near him, and they say Smith, the butler, and Coote, the old house-keeper, wouldn't put up with him if it weren't for his

money. He's got an only daughter married and away in foreign parts, and he won't see her or read her letters. Her husband's some relation of yours, and that is why Mr. Tanner won't speak to your papa.'

'I know,' said Jack: 'Cousin Fred was staying here with papa ever so many years ago when it happened.'

'What happened?' asked Hugh, thoroughly roused and interested.

'Why, all of it, to be sure,' answered Jack, 'Cousin Fred used to ride, and walk, and fish with Miss Grace Tanner, and then he wouldn't go to India without her, and they were married, and there was no end of a row: wasn't there, Janet?—a regular hubbub and hullabaloo?'

'Yes, there was, Master Jack, but I don't know how you heard about it. You can't recollect it, that's certain. There's the prayer bell, and I must go. Only to think of its being so late!' And Janet departed amid a shower of questions from both the boys.

Jack's stories, though more than usually startling, fell flat to-night, for Hugh's thoughts were far away. How the big perch which had baffled the keepers had at last fallen a victim to his prowess; how his magnificent score had turned the luck of the last cricket-match; and how, in providing for a contraband supper, Jack had a narrow escape of a visit to the head-master on special business, and, what in his eyes would have been a much greater misfortune, of having the lobsters taken from him.

But Hugh's applause throughout was very mild, and his answers ran chiefly in monosyllables, till at last Jack grew impatient and said,—

'Hollo! old fellow, can't you be jolly? What's the matter?'

'I'm quite jolly, but I say, Jack, I can't help thinking about old Mr. Tanner. Do you think he'll go on as he is now till he dies?'

'How can I tell? What a muff you must be to go on bothering about a horrid old man like that, Hugh! And as to dying, I don't believe he will die. He will be found a ready-made mummy; he is so brown and shrivelled that I rather think the process has begun. Suppose we make a case for him, Hugh, and send it him for a Christmas present. And then we'll present him to the British Museum. You shall write a ticket for him in your best round-hand—"British Squire, presented by J. and H. Chalmers, Esqrs."

'Don't, Jack; I wish you would not say such things: you wouldn't if papa were here,' and Hugh felt very much inclined to cry.

He was tired, and his brother's fun and banter, which he generally enjoyed very much, seemed almost more than he could bear to-night; so raising himself in bed that he might catch a glimpse of the solitary light in the window of the great house on the hill, and wishing his brother good-night, Hugh nestled down on his pillow, and was soon fast asleep, and, dreaming of mumuries and lobsters, and of a row between himself and Jack, a head-master being in hot pursuit.

(To be continued.)

THE EMPEROR AND THE PETITIONERS.



HE Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, a great and benevolent man, who lived in dark times, and who was truly called the father of his people, fearing lest his subjects should be oppressed by his officers, used every day to receive petitions in person in one of the corridors of his palace. When the Emperor was present at Vienna, the corridor was filled with all sorts of people, who either carried petitions in their hands, or who were waiting to make known their request by word of mouth. As soon as the Emperor entered the door, they surrounded him, gave him their petitions, and departed when they had received their answers. Those who had anything to say had to speak at once, if however they had much to say they were generally granted a private interview in a separate apartment. This corridor was frequently the scene of many of the Emperor's kind and noble actions, which an Austrian artist has made the subject of a picture, of which our illustration is a copy.

On her knees in the foreground, her two children at her side, is the unfortunate wife of an engraver imprisoned for forging banknotes,—with many tears she is lamenting that she and her boys must now starve, and receives from the Emperor the reply, 'I will take care and provide for your children, and allow you also a ducat a month, go into service and live honestly.' She is supported by the immortal Mozart, whom the Emperor has summoned to his presence to settle about the performance of one of his operas at the theatre of Schönbrunn. Behind him, stands the celebrated historian, George Pray, who is about to present to the Emperor his learned work on the history of Hungary, for which he received a yearly pension of 400 florins; close to him, stands another clergyman, to whose request that 'he would grant him a piece of land to plant colonists, under his direction,' the Emperor replied, 'St. Paul made Christians, but no colonists.' On the left stands a scarred and wounded old soldier, with a wooden leg, who had fought in the Seven Years' War; he hands the Emperor a petition and receives the answer, 'We will see about it,' to which the blunt old soldier replies, 'Your Majesty can do that at once,' as he points to his scars and his wooden leg; and the Emperor touched and amused grants him his request.

In the background are two Jews, who have told the Emperor a long story about all the good they have done to mankind, and how much they deserve for it; while he takes them by the hand, he replies, 'You have acted so grandly and nobly, that it is impossible for me to reward you, no man could do so, God alone can do it, and He undoubtedly will.'

In the foreground, at the top of the staircase, stands that Hungarian peasant in the rich dress of his nation, who at the time of the war between Hungary and Turkey approached the Emperor with a pe-



The Emperor and the Petitioners.

tion, saying, 'Your Majesty, tell me truly, do your nails burn ? if they do, take my son and me too ; if they don't burn, leave me my one son, for six are already in your service in the army.' At which the Emperor smiled, and assured him that his nails did not burn yet. Retreating disconsolately at the top of the stairs, are two butchers, who had come to request that the price of meat might be raised, as they could not live on such low prices, and received answer from the Emperor, 'Very well, give up your trade then, there are sure to be some honest fellows among your apprentices who will sell meat at the old prices.'

To the left stands a lady awaiting an interview. The Emperor spoke German, but she answered him in French, which it was then the fashion to speak in Vienna ; upon which the Emperor said crossly, 'Why don't you speak German, we are not in France here ?'

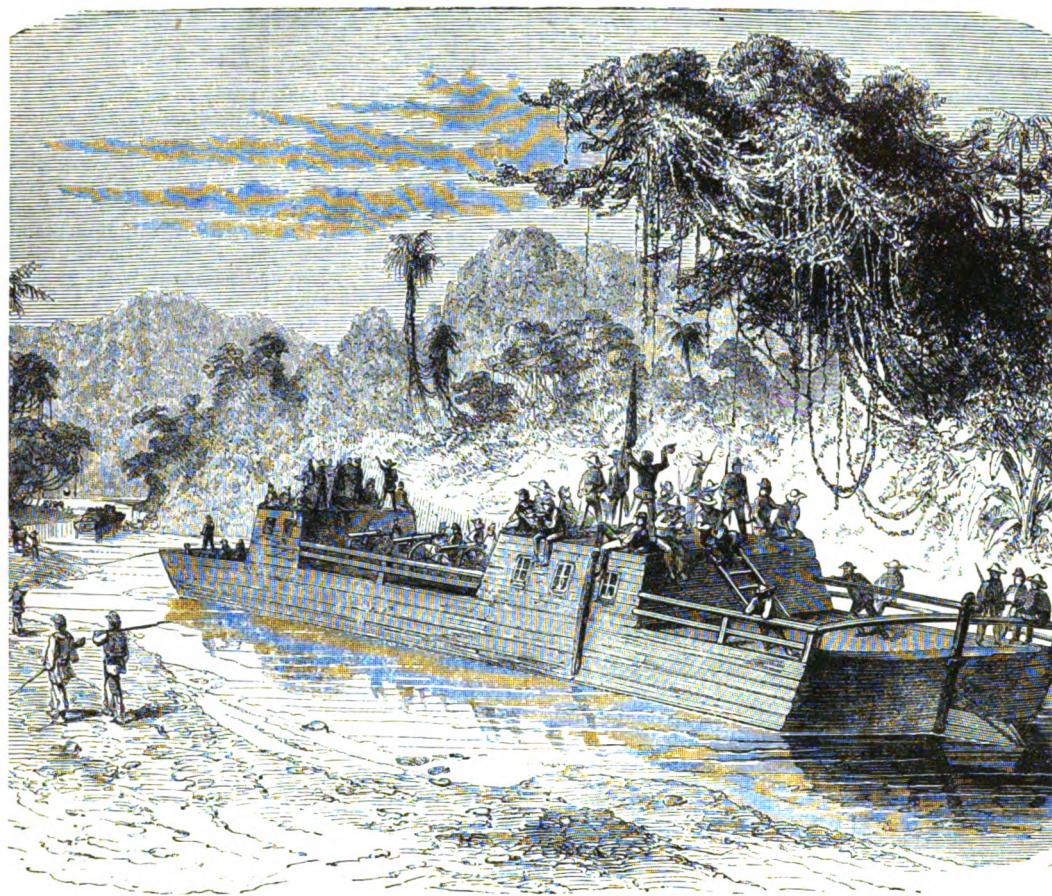
In the foreground stands the imperial secretary, Dantu, to whom the Emperor hands over all the petitions ; and behind him, as sentinel, that brave grenadier, who remarked to a perfumed fop who turned away from him with a look of disgust, his

sense of smell being offended, 'Do you think, young gentleman, that on twopence-halfpenny a day one can afford to smell of musk and vanille ?'

The origin of this custom of the good Emperor thus receiving petitions was this : he was in the habit of walking about through the streets of Vienna, dressed like a private citizen ; one day he met a young person carrying a packet, who seemed almost in despair, 'What is the matter with you ?' he said, kindly ; 'what are you carrying ? Whither are you going ? Can I comfort you in any way ?'

The maiden, who did not know the Prince, answered, 'I am carrying the clothes of my poor mother, in order to sell them, it is our last resource. Ah ! if my father, who so often shed his blood for his country, was still alive, or if he had obtained the reward due to his services, you would not see me in this plight.'

'If the Emperor,' replied the monarch, 'had known your misfortunes, he would have relieved them ; you should have addressed a memorial to him, or got some one to make your distress known to him.'



Transport Barge on the James River Canal.

P. 326.

'I have done so,' she replied, 'but to no purpose, the nobleman to whom I applied told me that he could never get anything for me.'

'They have not told you the truth,' added the prince, 'I can assure you that the Emperor has not been told a word about your situation, and that he loves justice far too well to allow the widow and daughter of an officer who has served him to perish. Draw up a memorial, bring it to-morrow to the palace at an appointed place and hour; if then all that you say is true, I will speak to the Emperor, and obtain justice for you.'

The young woman, wiping away her tears, thanked him many times over, but he added, 'You must not sell your mother's clothes: what do you reckon is the value of them?'

'Six ducats,' she replied.

'Permit me to lend you twelve till we have seen whether our efforts succeed.'

At these words the poor girl hastened home, gave her mother the twelve ducats with the clothes, and told her of the hopes with which a strange gentleman had inspired her; she described him,

and her mother felt sure that it must be the Emperor.

Terrified at having spoken so freely, she could not make up her mind to go next day to the palace, but her relatives at last persuaded her. She arrived there trembling, beheld her sovereign in her benefactor, and fainted away.

However, the prince, who on the previous day had inquired her father's name, and the regiment in which he served, had investigated the matter, and found out that all she said was true. When she had recovered, the Emperor sent for her and her relatives into his cabinet, and addressed her in the kindest manner, 'Here, Mademoiselle, is the order for a pension for your mother, equal to the appointments which your father held, the half of which will be continued to you, if you should have the misfortune to lose her. I am sorry not to have learned your situation earlier, that I might have the sooner lightened your hard lot.'

From that day forward, the Emperor Joseph II. fixed one day in the week upon which any one was admitted to an audience with him. J. F. C.

TRANSPORT BARGE ON THE JAMES RIVER CANAL.



THE picture shows us what the Confederate troops passed through during the late civil war in America. The James River Canal is enclosed by hills, which are covered with beautiful trees, palms, aloes, and all the charms of a tropical climate. A road skirts the canal on one side, upon which some of the troops are marching, accompanying the transport barge, which is slowly towed along by horses. Two little cabins, in the centre and fore-part of the boat, give room enough for stowing away the arms and baggage. The men lounge on the deck, smoking, reading newspapers, and drinking brandy. Three six-pounders are placed on the deck between the two cabins. Singing and waving of caps greet all who meet this strange bark. A slave-dealer holds aloft the Confederate flag. At his feet sit two negroes, playing guitar and fiddle, and no doubt singing patriotic songs at the same time, in hopes of getting a few coppers from the soldiers.—J. F. C.

THE FLOWER IN THE CITY.

‘Moral Songs.’

I SAW a window, dim and tall,
Far down a city lane;
Full seldom could the sunbeam fall
Against the dingy pane.

Yet mindful of things green and sweet,
Some hopeful hand had set
Upon that dirty window-seat
A box of mignonette.

The paint had fallen from the wood
That bound the narrow ledge,
The sooty sparrows came and stood,
And twittered on its edge.

The scanty earth lay hard and green,
Around its rugged roots;
The flowers were few and far between
Upon the stunted shoots.

But when the sash was upward thrown,
'Mid all the dirt and gloom,
A gentle fragrance all their own
Passed to the inner room.

The weary woman stayed her task
The perfume to inhale,
The pale-faced children stopped to ask
What breath was on the gale.

And none that breathed that sweetened air,
But had a gentle thought,
A gleam of something good and fair
Across his spirit brought.

So deeds of love will cheer and bless
A low laborious life;
So words of peace and gentleness
Glide in and soften strife.

So prayers in crowded moments given
Of tumult, toil, or woe,
Will sweeten with a breath from heaven
Our weary path below.



A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS BOY.

YOU must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of bravery and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion. If a friend ask a favour, you should grant it if it be reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your class-mates, you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honour. In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as “the dark day,” a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day,—the Day of Judgment,—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and he said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore he moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed. There was a quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan; you cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let me or your mother wear one grey hair for any lack of duty on your part.

‘Your affectionate father,

‘R. E. LEE,
Commander-in-Chief of the
Confederate Armies in America.’

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

(Concluded from p. 315.)

CHAPTER VI.

ONE snowy winter evening a few years ago, Mary and I started off from the Vicarage arm-in-arm, to drink tea with Mr. and Mrs. George King. We were getting a sober middle-aged couple, Mary and I. We had sons and daughters taller than ourselves—sons at college and out in the world, daughters

grown up and engaged to be married. On that night we had left behind us a merry party in the Vicarage drawing-room, for it was Christmas-time, and they were all at home.

Great changes of all sorts had come over Nether-ton since we began our married life, and one of the greatest was in our old friend Georgie. He was, on this night, the richest man in the town. He had worked up, up, up, with his steady, dauntless patience, making the best of all his opportunities, and yet never going out of his way to find them. And there he lived, in the big, comfortable house in the High Street, a wealthy man, a benefactor of the poor, a man honoured and respected by all who knew him. He was a basket-maker still ; but he had enormous premises, and large numbers of workmen, and did everything upon a great scale. His business had become a source of benefit to the town. 'Rod-whitcning' was the work of all the poor women who wanted work in the summer-time, and their husbands and sons were brought up to the basket-weaving. Such a good master he was too—kind, generous, considerate ; and yet firm and just in everything. As he grew richer and richer, Georgie had put more and more money into the offertory plate, and done more and more for the church and his parish. And so he had brought a blessing upon his prosperity. He was my churchwarden at this time, and a better one no vicar ever had.

His six brothers and sisters had all grown up. He had given them each a good education at the school where he was taught himself, and a still better one had they had from his own example. His brothers were now settled in business, and his sisters were married and provided for. His mother, whom he had taken care of and comforted for many years, was dead ; and he himself had married a sensible, good woman, and had three or four little ones to make his house bright.

When we arrived, he and his wife were looking out for us. We had a comfortable, homely tea, and plenty of talk about all sorts of parish and family affairs, in a bright, warm room, which was the picture of cosiness. Then Mary and Mrs. King sat down together on a sofa, and chatted about servants and babies, and other housewifely matters, over their needlework ; while George and I talked of politics and business. Presently a servant came in with a note for Mary from our youngest boy, Frank.

'DEAR MOTHER'—(so ran the note)—'Would the little Kings like to see our new magic-lantern to-night ? If Mrs. King thinks they would, and will have a sheet hung up somewhere, I'll come and exhibit.

'Your loving son, FRANK.'

Mrs. King and the little Kings were all delighted, for this was the fulfilment of an old promise of Frank's. Mrs. King had the sheet arranged in the nursery at once, and sent word to the Vicarage that she hoped all the young ladies and gentlemen who liked would come with Mr. Frank, and stay to supper. Of course the boys and girls all came, and, with us elders and George's children and servants, made quite a respectable audience. Then, when all were seated, and no light was to be seen but that mysterious full moon on the sheet, Frank mounted on a

chair, and began his business as showman. The performance lasted more than an hour, during which time the children—and, I must confess, the elders too—went into fits of laughter, as people do at Christmas time. I'm sure Mary and I, as we stood together, laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks. It is such a catching complaint ; and then we were very happy.

At last the reluctant little children had to kiss and say Good-night, and the rest of us went downstairs again. Mrs. King had had supper laid in her cheerful dining-room, which was filled with the bright light of a big fire and lots of candles. All sorts of good things were spread out on that supper-table ; and, when we were all assembled round it, I thought what a picture of comfort and plenty it must have looked from the outside, if any one could have peeped through the shutters and curtains.

Apparently Frank thought so too ; for he said, as he edged his chair between Mary and one of his sisters,—

'There now, Mrs. King, if this isn't cosy, please to tell me what is ! I wish every one was as nicely fixed as we are this cold night.'

'So do I,' said Arthur, from across the table. 'As Nelly and I were riding across the Common this afternoon, we met a poor creature, all rags and tatters, who has haunted me ever since. I wonder what he's doing now ; eh, Nelly ?'

'Was it one of our people ?' asked Mary and I in the same breath.

'No ; a stranger—a poor old tramp coming to the Union. He was drunk, I'm afraid ; he walked as if he was.'

'Poor soul !' said Mary, in her gentle, pitying tones ; 'I wish your father or I had seen him when we were out.'

'Well, I'm glad he was going to the Union to-day,' said Frank, 'for he'll just be in time for the Christmas dinner.'

The conversation then drifted into other channels.

By-and-bye, having spent a very pleasant evening, we turned our faces towards the Vicarage again. We were walking down the street, two and two, in the clear, frosty starlight, and Mary and I were chatting together when one of the young ones turned back and, running up to us, exclaimed,—

'Father, what's that ?'

We followed with our eyes the direction of her finger, and saw, further on, on the opposite pavement, a group of men, carrying something between them.

'It's some poor creature they have picked up in the street,' I said. 'Stay here, Mary, and I'll run across and see.'

But Mary insisted upon going too, so we crossed the street together.

'What's the matter ?' I called out.

The bearers stopped under a gas-lamp, as they recognised my voice.

'It's a poor chap we picked out of the snow just now, sir, as we came across the Common.'

'Is he dead ?'

'Stone-dead, sir. He must have been lying there some time, for the snow had covered him up ; and



The End of William Burton.

it hasn't snowed since five o'clock. My mate here stumbled over him quite by accident.'

'Do you know who it is?'

'No, sir. It's nobody out of our parts.'

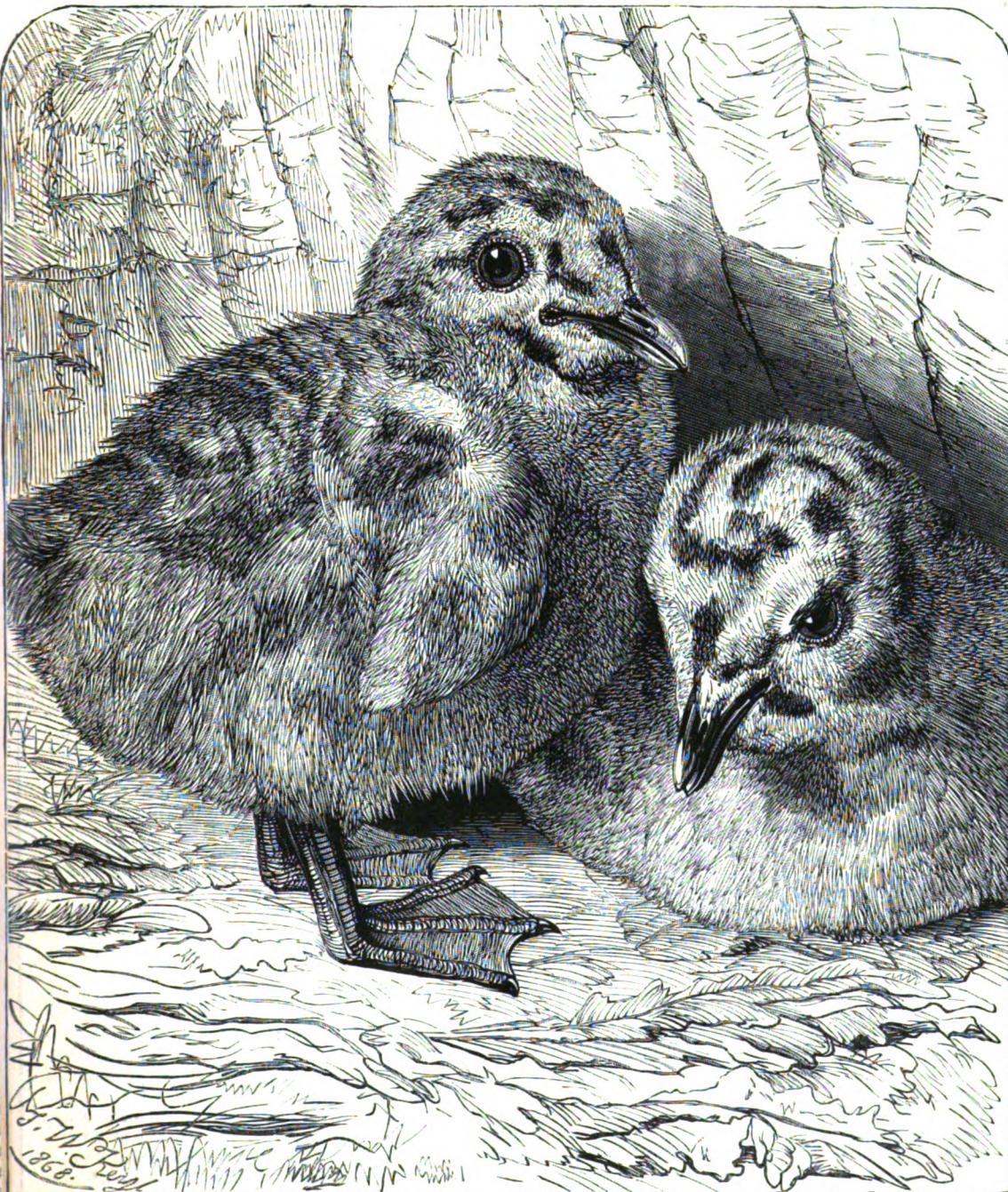
'It's the man the children saw,' said Mary; and we hurried up to look at him.

The poor face was wasted, and haggard, and ghastly, as it lay there on the pavement in the light of the gas-lamp—with its tale of hunger and suffering. But we knew it in a moment. It was the face of our old head-class boy, Mary's handsome clever favourite—it was the face of Richard Burton.'

No. 42. Sept. 14, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



Baby Gulls.

Digitized by Google



BABY GULLS.

HO does not love to see the bright sea-gull and its graceful flight? What happy sea-side times are not called to mind by the sight of them? Is it not sad to think that the idle and thoughtless sacrifice them to the pleasure of popping at a live target?

Few people have the chance of seeing the sea-gulls' downy young on their rocky ledge. If

they did, would not men be ashamed to shoot the parents, and leave those pretty innocents to die of hunger? Sea-gulls are very useful as scavengers of the water. So, from selfish reasons, they ought to be protected, if not from higher motives.

I once saw a youth who had a little boat with sails, which served him for a target amid the waves. If people must be always popping off powder and shot—which I much dislike—let them do so at something which is not hurt thereby. One might construct something that would float in the air, as well as in the water, and leave the poor birds alone.

BABY'S STOCKINGS.

HANG up the baby's stocking,
Be sure that you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling,
She never saw Christmas yet.
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big, blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood me,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear, what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It never will do at all;
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby;
I've thought of the very best plan,
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can.
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner—so;
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, 'This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.
But she's just the blessedest baby,
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies
From the top clear down to the toe.'

EMILY H. MILLER, in the 'Little Corporal.'



HUGH CHALMERS.

(Continued from page 323.)

CHAPTER II.

WEEK or two later, Jack went off to school, and Hugh was left to the companionship of his father, and his friend Sidney Walton, who lived about half-a-mile from the Vicarage, and who was about his own age, and joined him in his lessons as well as in his play. During the time which had passed since his brother's departure, Hugh had heard and said nothing about Mr. Tanner. He always looked for the light the last thing, and had jumped up to see whether it was still burning, when Sambo woke him with his barking one night after everybody else was asleep.

Sidney Walton was aware of Hugh's curiosity about Mr. Tanner, and began rather to share it, but Sidney did not see why they should always fish in places where they caught nothing, just for the sake of a chance of seeing the squire. Sometimes he passed them with two or three dogs, and Hugh would stare at him, and notice how white his hair was getting, and how shrivelled and brown his face was, as Jack had said. Sunday after Sunday the big seat was empty, and yet nobody was allowed to go into it, even though the church was over full. Now and then the old housekeeper appeared in it, as if to keep off intruders, and it was empty again for months after. Hugh had a strong will in spite of his weakly body, and the idea was gaining ground in his mind daily that something must be done for Mr. Tanner.

He often thought of the text in the study, which his mother had illuminated years ago, and it always seemed to him very wonderful and beautiful, but not as being for him. But one night as he lay in bed, and he could see through the same chink in the shutter, Mr. Tanner's light and a glorious star, Hugh felt a sudden and definite longing to have some share in the text himself. Jack would laugh, of course. A stupid, weakly chap like himself to set about such a business as that.

Perhaps it was silly, and yet Hugh's mind was full of it. And the strangest thing was that he was much more diligent at his lessons, and if ever he caught his father's eye resting on him with an expression of anxiety, he would rouse himself, lest he should be called on to give an account of his thoughts.

Hugh's tenth birthday arrived, and so far things remained much in the same state. He had some very charming presents: a book of natural history from his father; a fishing-rod with trolling-lines complete, from Jack; while Janet presented a photograph of herself in the best style of the neighbouring town of Clatford, in which she appeared sitting in a very upright position at an elegant table, on which was a vase of choice flowers and an inkstand. 'Which it was my best black silk

that I put on on purpose, Master Hugh, the day you asked why I was going to Clatsford, and I wouldn't tell you,' said Janet.

Sidney Walton, of course, came to spend Hugh's birthday with him, and he brought a beautiful basket of strawberries, which instantly became a partnership concern in common with the book and fishing-rod. Later in the day the two boys went off together arm in arm, full of the thousand confidences which boys always do have, even if they meet every day of their lives. On they walked, talking as fast as their tongues would go;—on by a sort of instinct through the village, up the hill, and along the little footpath which led to some fields at the back of the Hall.

Presently they come under some rooks' nests; a trying moment for any boys, but particularly so to Hugh, who, from the hour of nine that morning, when he had begun reading his new book of natural history, had decided on making a collection of specimens, including of course birds' eggs.

'Stiff trees these, Sid,' said Hugh, gravely, as with his hands in his pocket he surveyed the nests from various points; 'not a bit of a knot to hold on by till you get nearly to the top. I shall have a shot at this one, and you'd better stand at the bottom and look out. I say, Sid, it's not stealing, is it?'

'Stealing! no, I should think not, indeed! Who finds fault with the fellows that go bird's-nesting in the hedges?'

'That's all right, then up I go.'

The trees were at the edge of the little park in which the Hall stood, and when he got near the top of one of them, Hugh paused, much interested in the prospect. The house which he had supposed to be so magnificent was, in reality, much dilapidated and neglected. The drive up to it was overgrown with weeds, and Hugh could see rank grass and tangled evergreens where he had always fancied there were beds of choice flowers. Here was food for much thought, and Hugh was still straining his eyes to inspect it all more closely, when Sidney called out,—

'Now then, Hugh, how long are you going to stop up there? Are you waiting till the old rook has laid a fresh egg?'

'All right, old fellow, I'm coming. I've got three. They may be last year's eggs for anything I know, but here they are.' And Hugh began cautiously to descend. He had discovered, like many a one before him, Alpine climbers included, that going up is easier than coming down; and, moreover, he had the eggs to think of in addition to his own bones.

'I say, Hugh,' shouted Sidney, 'look out! Don't tread on that bough to your right; it won't hold; it's only balanced on another. Hugh, do you hear?'

But Hugh had mistaken the bough, or had become alarmed and confused, for the next moment there was a slight crash of falling wood, a thud on the grass, and Hugh lay there in a heap.

In mortal fear Sidney tried to raise and straighten him, but his moans were so piteous that he was obliged to give it up. For an instant Hugh opened his eyes, and looked at Sidney, and then he closed them again, nor could Sidney get an answer to all his entreaties

that he would tell him where he was hurt. Every moment seemed a day of agony to Sidney, who vainly looked about for help. The shadows were slanting, and the summer sun going down, while over head the rooks cawed and flapped about as if in triumph at the discomfiture of the enemy who lay beneath. But no help came to Sidney and Hugh. There was plainly no time to be lost, but it seemed impossible to leave Hugh by himself. They were about ten minutes' run from the house, and Sidney had never been there. Moreover, the recollection of all the terrible stories he had heard of Mr. Tanner came across him, and made his heart beat fast at the bare thought of asking help from him. After a moment's hesitation, however, he decided that there was nothing else to be done, and having taken off his own jacket to protect Hugh's head and chest, he ran off with tangled hair and soiled hands, strong in the strength of his friendship.

(To be continued.)

THE PERSIAN KING AND THE FISHERMAN.

THE picture represents a gorge among the mountains of Persia, through which a river flows. There are men and camels resting in the cool valley, which is bounded by high 'sugar-loaf' mountains. Such a spot must be a great treat to Eastern travellers after crossing the burning deserts of sand.

We do not know very much about the place of the picture which we give, except that it is in Western Persia, not far from the Caspian Sea. But perhaps our readers will let it serve as an excuse for our telling them a Persian tale about a king and a fisherman.

It is said that there once lived a king of Persia who was very fond of fish. One day he was chatting with his favourite queen, when a slave entered and said that there was a fisherman outside, who had brought with him a splendid fish which he wished to present to the king.

The fisherman entered, and laid down his present before the divan on which the king and queen were seated. The king ordered the fisherman to receive four thousand pieces of silver as a reward.

This, no doubt, was a large sum to give for a single fish, and, as soon as the man had gone, the queen told the king that 'he had now made half his subjects his enemies.'

'How so?' asked the king.

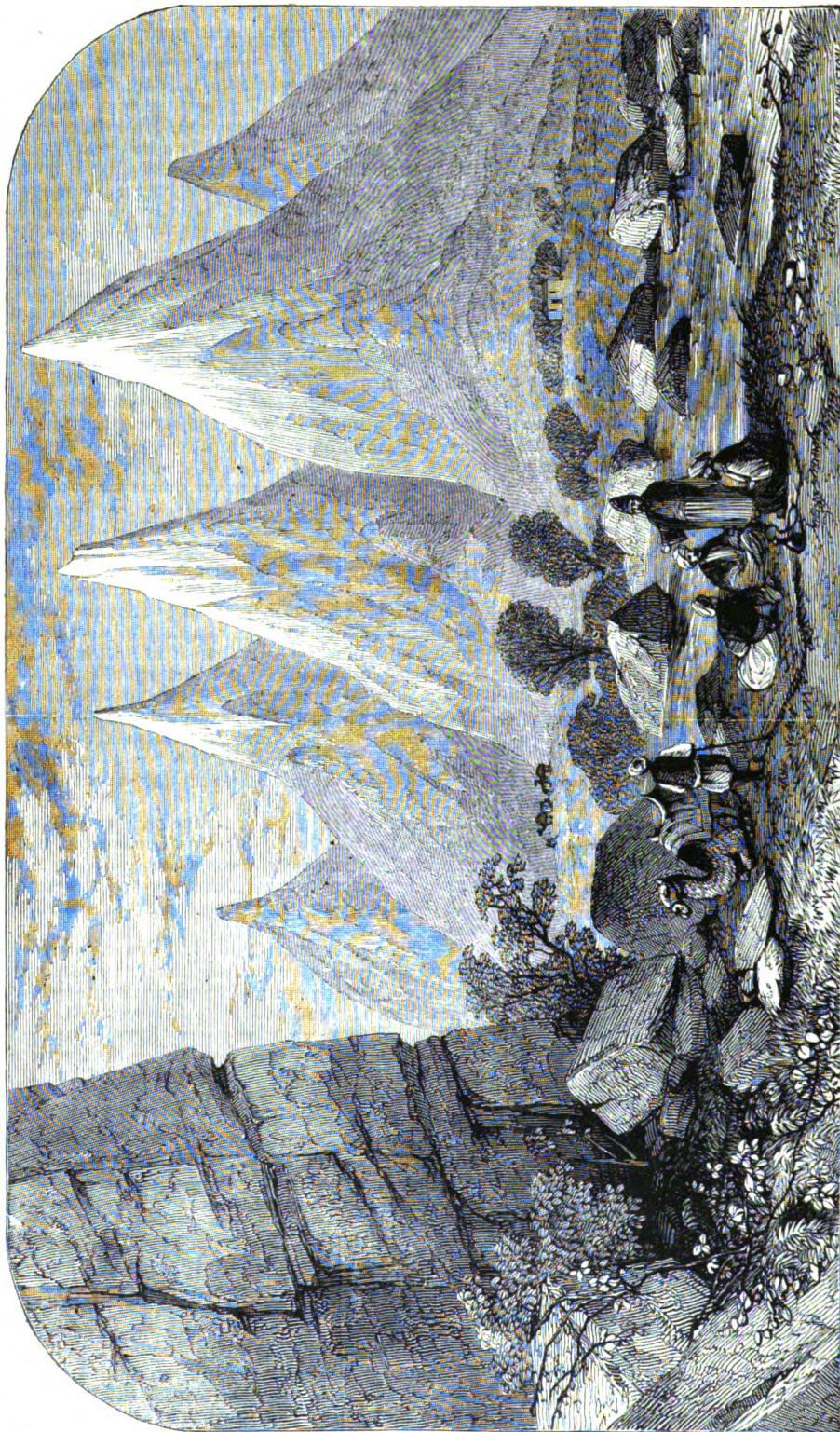
'Because,' said the queen, 'if you give a fisherman so large a sum for a fish, how will you reward your warriors, courtiers, and poets, whose services are a thousand times greater than that of this poor fisherman?'

'You speak true,' was the king's answer. 'I should have given less; still it is a lovely fish, and it is mean to take back a royal gift.'

'Will you leave it to me?' asked the queen. 'I will undertake, if you follow my direction, to get you back your gold again.'

'You may, then; but how do you mean to do it?'

'Send and recall the fisherman. Ask him of what species the fish is that he has left? When he re-



Mountain Gorge in Persia.

more pieces of silver—the first was for the fish, the second is for his wit. The fisherman received the second gift and prostrated himself; but one piece of silver fell upon the floor as he rose up again. The fisher-

plies, say, "I gave you the money thinking it to name the species of the fish, he said, 'It was of no species in particular, but of a mixed species.' The King was outdone, and the queen baffled. The king fell back upon the cushions laughing, and cried, 'Give the fisherman four thousand

plies, say, "I gave you the money thinking it was a different species to that," and the man will lay down the money. The queen's advice was carried out, and the fisherman brought back. When he was asked



man stooped, picked it up and placed it with the others.

The queen was dreadfully hurt at the king's extravagance, and now she cried, 'See what you have done. You have given eight thousand pieces of silver to a man who is so mean that he even picks up a single piece that he has dropped, and does not leave it for the slave.'

The king smiled, and, to humour the queen, pretended to be angry with the fisherman, and asked him why he was so covetous.

The man fell down again, kissed the ground and replied,—

'I did not pick up the piece, O King, on account of its value, or on account of covetousness, but because it had upon its side the name and effigy of the king, and I was afraid the king's likeness might be trod on unknowingly, and so the king disgraced. I picked it up that the king might not be dishonoured.'

'Better than ever,' cried the king, shaking with laughter. 'Give him four thousand more pieces of silver, and conduct him through the city with a crier going before him, proclaiming, "It is not fit that any one should follow the counsel of a woman, for he who does so loses not merely one piece of silver, but also two other pieces besides."'

B.

WOODEN SHOES.

NE strange thing which strikes an Englishman on first landing in a Continental town is the constant clatter of the wooden shoes of the fishermen and peasants over the paved streets. Men and women both wear these great, heavy, awkward shoes; they are very cheap, and a good protection against the wet, which in rainy weather, pours down from the roofs of the houses, and makes some of the streets almost like shallow rivers. In France and Germany, in the plains and near the sea-coast, wooden shoes are very commonly used, but in the mountainous and rocky countries, such as Switzerland and the Tyrol, where they would soon be cracked and broken, they are not known.

Wooden shoes are generally made of birch, which is the toughest, thickest, and most elastic wood, and the least liable to split. To make rough and clumsy wooden shoes does not require much skill, and farmers living in remote districts who have a





Mountain Gorge in Persia.

plies, say, "I gave you the money thinking it to name the species of the fish, he said, 'It was a different species to that,' and the man of no species in particular, but of a mixed species."

The King was outdone, and the queen baffled. The queen's advice was carried out, and the fisherman received the second gift and prostrated himself; but one piece of silver fell upon the floor as he rose up again. The fisher-

more pieces of silver—the first was for the fish, the second is for his wit.'

The fisherman received the second gift and prostrated himself; but one piece of silver fell upon the floor as he rose up again. The fisher-



man stooped, picked it up and placed it with the others.

The queen was dreadfully hurt at the king's extravagance, and now she cried, 'See what you have done. You have given eight thousand pieces of silver to a man who is so mean that he even picks up a single piece that he has dropped, and does not leave it for the slave.'

The king smiled, and, to humour the queen, pretended to be angry with the fisherman, and asked him why he was so covetous.

The man fell down again, kissed the ground and replied,—

'I did not pick up the piece, O King, on account of its value, or on account of covetousness, but because it had upon its side the name and effigy of the king, and I was afraid the king's likeness might be trod on unknowingly, and so the king disgraced. I picked it up that the king might not be dishonoured.'

'Better than ever,' cried the king, shaking with laughter. 'Give him four thousand more pieces of silver, and conduct him through the city with a crier going before him, proclaiming, "It is not fit that any one should follow the counsel of a woman, for he who does so loses not merely one piece of silver, but also two other pieces besides."'

B.

WOODEN SHOES.



NE strange thing which strikes an Englishman on first landing in a Continental town is the constant clatter of the wooden shoes of the fishermen and peasants over the paved streets. Men and women both wear these great, heavy, awkward shoes; they are very cheap, and a good protection against the wet, which in rainy weather, pours down from the roofs of the houses, and makes

some of the streets almost like shallow rivers. In France and Germany, in the plains and near the sea-coast, wooden shoes are very commonly used, but in the mountainous and rocky countries, such as Switzerland and the Tyrol, where they would soon be cracked and broken, they are not known.

Wooden shoes are generally made of birch, which is the toughest, thickest, and most elastic wood, and the least liable to split. To make rough and clumsy wooden shoes does not require much skill, and farmers living in remote districts who have a

slight idea how they are cut, often employ themselves and their men during the long winter evenings in sawing, boring, and scooping out wooden shoes for their households, in the same way as they chop up their fire-wood, make their ladders, and the wheels and axles of their waggons.

But the manufacture of proper wooden shoes is quite a separate trade. Wooden shoemakers abound in the villages of Lower Saxony. We recognise their small dwellings at once, by the piled-up blocks of birch-wood and the heaps of shavings outside of them. These shoemakers have their own peculiar instruments for their work, quite different from the tools of leather shoemakers, but rather like those of turners and joiners. Like them they use the axe, the saw, and the hammer; but the scooping out, the most important part of their work, requires tools of a peculiar form, which have been used in the remote villages on the moors and heaths of Germany since the earliest ages. One shoemaker, with these instruments, can make four or five pairs of wooden shoes in a day, about the number which a peasant requires in the course of a year. Our illustration shows us a wooden shoemaker of Schleswig and his apprentice, in their workshop.

WINTERING AT SPITZBERGEN.

OME scientific Germans have decided to pass a winter in order to make observations in the ice-girt island of Spitzbergen, the nearest discovered country to the North Pole. It may, therefore, be interesting to give a short account of the former attempts to winter in this region of intense cold. To pass a winter in Spitzbergen will always be a rash and bold undertaking, many have already fallen victims to the attempt.

For a long time it was considered impossible for any human being, even with the aid of fire and the inventions of civilization, to spend the winter safely at Spitzbergen. But at the same time, the advantages of a permanent settlement there appeared so great, that an English Company obtained permission of the Government to send thither some criminals who were condemned to death, and to provide them with every possible means of defence against the rigour of the winter. They were, in fact, taken to the island and abundantly supplied with food and fuel, a house, too, was built for them. But when the captain prepared to depart, and the poor criminals looked through the howling storm at the icebergs around them, they clasped the knees of the ship's officers and implored in heart-rending tones to be taken back to England, for that they would rather die there on the gallows than perish here with the cold. The captain's heart was touched, he brought them home, and the Company afterwards obtained their pardon.

Shortly after this four Russians were forced to pass the winter at Spitzbergen. They had es-



caped from shipwreck, and possessed, besides their clothes, only one gun and powder enough for a few shots. However, they determined to brave the winter. They built a hut, shot a few reindeer with their gun, and some other game with bows and arrows, which they had made out of driftwood and their harpoons. Birds and foxes were caught with traps and nets. In this way they not only obtained provisions and warm skins for clothing, but weapons too, against the attacks of the polar bears. Thus for six years they remained not only alive, but in good health on the most barren and desolate part of the island. In the sixth year one of them died, and the other three, when they were quite in despair, were released by a ship which chanced to come just at the right time. During their long banishment these poor Robinson Crusoes had killed so many bears, reindeer, seals, and valuable foxes, that the price they received for their skins and train-oil made them comfortably off for the rest of their lives.

This rich booty led a number of speculators at Archangel to form a Company to profit by killing the seals, walrusses, reindeer, and polar bears, which abounded in the island. With this object some enterprising men determined to colonise the island in groups of from two to five men stationed at different points on the coasts of Spitzbergen. These colonists were placed under an overseer, whose head-quarters were at Hoalfiske Point, where the different huntsmen were all to meet once a-year and deliver up to him their stock of skins and train-oil. Every May the Company sent over a ship with fresh provisions and men, relieving those who had wintered there, for few could endure to pass two successive winters in the rigorous climate.

In 1858, there lived at Kola, in Lapland, a white-bearded Russian who had passed not less than thirty-five winters there; during this period, indeed, many hundreds of his comrades had fallen victims to the intense cold, so that the Englishman, Lamont, who a few years ago explored many miles of the coast of Spitzbergen, frequently found in these terrible solitudes, ruins of little wooden huts with several graves before them, as well as bones of men and animals bleaching in the snow. But in spite of the sacrifice of human life, the profits of the Company from furs and oil, during forty years, were very considerable, but at last the whole undertaking came to an end in the winter of 1851, through the following tragedy:

During the previous summer an immense heap of heavy floating ice had blocked up the whole of the Hoalfiske Point, and the southern coast of Spitzbergen. The men of the Russian Company had assembled from their different posts at the head-quarters, and in vain awaited the annual ship from Archangel, which released them. This had been lost on the way, and not a vestige of it was to be seen. The ice extending far and wide around the island prevented all other ships from approaching them during the summer. At last, at the end of August, a Norwegian was stranded here, and her crew sought all along the shore for the Russian colonists. They

discovered, indeed, one hut after another, but they found their former inhabitants dead and buried before their habitations. Close to the head-quarters in front of the wooden house, they saw fourteen fresh graves in a row, and the other men also were dead, one on the floor inside, one still in bed. That the last was the overseer, they discovered by his log-book lying close to him. It contained the simple but terrible story of their sufferings and of their end.

At the beginning of the year an infectious scurvy had broken out amongst the men, of which many had died at the various stations. The survivors had collected at the head-quarters and hoped soon to be released and set free by the ship from Archangel. As this hope from day to day and from week to week gradually faded away, their store of provisions also became exhausted, so that they died one by one, partly from scurvy, partly from starvation, and were buried as long as the survivors had the strength to pay this last act of respect to their poor comrades. At last only four remained. The two who died first could not be buried by the others, they were dragged outside the hut where they lay. The other two laid themselves down together in bed and there awaited their fate. When one had died he was pushed by the other,—the overseer and writer of the log-book, out of the bed, which exertion nearly caused his immediate death. This occurred a few days before the arrival of the Norwegians. The Russians possessed a large galley and several small boats in the harbour, but the ice had prevented all use of them in the sea, and when it broke up, the survivors were too weak to try to save themselves in these boats. The shipwrecked Norwegians now made use of the galley in order to escape in it to Hammerfest, the most northern town in Europe. They brought with them the log-book of the last Russian in Spitzbergen, which they delivered up to the Russian consul, who sent it to Archangel. From thence the world learned the terrible fate of the Russian hunters in Spitzbergen. Since that time no one has had courage to pass a winter in that fearful ice-wilderness, or to propose to others to make the attempt.

The German heroes of science who are now about again to renew the struggle with this enemy will have reason not only to prepare themselves doubly and trebly against the unavoidable and certain nine months' existence in the midst of all the deadly terrors of the Arctic winter, but must also remember that an army of icebergs may obstinately blockade the coast during the whole summer, and prevent the approach of any friendly vessel of deliverance.

J. F. C.

THE LITTLE BLUE SHOES.

W. C. Bennett.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes,
Those shoes that no little feet use,
Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes.

For they hold the small shape of feet,
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.
And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That dear little treasure,
And over them thought and wept!
For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.
As they lie before her there,
There bubbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.
Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

THE FIVE-FINGER LESSON.

PASSING by a village school, I accidentally entered, and heard the schoolmaster give the following peculiar and practical lecture, which was received with so much interest by the children, that I thought it might be interesting to our young readers.

I came in just as he was beginning the lesson; so, having taken a chair, I heard him proceed as follows:—

Now, children, I am about to speak on the virtues and happiness of life, and in doing so I shall use your fingers to impress it on your memories. I shall call it 'the five-finger lesson,' not only because you are to use your fingers, but you will thus always have the lesson at your fingers' ends, and so always have it ready for practical uses.

Now, then, to begin, hold the left hand up and spread the fingers out; then take the fore-finger of the right hand, and touch the thumb of the left, and say, One.

1. Speak the truth. We must begin with that; there is no getting on without a love for pure truth. Do not allow others to be deceived about you; great inconvenience often arises from mistakes not being explained. If you have to speak, say the truth out boldly, regardless of consequences. Now remember that, and put the first finger on from the thumb to the first finger of the left hand, and say, Two.

2. Be honest. Now, to be honest is to be real; not to let the outside be smart when the inside is not so. In the Bible the Pharisees are represented as dishonest, appearing like whitened sepulchres, but within full of death and decay. Now about work, you should remember, 'Thou, O God, seest me,' though no human eye does; and if you do not work as hard and as steadily when no person is looking, you are dishonest; therefore, attend to all



The Five-Finger Lesson.

your lessons, and do not dishonestly shuffle out of them. In after years you will reap the benefit of having remembered the instruction you received at school. I will only say, in regard to money, just ask the simple question to your conscience, when in doubt, 'Is it right?' Now to the middle finger, Three.

3. Be punctual. Remember, if you are late, you will make others late if they wait for you. You must learn to be regular in your habits. Lord Nelson, the great admiral, said that always being five minutes before his time had made him what he was. A good lesson on unpunctuality is to be a minute late for the railway train; you lose your market, and probably half a day's work besides. Now to next finger, and say, Four.

4. Be clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness. Always be fit to be seen; your room, and everything you have, clean, neat, and put away tidy, so that you will never have to blush if accidentally observed. Be moderate in eating and drinking; always leave off when you have had enough. Now to little finger, Five.

5. Be kind. You may change the roughest disposition by kindness; nothing can resist it. Be firm in not giving up what you know to be right; but be kind, and you must succeed at the end.

And now I hope you will strive to your utmost to keep to these good resolutions, so that you may feel when you go to your rest at night, that your five-finger hints have been truly valuable to you throughout the day.

Parts I. to IX. price 3d. each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had,
price One Halfpenny each.

No. 43. Sept. 21, 1868.

Weekly — One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



BIRDIE'S SINGING LESSON.

CHIRRUP, chirrup, little bird !
 Let thy cheery voice be heard !
 Ope thy tiny beak, and sing
 Merrily and flap thy wing !
 From the cage I take thee now,
 Fancy thou 'rt upon the bough,
 Swinging in the summer air,
 With the sunshine here and there
 Breaking through the leafy screen,
 Turning into gold the green
 Of the leaves that dance and play :
 Be you merry as are they.

Chirrup, chirrup, tweety-twee !
 Little one, come sing to me,
 Let thy warble fill mine ear ;
 Hark, I whistle loud and clear,
 Put my lips together—so,
 Stick them out, and gently blow ;
 Surely you can do the same :
 Not one effort ? fie, for shame !
 You will put me in a rage,
 Back you'll go into the cage,
 I shall shut the door, and dark
 Will your prison be—dost mark !

Chirrup, chirrup ! ah, that's right,
 Like the skylark out of sight,
 Singing in the sunshine there,
 Loud and shrill. Bravo ! that's rare !
 Don't give up ; come, off again,
 Wheety-whit, a broken strain ;
 Never mind, my birdie, try—
 Try again—Cheo-chee, chi-chi ;
 Trill and warble ! warble, trill !
 Strain thy glossy throat until
 Music cometh, it must come,
 For thy throat is music's home.

Chirrup, chirrup ! off we go !
 Up and down, and to and fro,
 On my finger as you ride,
 Swinging so from side to side,
 Let your sweet song sink and rise,
 To the earth and to the skies,
 To the east and to the west,
 Rising with the sun, to rest
 Sinking as he goeth down,
 Crimson-robed, with golden crown :
 That will do ; now, birdie, keep
 Still and quiet—go to sleep !

H. G. ADAMS.

HUGH CHALMERS.

(Continued from page 331.)

CHAPTER III.

R. TANNER was, unfortunately, beginning his dinner when he was roused by the sound of voices in his hall. An altercation, as it seemed to him, which was every instant becoming louder and more impetuous. These were the words he heard :—

'Do, pray, come ; Mr. Chalmers would pay you afterwards.'

'I tell you I can't come, and you'd better be off.'

'But he'll die, I am sure he will. Do ask Mr. Tanner to send somebody back with me ; he would if you asked him.'

'He wouldn't do no such a thing,' replied Mr. Smith the butler.

'Now then,' said Mr. Tanner, coming out into the hall, 'what's all this about ? What do you mean by all this noise ? Get out this instant, will you, young gentleman ? And let me tell you, Smith, that if you mean to keep me waiting while you talk to any blockhead that comes, you had better take yourself off altogether.'

Smith skulked away to the dining-room, while Sidney redoubled his entreaties, but vainly. Mr. Tanner's only answer was to hold open the door and point the way out.

'Very likely he's dead by this time, sir,' said Sidney, with chattering teeth.

'It's his own fault if he is then ; and if not, be so good as to tell him that I shall have the pleasure of calling on his father with a magistrate's summons in my pocket.'

Sidney rushed down the drive in anger and disappointment. He could hardly remember the day when he had cried, and he could not have believed it of himself, but now the hot tears would make their way, as he saw Hugh still on the grass, and knew that he was powerless to help him. His eyes were open, and he seemed to have a dim consciousness of what had taken place.

'You went to the Hall for somebody, and he won't let anybody come ; will he, Sid ?'

Sidney shook his head, and said, 'I must run down to the village, I won't be long.' But just as he was going two figures appeared carrying a shutter, and it turned out that Smith, not being able to get away himself, had sent two of the stable-men, with strict orders not to let Mr. Tanner know. Very gently and kindly they lifted him, but the pain was too great to bear, and Hugh fainted away.

It was at this moment that Mr. Chalmers, having waited long for the boys at home, came upon them. He had traced them from the village, and now came up the little footpath to meet them. The men stopped and told him respectfully what they knew. Sidney's tongue and lips were parched. When Hugh fainted he thought it was death, and he could not speak to Mr. Chalmers, who walked by the side of his boy clasping his hand in silence. By the time they got to the Vicarage, Hugh had revived a little,

and his first anxiety was to know whether he had done wrong, whether his father was angry.

The doctor could not say anything decided at present. It was a very serious case, but the extent of the injury could not be known yet. The time which had passed before help was got had been a great disadvantage, as the boy had required immediate stimulants after the severe shock.

Mr. Chalmers now knew the whole story from Sidney, and when he thought of what had caused the delay, it was hard for him to keep down the bitter feeling of resentment against Mr. Tanner, which rose in his heart. That was a long sad night of watching, and though Hugh could not raise himself to look for the light at the Hall as usual, he asked Janet if it was there. It was, and Hugh wandered off into his world of fancy once more, and thought of the text, and wondered whether he should ever be of use to Mr. Tanner or anybody else now.

There seemed a tie between them however slight; and so indeed there was, for at the same moment Mr. Tanner looked out into the darkness, and far down in the village he saw the unusual light at the Vicarage, and said to himself that if the young rascal had broken some of his bones it served him right. 'To steal his rooks, indeed!'

The next morning Hugh was worse, and a physician was telegraphed for. The poor boy was very quiet and patient, and his face so angelic, that his father continually turned away in anguish, and the next moment he would return to gaze at it.

Presently Hugh started. 'That is Mr. Tanner's voice, papa. I am sure I heard it down-stairs. I have never forgotten it since that day, you know, papa, when he found old Evans picking up sticks in the park.'

A moment afterwards Janet put her head in,— 'The Squire will thank you to speak to him, sir, if you please.'

'Beg him to excuse me, Janet; I cannot leave Hugh.'

'Oh, papa, don't mind about me. I should like you to go and tell him I am sorry I did that yesterday if he didn't like it.' Mr. Chalmers still hesitated; he was not sure that he could trust his own temper. 'Do go, papa, perhaps he won't come here again if you don't; and Dr. Bates can't be here till twelve, you know.'

So Mr. Chalmers went, and Hugh listened anxiously for the sounds from below. Happily he heard nothing but a buzz of distant talking. The torrent of anger and invective, not only about this matter of Hugh's, but going back long years into the past, did not reach him, though he guessed something of it.

'Is the Squire angry, Janet?'

'Never mind if he is, my dear, who cares?'

'I care,' said Hugh; 'go down, dear Janet, and get him to come up and see me.'

'Bless me, Master Hugh, I couldn't go for to do such a thing. Bring that man up to you, my darling! No, never.'

'Now, Janet, you say you love me, and the first thing I care much about your doing when I'm so

ill, you won't do. You must go and ask him to come.'

Janet hesitated, remonstrated, tried to change the boy's wish, and at last she went. She knocked at the door of the study, but was not heard. The Squire was making too much noise, so she opened it and gave Hugh's message.

'Eh! what! he wants to see me?' said Mr. Tanner, brought to a sudden pause.

'No, no, Janet. Hugh cannot see Mr. Tanner to-day. Tell him I am coming directly,' said Mr. Chalmers.

The old woman retired, but soon returned with a still more urgent message from Hugh. 'He said he must see him,' said Janet.

'Didn't you say he might die?' asked the Squire. 'I'd rather not see him. I don't like death and all that sort of thing,—it's not in my way.'

Mr. Chalmers hesitated. He had a shrinking which he could not express to take Mr. Tanner into his boy's presence, and yet he did not like to refuse Hugh anything on which he had set his heart.

'Perhaps you had better come up. I shall not leave you alone, so you need not be frightened,' said the Vicar, in a tone of contempt he could not control.

That was a pitiful sight. The violent, ungodly man brought face to face with the pure, single-hearted boy, whose greatest desire was, that that hard heart might be softened.

'Please to go, papa,' whispered Hugh.

'No, no, he'd better not go,' said the Squire, for there was something in Hugh's look that he was not accustomed to, something which reminded him of his own childhood, and of days when he was happier.

'Thank you for coming to ask about me, sir,' said Hugh, with a questioning look in his eyes. Mr. Tanner felt a queer sensation in his throat. He didn't quite like to say he had come with a summons in his pocket; so he was silent, and began to feel big drops of perspiration on his forehead. 'I want you to forgive me though, because you know I may die. And it's very dreadful to die if you don't get everybody to forgive you. I wish I could give you the eggs again, but I broke them when I fell.'

'I don't want them!' said the Squire, gruffly, the lump in his throat getting bigger.

'Now, Hugh, you must not talk any more. I will come back to you in a moment.'

Hugh held out his hand to Mr. Tanner, who dropped it in a fright at its burning fever, and then walked down-stairs and straight out of the house. He did not even say good-bye to the Vicar, but got on his pony and rode home going out of his way to visit the rooks, and explore the scene of the accident. The spot was shown plainly enough by the broken wood, and the pressed and trodden grass.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Everything that conveys useful information is a fit subject for inquiry.



Indian's Winter Home.

come so few and scattered is the wicked trade in spirits that white men have carried on among these poor people. At the present moment there is a large traffic in brandy and rum among the Indians, who for these change away valuable furs. When an Indian has once tasted

THE WHITE INDIAN.

A True Story.

I.—CAPTIVITY.

THE Red Indians of North America, who once spread over the whole country from

sea to sea, are now only to be found far in the interior. When white emigrants reach the Indian settlements, the Indians have to give up their land, and go farther inland. The two races cannot dwell together. One of the causes why the Indians have be-



Indians Travelling.

'fire-water,' he is on the sure road to commit any crime to get more, and so whole tribes of Indians have perished, and are now perishing.

Even fifty years ago this trade had reached to the head waters of the Mississippi, as the following story of one, who was taken a prisoner and who dwelt nineteen years among the Indians, will show.

In the year 1798 there was an attack made by the Indians upon a certain white settlement, the inhabitants of which had annoyed the Indians. Most of the people who had not fled were tomahawked, and the Indians, after their victory, retreated into the woods with a little boy about four years old, as prisoner.

The tribe which took him captive were called Chikapoos, a branch of the Pawnees. He was put into Indian dress, and adopted by an Indian woman as her son. A little bow and arrow were put into his hands, and he was taught to shoot. He soon forgot all about his father and mother, and the little English he had learned was forgotten too. As he grew up he became noways different from an Indian boy, and learned to hunt, to paddle, and to ride the horse across the prairie. Once, when some Indian lads taunted him for being white, and called him a *squaw*—a term of reproach, to signify that he was not a warrior, he proved that he was not a *squaw*, by mastering the Indian boys in fight.

After he had been about four years with this people, a change occurred—the tribe was attacked by

the Kansas Indians, and he was once more taken captive. He was fortunate enough to find another step-mother among the new tribe; a woman who had just lost her son in the battle adopted him, and treated him with kindness. The Kansas lived by hunting, and now and then met with traders to sell their skins for guns. Spirits had not yet been introduced.

He had before this time entirely forgotten his own people, and had been brought up to regard white men as treacherous, and enemies of the Indians; so that when he first saw a white face he entertained all the ill feelings of his education, and behaved exactly like an Indian towards the stranger. The words exchanged were few and reserved, and, after the stranger had departed, the old chief of the Kansas called a council and made a speech. 'Avoid the white people. Drink not their poisonous water. It is sent by the bad Spirit. Be brave and cunning in war. Never suffer the squaws to want. Protect the stranger. Obey the elders. Never betray a friend. Fear not death; none but cowards are afraid to die. Revenge yourselves only on your enemies.' He then pointed to his scars, and said, 'The companions of my youth are all perished. Like a decayed prairie tree, I stand alone. All my former friends have laid their heads upon their mother (earth). My sun is going down behind yonder hills.' The old chief did not live long after this.

(To be continued.)

A RAILWAY JOURNEY IN TEXAS.


T was in the month of March, says a German traveller, when after a journey of nearly one hundred English miles, which I had accomplished in seven days in a private conveyance, amid constant difficulties, I was at last cheered by the sight of the friendly town of Marshall, in Northern Texas; I thought that now I had reached the end of the fatigues of my journey, as from hence I could travel by the railway to Shreveport, in the State of Louisiana.

But a railway in Texas is a very different thing from a railway in Europe, and the railway which connects the towns of Marshall and Shreveport, the so-called Southern Pacific Railway, is perhaps the worst in the world. I had heard travellers who had made use of it speak of its slowness as beyond belief, but I thought that these reports were exaggerated, and I hoped to accomplish the short distance of forty English miles in half a day, at the longest.

About six o'clock the next morning we reached the place where 'the station ought to be,' and arranged ourselves in the carriage—the railway possesses only one car for passengers, the others are mostly open trucks, which on this day were piled with bales of cotton. Fortunately we had a little iron stove in the carriage, which was filled with pine wood, and was red-hot. The car, which was built in the American style, with a long passage down the centre between the seats, was crammed full of travellers of both sexes, children and negroes, and the atmosphere was not only stiflingly unwholesome, but made doubly unbearable by the fumes of tobacco and the smoking stove.

At last, after we had waited in the car for an hour beyond the time fixed for departure, the locomotive, 'Ben Jonson,' announced itself by a deep howl, and was linked on to the train, the engine-driver and stoker took a last draught of whisky in a neighbouring public-house, lighted their short clay pipes, and then we cautiously went forward. The first half-hour, in which we got over about two miles, passed without any particular incident. I was beginning to think that the terrible stories about this railway were travellers' tales, when the train suddenly came to a stand-still. The 'Ben Jonson' had no more wood, they said, and a cylinder was out of order.

In an hour and a half the cylinder was set to rights, and some wood was got together and taken in. The engine-driver had spent the time in a wayside public, in a game of cards, and the negro-helper, whose duty it was to repair injuries, had plainly not hurried himself. With a shriek the engine again proceeded along the rails. The carriage oscillated more on the uneven line than a ship on a stormy sea, and after half an hour there was another stoppage. The water in the boiler was said to be exhausted. The locomotive deserted us

in a swamp, which on this wintry day looked doubly dreary, and started for the nearest reservoir, three miles off, in order to supply itself with water, and returned after an absence of two hours.

Meanwhile a thorough Texan snow-storm burst over us. Rain, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, and icy cold wind—altogether hideous weather. In the carriage, whisky bottles went the round, the negroes could scarcely be torn by force from the stove and brought to their work.

At last the 'Ben Jonson' arrived and was ready to start. The train began to jump in a most lively manner over the rails, so that its inmates rejoiced at its quicker locomotion, when suddenly a crash was heard beneath us, and the carriage, after several leaps, came to a halt, throwing passengers, trunks, and bags against one another, hurling a pair of slumbering negroes against the stove, and causing a state of confusion which, to a comfortable on-looker, would have been very comical.

No one, thank God, was hurt, so that we got off with the fright alone. After four hours' work in the snow, in which all the male passengers joined, we succeeded in getting the carriage on the rails again, and the wheezing 'Ben Jonson' rumbled slowly onwards.

It was the afternoon. The passengers, excited by whisky, were not slow in making the most uncomplimentary remarks upon the conductor and all the officials of the celebrated South Pacific Railway, when the train again came to a stand-still in a forest near a block-house amid the general exclamation of the passengers,—'Whoa! here we are at the grocery!'

By the road-side stood a team of oxen which had brought cotton from Marshall, which was intended to have been conveyed by the railway, but had waited two months in vain for that. The driver now offered our conductor his friendly assistance, saying that he was willing to harness his oxen on to the train that we might reach Shreveport the sooner. The conductor at once took off his coat, and challenged the driver to fight because he had insulted him. The latter, a regular Texan backwoodsman, who, for the pleasure of a good fight, would walk a couple of miles any day, accepted the challenge with delight. All the passengers jumped out of the carriage without troubling themselves about the bad weather, and formed a ring round the combatants.

With drawn revolvers the spectators of the battle stood in a circle, each swearing that he would shoot down the first man who helped one of the combatants, whilst the conductor and driver, like a pair of fighting dogs, rolled over and over with each other on the swampy ground, covered with half melted snow. First one was down and then the other; and fists, boots, and teeth did their utmost to overcome the opponent, whilst the spectators, who for the most part took the side of the ox-driver, made the forest resound with their cheers and brutal cries. The driver at last succeeded in fixing his teeth in the nose of his adversary, and, according to the Texan manner, half pressed out one of his eyes with his thumb; upon which the conductor screamed out that he had had enough.

The fight was now over, the spectators' pistols returned to their breasts, and the victor, with a thorough Indian war-whoop, challenged any friend to the conductor to single combat.

As no one felt inclined to accept the challenge, the passengers expressing their pleasure at this amusing interlude, settled down again in the carriage; the 'Ben Jonson' was again linked on to the train and slowly proceeded forward. By the evening we had in this manner accomplished about twenty miles, when the locomotive had exhausted both wood and water, and the conductor, who out of rage at his defeat had made himself drunk, told the passengers that he did not intend to go any further till the next morning.

The native Texans, strong, wild-looking fellows, who were accustomed to bivouacking, soon kindled a couple of monster fires in the forest, round which they encamped in picturesque groups. The blazes, fanned by the stormy wind, rose up among the leafless moss-grown bows of the huge gnarled trees, and formed fantastic pictures in the half-lighted gloom of the forest, while the snow-flakes fell hissing into the fire. In spite of all the romance I soon retired from the bivouac back into the carriage, as a couch on the damp grass, exposed to a cruel north wind, was anything but comfortable.

A sad night indeed it was, which I then passed. Curling myself up into as small a compass as possible, I made repeated unsuccessful efforts to go to sleep on one of the seats. An African who had taken a place behind me, and was sending forth sonorous bass sounds, stretched his legs over the back of the seat close under my nose; another, who snored before me on the ground, laid his woolly head conveniently in my lap; drunken Irishmen sang songs, the stove was now red-hot, now icy cold, and smoked like a chimney, the circulation stopped in my cramped veins, and I found that I must give up all hope of sleep.

The day dawned at length—a leaden sky, a howling north wind, no breakfast. At seven o'clock an attempt was to be made to go on; a new locomotive, the 'Jay-bird,' was said to be close by and would push while the 'Ben Jonson' drew us. But both locomotives were hard frozen. An attempt to propel our iron horses to the next reservoir failed. The passengers boiled water at the bivouac-fire in tin kettles, and carried it a distance of about sixty yards to the engines, while the negro labourers snow-balled each other, and neither by threats nor persuasions could be induced to help us.

At last, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the 'Ben Jonson' and the 'Jay-bird' were ready to start, and with three cheers from the passengers the train was set in motion. After four attempts we reached the summit of a hill. We went cheerfully down an inclined plane on the other side, and then through a cutting which was so narrow that the carriage almost touched the perpendicular walls on both sides. Here the train ran off the rails and separated in the middle—only a mile and a half from the place where we had passed the night. The passenger car with the 'Jay-bird' was behind, the 'Ben

Jonson' with the baggage-trucks, before, and an almost bottomless mass of loam, softened by the rain, in which one sunk up to the knees, filled the space between.

The conductor now proposed to the passengers to continue their journey for the thirteen miles to Shreveport upon the open cotton trucks—not a very inviting prospect. Still to pass a second night in the carriage or bivouac was out of the question. So we carried our baggage from the passenger-car through the ankle-deep mud and half-melted snow to the cotton trucks. After we had waited for about an hour for the return of the 'Ben Jonson,' which had gone on to reconnoitre, we again went forward. With renewed fury the wind whistled in our ears, and rain, snow, and hail rattled down upon us as we huddled closely together on the top of the piled-up cotton bales. The carriages jumped and shook in such a manner on the uneven rails, that it required some skill to keep from falling off our perilous seat.

About nine o'clock at night we reached Shreveport, where a railway-station is unknown. We had to alight in the open street, half frozen and hungry as hyenas, as we had had nothing during our forty hours' journey but a crust of bread and some cheese, the remains of our breakfast at Marshall. We had accomplished forty English miles in forty hours. Glad was I to be able to rest and refresh myself in the warm saloon of the steamer *Alabama*, and greatly did I congratulate myself that this railway journey in the Southern Pacific would be my first and last on this model Texan railroad.

J. F. C.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

'Chambers's Educational Tracts.'

I SAW a little girl
With half-uncovered form,
And wondered why she wandered thus,
Amid the winter storm;
They said her mother drank
What took her sense away,
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.
I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude and punishment
And toil divide the time;
And as they forced him through its gate
Unwillingly along,
They told me 'twas the maddening drink
That made him do the wrong.
I saw a woman weep
As if her heart would break;
They said her husband drank too much,
Of what he should not take.
I saw an unfrequented mound
Where weeds and brambles wave;
They said no tear had fallen there:
It was a drunkard's grave.
They said these were not all
The risks that drunkards run,
For there was danger lest the soul
Be evermore undone.
Water is very pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see,
And since it cannot do us harm
It is the drink for me.



CAT AND DOG.

ABABY, a cat, a dog, are some of the chief toys and comforts of many a happy circle in humble life. What a pleasure to the other children! How many happy smiles they bring to the faces of the hard-working parents!

There is no baby in our picture, for it had outgrown its little chair, and gone to school, but the

cat and dog still clung to it, and preferred it to any other place in the cottage, and so I drew them. They gave the proverb of fighting like cat and dog the lie. A healthy, well-cared-for baby does not cry much; well-cared-for and well-trained cats and dogs do not fight.

Parts I. to IX. price 3d. each. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny.

No. 44. Sept. 28, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.





PATIENT WAITING.

E may all learn a lesson from the well-trained sheep-dog that you see in the picture. The Highland lad is holding out a very tempting bit of dinner, but the dog does not jump about and yelp and bark like some unmanly curs. Its sparkling eyes, and panting breath, and outstretched tongue, show how eager and excited the doggie is, and yet he waits patiently till his master gives him the treat, the good smell of which he cannot help sniffing in.

How different from some children that we have seen! They think that their father or mother has some fruit or 'sweet-stuff' for them, and they do not wait patiently till it is given to them, but they jump about crying, '*Give me some, pa!*' '*I want some, ma!*'

Perhaps they get it a little sooner by their teasing, but their father or mother has not nearly the same pleasure in giving it to them, as if they had waited patiently for it. A little Scotch girl was asked what was meant by Patience, she said, in her quaint way of speaking, that it meant, 'Wait a wee, and dinna weary.'

And whether in looking for a pleasure or in bearing pain, it is always best to be patient. Let us all pray to God to give us this blessed gift of a patient temper, and let us try always to be patient.

THE SWEETEST WORD.

ONE sweet word of holy meaning
Cometh to me o'er and o'er,
And the echoes of its music
Linger ever, evermore;
Trust—no other word we utter
Can so sweet and precious be,
Turning all life's jarring discords
Into heavenly harmony!

Trust—O Saviour! give its fulness
To me at thy feet in prayer;
Grant my dying lips to breathe it.
Leave its lingering sweetness there,—
Sweetness there to stay the breaking
Of the hearts which love me so;
Whispering from my silent coffin,
‘Trust the hand which lays me low!’

Loved ones, as ye rear the marble,
Pure above my waiting dust,
Grave no other word upon it
But the holiest, sweetest *Trust*;
For this password know the angels,
Guarding o'er the pearly door.—
Password to His blessed presence,
Whom I trust for evermore.

HERBERT NEWBURY.



HUGH CHALMERS.

(Concluded from page 330.)

CHAPTER IV.

HAT did the London doctor say?" that was the question which ran through the parish that evening. All sorts of rumours were afloat, for everybody loved Hugh, who had grown up among the people, and who, ever since his mother's death, had seemed to belong in a manner to each mother in the village.

Some said that there was no hope; others, that if he lived he would always be a cripple. Dr. Bates was, in fact, made responsible for many opinions before he had given his own, which was that the boy's life was in great danger, although if he did pull through, it would probably be with a sound body, as there appeared to be no injury beyond the shock to the nervous system of a very delicate boy.

Mr. Tanner sent Smith to the Railway Station in order that he might learn or overhear what Dr. Bates had said, but the physician hurried up as the train was starting, and Smith was thrown back on the popular voice of rumour. Several times in the course of the night Mr. Tanner looked out. He said to himself that it was because he was anxious about the weather for the wheat; but, somehow, when he caught sight of Hugh's light, he forgot the wheat and the weather. Latterly he had been troubled by recollections of a child's face laid upon a pillow in his own house, of a sweet smile, and a bounding step, and then of hard, unforgiving words, and long years of silence and gloom.

Whose fault was it? Conscience whispered, 'Clearly it is yours, Mr. Tanner; but to that voice Mr. Tanner turned a deaf ear as he stamped on the floor and said, 'She had no business to marry him against my will, and I'll keep my word. I'll never see or hear from her again; I've said so thousands of times, and I mean it.'

So that it seemed as if matters were not likely to mend; and that as far as Mr. Tanner was concerned, Hugh might as well not have tumbled from the top of one of his trees to the bottom.

Dr. Bates had said that if Hugh did not improve decidedly in a week he would probably sink. The week passed, and he was more exhausted and in greater pain than at first. His father slept, or rather watched, on a little bedstead in his room, and would give up his post to no one. Many prayers went up to God in those silent night-watches, many loving acts of self-denial were offered. In moments of greatest pain and restlessness Hugh would abstain from even turning in his bed lest it should disturb his father.

Hugh used to lie there and wonder if he were really going to see his mother in the far-off land, and whether she would recognise and love him, for when she died he was a baby. He felt sure he should know her because of her picture, and all the stories his father had told him about her. But then she

had done so much, and he had had time to do nothing, so should he go to her at all?

Yes, he thought so; he remembered the loving Saviour who accepted children, and who, he knew, loved him. It is true the thought of the text in the study caused him some uneasiness; 'For,' as he said to himself, 'if it had been only just Mr. Tanner, it would have been something. Then I should, perhaps, have been one little tiny twinkling star, and my father and mother great big glorious stars; but now, oh! I don't know whether I shall shine at all.'

But Hugh got worse from day to day, and at last he lay insensible. One of his aunts had come to help in the nursing, and Jack had been sent for to see him, but his brother did not know him. Jack loved him dearly, and went back to school in terrible grief, and had a weight on his spirits which was quite new to him.

It was said now to be only a question of time, and Mr. Douglas told Janet that he might very possibly sink away in the unconscious state in which he had been lying for some days. His father would never leave him except for the services in the church, and these he felt to be a relief and comfort to him.

It was on the Sunday week following the accident that Janet was keeping her watch alone by the sick boy's bed. There had been stillness in the room so long that Janet started at hearing her own name.

'Yes, my darling,' she said, 'I'm here.'

'Janet, am I going to die?'

Janet's answer was a sort of low sob, which Hugh understood.

'Where's papa, Janet?'

'In church, dear; he only leaves you to go there unless he's sent for.'

'Does Mr. Tanner go, Janet?'

'No, I haven't heard that he goes to church, but they say he's terrible sorry. Smith is always asking about you, and they say the Squire sends him.'

'But I am always asking God to make him good. I think, perhaps, God won't hear me because I'm not good myself. And if that's it, I shan't go to heaven myself, you know.'

Janet did not know what to say.

'If I were to die,' Hugh went on, and as he spoke his voice grew fainter, 'perhaps he would be sorry. Sorry for papa, I mean, and then he would come here, and papa would talk to him. I think I should like to get better if I might, but if I don't, I should like to send a message to Mr. Tanner. Look, there's a pencil and paper, where papa has been writing. I wonder if I can hold it. You may give me a little more wine, Janet, and lift up my head a little. If I die, Janet, you can give this to the Squire. It's about cousin Fred's wife.'

So Hugh with great difficulty wrote:—

'Please, Mr. Tanner, will you be so good and forgive Cousin Fred's wife, and please come to church.'

'Your friend, H. C.'

'You can put it in your pocket, or anywhere till you want it,' said Hugh.

CHAPTER V.

His father was very happy indeed to find Hugh sensible, and to see his eyes open once more. But

his previous effort had exhausted him greatly, and he could scarcely talk any more. Late in that day he followed a few verses and prayers with his lips, and his hands were clasped according to his habit, but his face was growing more and more unearthly, and the sweet brown eyes were becoming dim.

A very few words of peace, and comfort, and hope, and of that other meeting by-and-bye, gentle kisses and thanks, and Hugh had sunk once more into the dreamland of insensibility, never again to be roused to earthly things.

The Squire looked out into the darkness of the night, from the darkness of his own heart, into which, however, a glimmer of light had come. The Vicar looked out too, with an aching yearning after the spirit of his child, but he could look through the outer darkness into the bright courts beyond, where one more young voice was perhaps swelling the Song of Everlasting Praise.

He had heard from Janet all the particulars of that Sunday morning, and had received from her the small bit of paper with the message to Mr. Tanner. For hours it lay on the table before him. Each unsteady character was being photographed on his heart, for he knew that he must part with it, and though so unspeakably precious to him, how did he know that it would not be thrown aside or profaned?—these last words of his dying child.

But presently he put the piece of paper tenderly into an envelope, and added a few words of his own to Mr. Tanner.

How they were received he never knew. He knew nothing till the Sunday after the funeral, when at the church-door he saw a hand held out to him, and met the Squire's grasp. Mr. Tanner's face was full of quivering agitation, and Mr. Chalmers asked him to come home with him. It was a great effort, for the Vicar was longing to be alone, but when they were shut into the study, Mr. Tanner said,—

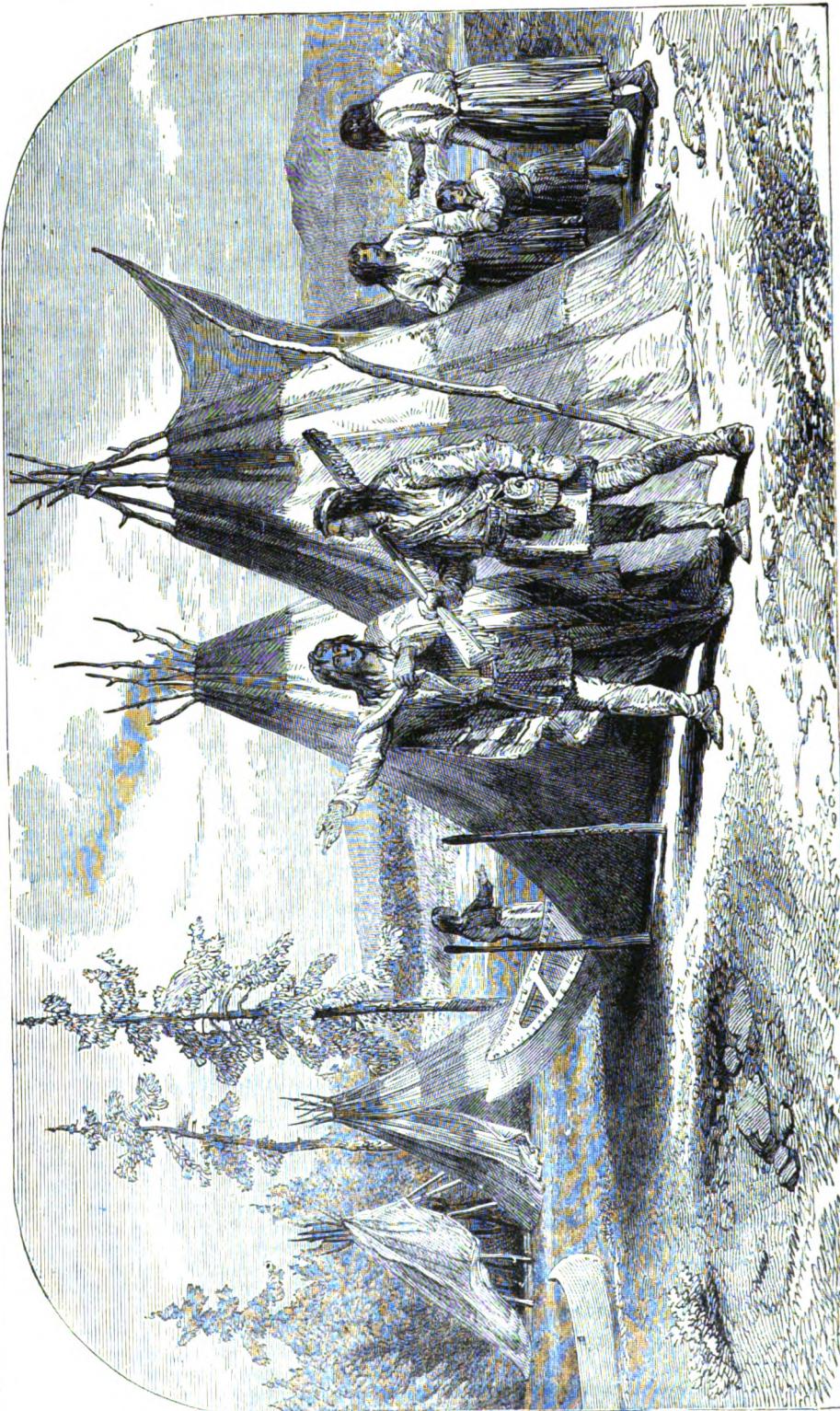
'Write to them to come home, Mr. Chalmers; tell them to be sure to come before I die. I don't even know their address. Your boy has saved me, but you must do what you can for me.'

Years have gone by, and Jack is steady and industrious, and a comfort to his father, who sees with thankfulness more lights than one in the hall windows, with now and then a shadow flitting across the blinds, which he knows is the shadow of one of Cousin Fred's children.

And when he feels tempted to flag in his work, he gives a glance at the text, and thinks of his wife and Hugh. He has seen more than once the little scrap of paper with jagged edges, signed with the initials H. C., though it is kept locked up in a drawer at the hall with the few treasures the Squire possesses.

Lilies of the Valley were Hugh's favourite flowers, and Sidney Walton always manages to have a cross of them ready for Hugh's grave on his birthday. Sidney has not forgotten his friend.

Janet sits rocking herself backwards and forwards, and crooning over the old days, and hoping for that day which shall take her home,—to the Home which Hugh taught her to love, and where he and his mother are waiting.



Indian Summer Home.

THE WHITE INDIAN.

(Continued from page 341.)

II.—FREEDOM.

WHEN our little captive was about twelve years old, the woman, who had adopted

him and treated him kindly, died. The Indians never shed tears for any sorrow and the lad had a great struggle between his feelings and the duty of a warrior. Nature prevailed, and he joined himself to the Osages, a tribe fond of

Time passed on. The Kansas Indians grew few, and separated. He was now free to return to their homes, but he preferred to remain as an Indian and joined himself to the Osages, a tribe fond of

fighting. He had by this time become an expert hunter, and loved nothing better than a journey into the wilderness after a panther, or to scour the plain upon horseback after buffalo. Skilful as a decoy also, he would lie dressed in the skin of some beast (often for hours without a motion) until his prey approached and were at his mercy. Then he would return loaded with game. He could also breast strong rivers, and shoot the rapids in a canoe.

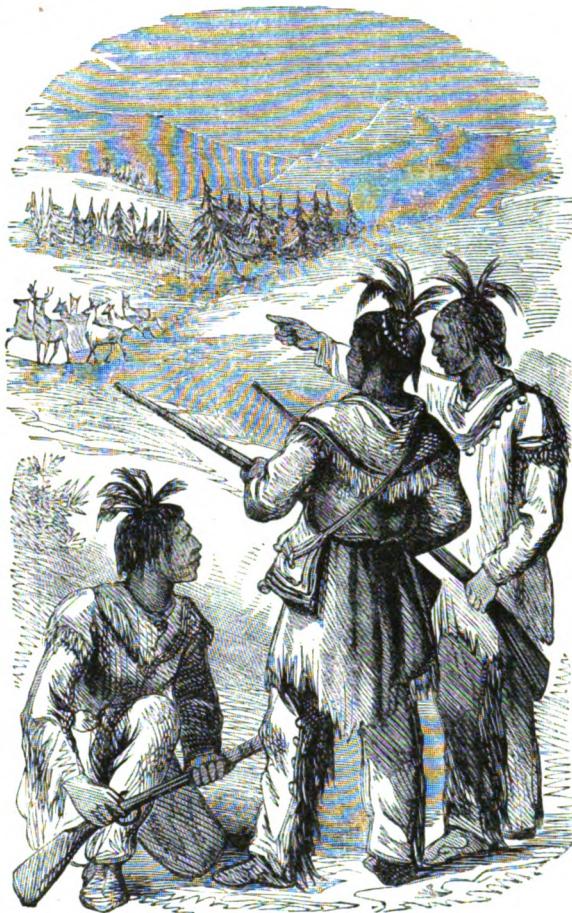
The Osages were a fighting tribe, and he went with them into many dangers, and learned the war-whoop. Once, he says, and once only, he took a scalp. This made him a warrior. He was met on his return by all the Indian females, who danced and sung round him, put feathers, porcupine-quills, and painted deer sinews upon his head and arms, and gay mocassins upon his legs, and conducted him into the camp singing the chant of victory. Sometimes, he tells us, he was a peacemaker, and gave the *calumet*, or pipe of peace, to be smoked by contending chiefs, or was able to persuade them to bury the hatchet. When the calumet is smoked, it signifies that friendship is made, but when the hatchet is buried it is a sign of perpetual peace.

While he was with the Osages, the tribe crossed the Rocky Mountains in search of food, a long and difficult journey, which occupied eighteen months going and returning. He had been taught by the Indians to believe that the souls of the dead went beyond these mountains, and crossed the 'great water,' the ocean. When the party came to the shores of the Pacific, their surprise was great. They believed they had now come to the end of life, and were almost ready quietly to paddle over the sea to those hunting-grounds which the Good Spirit had placed there for the souls of the good, where there was to be hunting for evermore. The canoes they saw upon the shores, they believed to be the canoes of the wicked who were not allowed to embark.

Returning over the Snowy Mountains towards their own quarters, the tribe passed through great hardships. The winter was severe and there was no food. All around them too were tribes of Indians, who tried to cut them off. Many died. At last, when they reached friends, they were glad to exchange some of their rifles for a single meal.

Time still passed on; years went by marked by the Indians only by the fall of the leaf, and the annual visit of the white man with his guns, beads, and bits of metal, for which he obtained the skins of animals, when an incident occurred which completely changed the whole life and future history of our hero, and violently broke all those ties which had attached him to the Indians, who, whatever else were their faults, had been faithful to him.

(To be continued.)



Sighting the Deer.

LITTLE YELLOW THROAT.

IT is said that we have over forty different species of the warblers that flit among the branches of our northern forests. In a certain garden, surrounded by trees, there was a nest of these songsters. Among the thick leaves of the linden-tree the little nest was built, and there the tiny eggs were laid, and there hatched. The nestlings were very small at first; but at length they grew till the four little birds altogether weighed just one ounce. No mother could be more anxious or careful than the parent bird, or more joyful than she on the day when they could leave the nest and try their wings. At first they could only flutter a little way before falling on the ground; but by degrees they gathered strength and courage, till they could flit from tree to tree anywhere in the garden. Here they had their home, and here most of them were very happy. The old bird taught them how to sing, how to fly, and where to find the best food. But the youngest of her family, whose name was "Yellow Throat," perhaps

the fairest and most beautiful of all the young birds, seemed to have a discontented spirit. She was difficult to please; her food was seldom right, the dews of the morning were too cool, the heat of day was too great, the songs of her sisters were not in chord, or something was always wrong. Of course this spirit grew upon her, till her life was unhappy. At length she gradually withdrew from society, and lived more and more alone. In vain her friends tried to draw her back to them, but poor Yellow Throat had made up her mind that she ought to be unhappy, and she would be. She now began to fly to the tops of the trees, and gaze out over the wall to see how the world looked beyond the garden. One day, as she sat thus peering about, she saw, as she thought, not very far distant, a large lake, and a beautiful-looking island in its centre.

"Oh, what a beautiful lake!" cried Yellow Throat; "how delightful it would be to fly over that smooth water and see one's self reflected from it as from a great looking-glass! And how delightful to be on that island, all alone, there to sing a song so sweet that even the mermaids would come up from the lake to listen! How I wish I was there! I can be there! I will be there!"

She then laid her plans how she would get up early next morning, and without stopping to eat would fly away to that sweet island; the morning came, and as soon as the sun was well up little Yellow Throat turned her back upon mother and home, despising the beautiful garden; and without a farewell word to any one, or even a kind look, she lifted herself upon the wing, and in a few minutes was on her way to the lake. Alas! when she got to it, instead of being smooth as a mirror, the waves were tossing and dashing; the wind blew hard from the island, and it looked a great way off. But the poor thing was ashamed to go back, for she knew that ere this they would all know her folly, and so she flew forward. Cold and strong blew the wind, and on darted little Yellow Throat, till at last, almost dead with fatigue, she reached the island, and dropped down on it panting for breath. But instead of finding the beautiful spot she expected, she found its shores all rocks, nothing on it but clumps of Norway pines, through which winds rushed and whistled. Not a bird nor a happy thing lived on it. Poor Yellow Throat! how different from what her imagination painted! So she nestled down in the crevice of a rock, and waited and waited till the next morning should return. At last it did return, but the wind had shifted, and now, to get back to the mainland again, she had to go far from the place she came from. But she felt that she must get there, or die here. And so, picking up a few sour ants that were creeping over the rocks for her breakfast, she again made for the shore. The wind helped her now, and she was not so much exhausted by the journey. She entered a large orchard where the trees were large, and it seemed like going into the very land of plenty. But on the first tree on which she alighted she came near losing her life; for, on going to sleep a few moments to rest her, she barely awoke soon enough to escape the spring of a monster cat creeping towards her, with his great grey eyes wide open.

"Oh," said the poor bird, "how I wish I was again at home with my dear, dear mother and brothers and sisters! But I don't know which way the garden lies, and I cannot find it. What a foolish thing I was! And now I must die with hunger, for I find none of the sweet millet-seed so abundant at my home." At length she noticed a large flock of little birds coming and going to and from a farmer's granary. They had found a place where they could enter and steal as much food as they pleased. Yellow Throat knew it was wrong to steal, but thought she might do as others did. So in she rushed with the rest and filled her crop; but, alas! just as the great flock were coming out, a farmer's boy fired his gun, loaded with very fine shot, directly among them. One shot struck poor Yellow Throat, and she had strength only to fly and drop over the fence to die. And these were her dying words,—

"Alas! I am dying here, away from home and friends, and all for my folly. Oh, that I could warn every bird, and every boy, and every girl, to be contented with what God hath given them, and not to try to better their condition by wishing and longing for change."

Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D.

A BOY MARTYR.

IN the early ages of the Church when the followers of Jesus Christ were fiercely persecuted by the Roman Emperors for their religion, there was a boy named Cyril, who had become a Christian, while his father still remained a heathen. Neither threats nor persuasion, neither kind nor cruel treatment, which the father used in turns, moved this boy to depart from his faith. The father now tried a last means, he drove him helpless and destitute out of his house. As this too was of no avail, the father accused him before the judge of being a Christian. The judge was furious when he saw the boy persevere so steadfastly, but he also made an attempt with kind words to persuade him to abandon his faith, he said, "I will forgive you, my son, your crime; your father too will forgive you everything, and you will be received again into your parents' house, if you will only change your opinions."

The boy replied, "Whether I am received by my father or not troubles me very little; I hope to be received by God my Heavenly Father, with Him I shall be a thousand times happier than with my earthly father."

Cyril spoke more to the same effect. When they found that nothing would cause him to give up the Lord Jesus, he was bound, and everything was prepared as if he were at once to be put to death. They showed him a naked sword and a great fire, and threatened him with immediate death; but his courage did not fail. A few days after he was really executed; still trusting in God, he joined the noble army of martyrs.

J. F. C.



THE FRENCH DOCTOR'S SECRET.

After many years entirely devoted to the relief of suffering and of sorrow, an old doctor in Paris still visits every morning the numerous sick people who require his care; but, as he has made a considerable fortune, he forgets the rich that he may occupy himself with the poor. Often, as he quits the garret, whither his zeal has led him, the venerable doctor shakes his head and says to himself, 'Hum! hum! here is a poor man who appears to me to be attacked with two cruel maladies at the same time. It is just the case where I must employ my little secret and gild the pill for him.'

With this thought in his heart the doctor hastens to his apothecary, orders a pill to be made which he places in a little box, then he leaves the shop, and goes home and puts a piece of gold under the apothecary's preparation. The next day he does not fail to visit the sick man.

'Well, friend,' he says to him, 'you have a bad cough, your chest is weak, your voice hoarse; all this must not be trifled with. There is a pill in this box. You must take it in an hour's time, it is a little bitter, but you can drink a glass of toast and water after it. Come, take courage.'

The doctor is gone, the sick man takes the little box, opens it, and when the pill turns out into his hand. Oh, what a surprise, what a happiness! he sees two of them. The one nasty, covered with white powder; the other sparkling, golden and beautiful. The one giving health, the other comfort—both excellently suited to his double malady.

Much touched and full of gratitude, the poor man swallows the bitter pill with pleasure, and with the half of the gold coin he removes much of the misery which surrounds him.

'Well, how are you to-day?' asked the doctor on his third visit.

'Ah, doctor,' he said, 'I took the black pill, but I think it was the gold one which did me good!'

The good doctor smiles, gives encouragement and counsel, and in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the sick man is cured.

A WOLF-HUNT IN MOLDAVIA.



At a splendid hunting supper in a castle in Moldavia, says a German sportsman, during which there was much talk about the different ways of wolf-hunting, the conversation turned on the Russian manner of hunting, which is by night, in sledges, dragging a pig, which serves as a decoy. A rich young Boyard, the lord of several extensive estates, had hunted in this way on the steppes of Bessarabia, he described it as most exciting, and added, 'that perhaps we should like to try it, and have from sixty to eighty hungry wolves following us.' The young Nimrod's remark was like

pouring oil into the flames, and after some consultation his proposal was accepted.

Everything was soon arranged for the singular chase, and nothing was wanting but the needful depth of snow to carry out the adventurous and dangerous expedition.

Christmas had come, and with it a mass of snow; the cold too had become intense enough to drive the wolves to that state of hungry desperation which makes them so dangerous to travellers who have to cross the wide steppes. We safely made out the journey in sledges to the appointed place, and on the evening of the third day we greeted our host, the young Boyard. He had had a low and broad sledge built expressly for this hunt, and he showed us in the stable three strong horses of Moldavian breed, whose swiftness and endurance had frequently been proved, and who were to be driven by a gipsy-groom who had travelled all over the world with his master.

Next evening all was ready. The moon slowly rose from the horizon and shed its silver beams over the vast expanse of snow, upon which might be seen, here and there, the dark shadows of scattered woods. We got into the sledge after the rifles as well as the ammunition had been put into proper order, our bait too—the pig—was taken on board. Besides myself and my friend, our host alone joined the party, and off flew the strange carriage.

We had driven for some time, not a breath of air moving the tops of the pine-trees. We had passed through a wood, and found ourselves again in a wide plain, when suddenly we heard a distant howling to our right, not unlike the tones of a dog when he bays at the moon; the horses began to be restless, but obeyed their driver's reins, when he at once turned in the direction whence the howling came.

After a little time it began again, and was soon replied to by other wolves, who seemed to be very near, though we strained our eyes in vain to see either of them. The horses became still more restless and snorted loudly. The moment seemed now to have come, when the pig was to play his part. The poor brute, fastened by a cord, was dragged after us, and made a pitiable squealing, which soon changed into heartrending cries. This seemed to be a signal to some of the wolves, who, till now, had remained quiet, for from all sides the hoarse howling was heard over the steppe so loud that there must have been eighteen or twenty wolves close to us. Our horses galloped still faster, the pig shrieked more piercingly, and soon we saw seven or eight dark figures in the snowy expanse, which followed the sledge with a swinging trot as it was drawn along at their utmost speed by the foaming horses.

Quickly as the sledge flew, the fierce howling beasts were close upon our heels, and within easy shot. But we amused ourselves at first by remaining spectators of this singular race, and not firing till the fury of our pursuers and their greedy hunger had risen to its highest pitch. One of the wolves was bold enough to spring at the pig and bite a piece out of him. The smell and sight of the warm



A Wolf Hunt.

blood made the animals still more furious, their eyes gleamed in the shadow which the wood cast over them. 'We could almost,' as they say, 'feel the breath of these wolves.'

'Now we will try,' said the Boyard, as we came again to a place upon which the moon shone—we fired—a wolf fell—the rest halted suddenly as if struck by an electric shock; there was complete silence, only the echo of the shot was heard in the neighbouring thicket. But our horses flew over the plain, their terror seemed to have reached its height. A considerable time passed, nothing was to be seen or heard of the wolves; the tones of the poor tortured pig became fainter too, the wretched beast was near its end. At last the column of wolves again approached our sledge, a huge wolf at its head, the company had strengthened itself to begin the attack upon the pig, or upon us with increased and united force. A second and more successful salvo caused great

destruction among the brutes. I plainly saw three fall, and the great wolf among the number. Thus we reached the end of the wood, the wolves did not venture upon a fresh attack; in flying gallop after more than two hours' ride, we safely reached the castle about eleven o'clock.

The skilful gipsy coachman was presented with the half-dead pig for his services. Next morning three wolves lay in the corridor,—the large one among them. Our driver, who had brought them in, assured us that, according to the traces of blood in the snow, we must have wounded four or five more who had escaped back into their thickets to die.

In Moldavia, as in England and everywhere else, what is called 'sport' is often really nothing but very useless cruelty, in which the lower animals are tortured to afford a few hours excitement to men who do not understand the high and noble purposes of life.

J. F. C.

Parts I. to IX. price Threepence each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had
price One Halfpenny each.

No. 45. Oct. 5, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



The Blackberry-Gatherers.

Digitized by Google

THE BLACKBERRY-GATHERERS.

KATE and Jane were sisters twain ;
No other girl there was nor brother,
Everything to one another,
All in all to their dear mother,
Since that time of sore distress,
Which had left them fatherless.

Kate, if truth be plainly told,
When Jane was born was one year old ;
Yet Jane, if still the truth be said,
Could overlook her sister's head,
And neighbours oft would say of late,
Not 'Kate and Jane,' but 'Jane and Kate.'
Of humble and retiring mind,
Kate loved to keep herself behind,
And, though the eldest, was not loath
That Jane should answer for them both ;
But when the case was one of weight,
It was not Jane that spoke, but Kate.

* * * * *

One autumn evening, bright and fine,
When Kate was ten and Jane was nine,
They sought a neighbouring meadow green
Where cowslips in the spring were seen ;
The large red sun was getting low,
The western sky was all one glow ;
And as they passed the garden walk,
With eager steps and lively talk,
They laughed to see what women tall
Their shadows looked upon the wall.
'Twas not for cowslips now they sought ;
Those baskets were for berries brought !
For where along one side there stood
A thick-set, dark, and tangled wood,
Blackberry-bushes formed a hedge
As far as to a river's edge,
And thitherward, without delay,
The sisters wended now their way.

Behind them came their youthful nurse,
Who loved to read both prose and verse,
And, having twice expressed her fear
Lest they the stream should venture near,
Sat down, and from her pocket took
A yellow, paper-covered book.
At first she heard their laughter merry
As each sought out the ripest berry ;
But soon her mind was so engrossed
With story of a midnight ghost,
That more than half-an-hour had passed,
When, lifting up her eyes at last,
She gazed around in wild affright,
For both were vanished out of sight ;
And near the hedge, and from the shore
Some five-and-twenty steps or more,
Was fixed within a twisted root,
One basket filled with ripened fruit.

She looked about as in a dream,
She looked both up and down the stream,

Then hastened homewards, pale with fear,
And, having gaiced her mistress' ear,
Said, while her lips began to quiver,
'Miss Kate and Jane are in the river.'

It was as if a spear or dart
Had piercd right through the mother's heart ;
Yet stayed she not a tear to shed ;
'But we may save them yet,' she said ;
'The stream is not so very deep,
I'm not afraid to take the leap,
If we but reach the river's brink
Before the precious children sink.'
And, while her heart went up in prayers,
She hurried down the front-door stairs,
And through the gate, and tarried not
Till she had reached the fatal spot.

Slowly, slowly, past the shore
Flowed the river as before ;
Nought within its depths was seen
Save the trees' reflexion green,
While the yellow leaves they cast
Floated slowly, slowly past ;
Not a sound was to be heard,
Save the twittering of a bird,
Or a fish's sudden leap,
Or the distant bleat of sheep.

Poor mother ! 'twas of no avail,
She knew, to stand and weep or wail ;
It was the time for action then,
And she must send for skilful men,
To seek them in their watery bed
Ere yet the breath of life had fled,
Or else that they might still be found,
And rest in consecrated ground.

They searched the stream from shore to shore,
They searched till they could see no more,
And left, when evening closed in night,
To search again with morning light.

Meanwhile within her lonely room
The mother sat in twilight gloom ;
So sharp and sudden was the shock,
Her fount of tears it seemed to lock ;
For all night long she could not weep,
And all night long she could not sleep,
Or if she got a hurried nap,
Waked up and thought she heard them tap.
Next morning, as the clock struck eight,
Two donkeys stood before the gate,
And on their backs were Jane and Kate.

Their mother from the window gazed,
And as she look'd she stood amazed ;
And eyes that could not weep for grief
In tears of joy now found relief ;
But ere she could her threshold reach,
Or frame one word of wondering speech,
An end was put to all alarms,
For Kate and Jane were in her arms.

And now shall it be Jane or Kate
 Who this adventure shall relate,
 How, finding in the hedge a gap,
 And fearing neither gun nor trap,
 They ventured through, and stood to gaze
 At beauties of that tangled maze.
 There bushes all around were s_i read,
 Well stored with berries black and red,
 Untouched as yet by human fingers,
 The winter hoard of feathered singers.
 At first with timid feet they stepped,
 At length from bush to bush they crept,
 From each the ripest fruit to pull,
 And filled their second basket full :
 Then turning round, they looked about
 To see which way would lead them out,
 But seeing neither hedge nor gap,
 They were in truth within a trap :
 The narrow paths were all the same,
 They could not tell which way they came.
 Then each was seized with sudden fear
 Let night should overtake them here ;
 For until then they were forgetting,
 That long ago the sun was setting.
 After a moment's calm reflection,
 They chose what seemed the right direction :
 The path was straight as any arrow,
 But soon the turf began to narrow,
 And bushes were so thickly set
 Across their way they almost met ;

But onward still, through brier and bramble,
 Onward they pursued their ramble.
 At length, when it grew dark and dreary,
 And Jane was worn, and Kate was weary,
 They came up on some open ground,
 With lopped-off branches piled around,
 And just a step towards the right,
 A woodman's cot with lattice bright,
 Who, having trimmed his wood-fire up,
 Had with his wife sat down to sup.

Gladly they climbed the garden stile,
 And reached the woodman's door,
 And there were welcomed with a smile
 By friends they knew before :
 For often by the road they came
 At that same cot to call,
 And well they knew the quaint old dame,
 And that old woodman tall.

Now, from the home of Jane and Kate
 To reach the woodman's stile,
 By flight of bird if measured straight,
 It was not quite a mile ;
 Yet by the road a winding track
 A three miles' circuit made :
 And in the dark to venture back
 They both were now afraid.

'Dear little ladies,' said the pair,
 'If you've a mind to stay,
 You both can rest in that large chair,
 And start at break of day.'

Good Master Humphrey down the road
 Will always serve a friend,
 And, ere they take their daily load,
 Will his two donkeys lend.'

So when their hosts had made them sup,
 And last good nights were said,
 In that old chair they mounted up,
 But first they knelt and prayed !
 And though in silent grief they wept,
 At thought of mother's fears,
 Yet, tired and weary, soon they slept,
 And eyelids closed on tears :
 And in the morning when they woke,
 So passing strange it seemed.
 That Jane, who was the first that spoke,
 Said, 'Kate, have we not dreamed ?'
 While taking then a hasty meal,
 They heard two donkeys bray,
 And, with the woodman at the heel,
 They soon were on their way.

So all is well that ends so well,
 And nothing more remains to tell,
 Except that, as the day came round,
 Those baskets on their arms were found ;
 And taller still, and still more tall
 Their shadows fell upon the wall,
 As pacing slow, in earnest talk,
 Along the oft-trod garden walk,
 Again they sought the meadow green,
 Where cowslips in the spring were seen,
 To glean the fruit from off that edge,
 That reached so near the river's edge,
 And fill their baskets year by year,
 An offering to their mother dear ;
 And when they knelt to praise and pray,
 They called it their Thanksgiving Day.

SKIP THE 'HARD WORDS.'

WILL you allow me a word with you privately ? I used to say to soldiers in the army, whom I heard swearing ; 'Skip the hard words.' They generally thanked me for the counsel, saying that they knew it to be a bad habit, but they had become so used to it that it was hard to stop. Any habit is hard to break off. The more foolish and the more wicked it is, the harder it is to get rid of it. Now, all coarse, vulgar, profane language is really a disgrace to those who speak it. Was anybody ever thought the better of for using it ? Would you trust a man quicker because he swears ? Is any one happier for swearing ? Did any one ever get any good by swearing ? Would it not do as well, when a man is angry, to put his finger into the fire, or to cut himself with a knife, or bite his lips, or stamp on his toes as hard as he can, as to hurt his mind and soul by oaths ? In the name of decency, of good society, in the name of the Saviour, and for the sake of your own immortal soul, I beseech you, 'Swear not at all.'





THE WHITE INDIAN

Continued from p. 340.)

III.—ADVENTURE.

THE incident which was the turning-point in the history of the white Indian, was the

Indian War Dance.

and a number of men bearing skins rode off to exchange them. *The colonel had brought whisky with him*, and the Indians tasted it now for the first time. The exchanges were made ; the furs passed over

The exchanges were made ; the furs passed over
with him, and the Indians tasted it now for the
first time.



Hunting the Buffalo.

to the whites, and the whisky to the red men. The latter became intoxicated immediately, and stole six of the colonel's horses which were grazing on the prairies. On these they rode off to a distance and murdered a white man named La Touche.

With their hands thus stained with blood, and still mad with the whisky, they returned to their tents, giving the drink away to the rest of the tribe and exhibiting the scalp of La Touche. In a short time nearly all the tribe were intoxicated too. They cursed the white men, danced the war-dance, and prepared to go that night to slay Colonel Watkins and his entire party.

Our hero, who in his narrative has not told us his Indian name, but who called himself afterwards Hunter, had not tasted the whisky, and resolved to frustrate the wicked intention of the Indians. While they were sleeping off their drink, he rose, mounted his horse and galloped off to inform Colonel Watkins of his danger.

He made some noise in unfastening his horse. A dog heard him and began barking. Hunter galloped off, the dog behind him keeping pace with the horse and still barking. The night was dark; there were rivers, rocks, briars, brushwood, and swamps on the way, and there was no moon nor stars.

Fortunately none of the Indians, so quick generally to be disturbed at the least noise, awoke. Hunter turned round, shot the dog, and galloped on, swimming the rivers and heeding not the briars. He reached Watkins's camp just at dawn of day,

having lost everything on his ride except his rifle.

Watkins and his party at once fled, offering to take Hunter with them. He refused, and, knowing that he could not return to the tribe, he journeyed on to the northward alone, having received a present from the colonel of powder, bullets and flints.

Now began a life of great privation. His horse died; he was in a country of panthers and rattlesnakes, and he was constantly surrounded by danger. He says that he often found a venomous snake coiled up under his clothes when he awoke from sleep in the morning. Once, as he was sitting under a tree, he heard a noise as of the rushing of wind, and saw a herd of about a thousand buffaloes rushing towards him. He thought they were doing so to beat off the flies, as was their manner, but he soon saw that the cause of their flight was a panther which had seized one of the herd and was riding upon its back. He had only time to run round to the other side of the tree, when the buffaloes rushed past him on both sides and he could have touched them with his hands. His rifle was loaded, and, just as the panther came up, still fastened on the back of the buffalo, who was not yet mastered, he discharged a shot at the beast. The panther released its hold, and bounded into the branches of a tree, from which, when it had received another shot, it fell dead to the ground. He then made a garment of its skin.

(Concluded in our next.)

HERCULES, THE FAITHFUL HORSE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE GERMAN WAR
OF 1866.

NE of the earliest conflicts between the Prussians on the one side and the Austrians and their allies on the other, in the short but bloody war of 1866, took place at the small town and mineral spa of Langensalza in Thuringen. Here the Hanoverians, headed by their brave but blind and unfortunate king, attacked the Prussians and won a decided victory. It was however a barren one; they soon found themselves hemmed in on all sides by their cunning foe, and so entirely outnumbered that nothing was left but to surrender.

The proud victors therefore became very soon nothing better than a disorganized host, who, with their knapsacks on their backs, their military caps on their heads, and a staff in their hands, were seen everywhere hastening to their homes.

The Capitulation of the 29th of June obliged them, with the exception of the officers, to deliver up their horses and arms into the hands of their enemies and to depart without the honours of war. Many of those returning homewards bore happy faces, especially the fathers of families; others went away with sad and heavy hearts. This was especially the case with the cavalry soldiers. Their sorrow was not without cause and excuse.

Happening to arrive at Langensalza on that very day says the German writer whose story we are about to translate, I found an unusual crowd in the streets and squares. It was not long before I discovered the cause of it. The Hanoverian cavalry were coming in from far and near to deliver up their horses into the hands of the Prussian commissaries.

Before the Muhlhouse Gate, close to the poor king's quarters, the surrender was to take place, and here the throng of men and horses was the thickest. In long ranks, on the promenade and in the road, stood horses and riders, but what had become of the bold overflowing spirits of the latter, and what had made their chargers so quiet and sad? Looking exhausted and spiritless, the horses gnawed at the leaves and bark of the trees under which they found some slight protection from the pouring thunder-shower. Lean, wasted, and starving, stiff with mud, were the once well-tended and glossy horses.

In the front rank I remarked a grey horse which I thought I had seen before. I went nearer; I was right; man and horse had been quartered in my house the day before the battle. The handsome animal had then excited my admiration, in its present forlorn condition I only recognised it from its colour and from its master. When I approached, the Hanoverian remembered me at once, held out his hand to me, and exclaimed, 'Oh! are you not my kind host of the village—'

'Of N—,' I added, as he did not seem quite to remember the name of our village.

'Right, N—' he repeated; 'I told you that my father was a farmer too, an East Frieslander, which interested you very much. We won't talk of that now, but I have one urgent request. Here is a dollar, will you have the goodness to buy me a loaf of bread, and perhaps, if you can, a little brandy?' And turning to his horse, 'Poor Hercules, you had your last ration last night, hadn't you? and since then have not seen a grain of corn. We, poor fellows, have no more forage left, and the Prussians won't give us any, so I must have pity upon you myself. Your gnawing at the bark of that tree shows me well enough how you feel.'

Most readily did I run to the baker's and brought with me what he wished, and from the neighbouring inn I fetched him a bucket of fresh water. 'Thanks, a thousand thanks,' he exclaimed, as I returned with the cool drink, 'you are a kind man, and have a tender heart too for the poor dumb creature. Look how eagerly the poor beast is eating and all the time looking up so gratefully to us! Ah, he is a wise horse, and knows as well as any human being who will be kind to him!' And, in fact, at every morsel which his master gave him, the horse bent down and moved his ears as horses do, looked up at his master, and rubbed his head against him, and glanced round at his four-legged companions with a significant look as much as to say, 'Which of you has such a good master who shares his meal with his horse?'

'You seem very fond of your horse?' I asked the dragoon, when I saw the mutual affection between the horse and his rider. 'Is this the case with your comrades too?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'the Hanoverian cavalry soldier loves his horse; how can it be otherwise? Any one who knows the regulations and history of our cavalry, is not surprised at this. The soldier and his horse are two beings certainly, but we might almost say with the poet,—

"Two souls and one thought, two hearts and one beat." Though you may smile at it, it is so. The soldier has a mind only for his horse, and the horse knows and loves him alone. He regards him, too, completely as his property, for often the horse is born on his father's estate, where he grows up and enters the regiment with the eldest son, and returns with him again when he has served his time in the army. Instances of a soldier neglecting his horse are almost unknown. At exercises and reviews he generally receives praise and notice for the good and careful condition of his charger. Many of our soldiers too could exhibit rare feats of horsemanship as well as of the intelligence of their animals. My grey, here, has been well taught. Let me show you a few tricks as an example. Hercules,' he said to the horse, 'give me a foot.' The horse lifted one of his forefeet. 'A kiss!' He pricked up his ears and put out his lips. 'Make a bow!' He knelt down on both fore-legs and bent his head. 'How does a horse talk?' He began to neigh loudly. 'Do you love your master?' The horse nodded, and as if he quite understood put his head on his master's shoulder and stroked his cheek with it. 'What

would you do to the enemy?' At this question, he raised himself proudly up in spite of his wounded hind foot, pricked up his ears, extended his nostrils, looked wildly round him, and then sprung straight up, biting and kicking on all sides. 'Very well, my faithful horse, but what is the end of the rider and his horse?' At these words he began to sing the well-known song—

'Morning dawn, thou lightest me to an early death.'

Scarcely had the horse heard him begin the song than all his wildness vanished. He sank down, fell upon his knees, turned on his side, and stretched himself out upon the ground as if he were dead. The soldier continued to sing, but no longer alone; all the young fellows around joined sympathetically in the sad, beautiful song, and old and young shed a tear of compassion over the rider and his horse.

'Get up, my faithful horse,' said the dragoon, when he had recovered from his emotion. 'The dreaded hour of separation is coming now,' and he pointed to the approaching Prussian commissioners to whom the Hanoverian soldiers were delivering up their horses. The horse raised himself slowly, for his wound plainly gave him great pain.

The nearer the Prussian officers approached, the greater became the excitement of the dragoon. I felt heartily sorry for the poor man; he was quite a young fellow, and the son of a farmer too as I was myself, and I also had a son concerning whose fate I was now in the greatest anxiety, for he was fighting in the Prussian army against Austria. All this the more moved my heart to compassion, and I determined not to forsake the poor fellow.

'Are you ill?' I asked, when I saw how often he changed colour from red to white; 'perhaps you have a wound, yourself?'

At these words he looked at his left arm and said, 'Certainly I received a stray shot in my left arm, and the bivouacking, day and night in the pouring rain, has made it worse. I should care for nothing if I could only keep my horse and arms, and not be obliged to depart like a beggar. But the bitterest of all is that I must stand here and give up my faithful horse. Ah, Hercules, you won't believe it, will you, when you are told that your master will have to go home alone and without you? You have served him so faithfully, carried him safely through the sharp forest of bayonets, through thousands of the enemy's shots, devoted your life and strength to him, and hoped now to live and die with him in his home. And now, when you learn that all your hopes and wishes were nothing but dreams, that strangers' hands will now take you for their own and give you kicks instead of caresses—then indeed you will complain of human ingratitude and will not even spare your master! And yet, Hercules, I am innocent; how gladly would I keep you, and yet I dare not.'

'Comrade,' I said to him anxiously, 'you are ill. Repress these sad thoughts; the fate of yourself and your horse cannot be altered. Be resigned to what cannot be helped. Take leave of your horse quickly, the Prussian officers are coming up.'

Then the unhappy man seized the horse round the neck, whispered, 'A kiss, Hercules,'—gave him

many kisses and caresses, and called him by the tenderest names; then he turned away, held his hand up to his eyes, and hastened in at the town gate without looking round. I followed him and took him up in my carriage to my house. I easily obtained permission to take care of a sick and wounded soldier. My dragoon was both sick and wounded. The doctor who came to see him said, 'The wound in his arm had become very much inflamed through cold and neglect, it must constantly be kept cool, otherwise the man will have a violent fever, he should never be left alone. Medicine now is not necessary.'

On that very evening the fever became very severe, and during the night the patient lay in wild delirium. The next day I went to consult the physician of the neighbouring village, for I felt real compassion for the young man and greatly desired to preserve his life for his family. My wife and the other members of the household undertook to nurse him during the day, I, with a trusty servant, watched him through the night.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

MY boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of Home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray:
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of Home has a constant flame,
And pure as a vestal fire:
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of Home;

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day;

And how cold and dim those beams be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of Home.

ANON.



THE GARDENER.

A GARDENER planted a little tree of a particularly choice sort by the garden wall. As it grew larger year by year, it put forth strong shoots, but the gardener carefully cut off many of them every spring and summer: they were, as he said, wild wood, which would injure the good branches, by robbing them of their sap, and overshadowing them. The children wondered much at this proceeding, and could not understand it; but after some years the little tree bore its first fruit, which was delicious. Still the gardener continued to prune the tree.

The young tree is the child; the gardener is the father or teacher. God appoints important duties for the child to fulfil, and confers good gifts upon him; but these too often become only snares and temptations, ruining soul and body; therefore must the father and teacher be ever vigilant, to train aright, to correct, reprove, and even punish. Then shall we hope to see the child grow up and bring forth more and more plentifully the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the praise and glory of God.

Parts I. to X. price Threepence each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

STRANGWAYS AND WALDEN,

Google

128 Castle St. Leicester Sq.

No. 46. Oct. 12, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



A NOBLE LESSON, NOBLY LEARNT.



THOUGHT I should find you here this afternoon, my lad, but you seem so vastly taken up with your book, that you never heard me coming.'

The speaker was old Jacob, the verger of Hereford Cathedral, who had found his young friend Robert Stileman, in a quiet nook of the cloisters, a favourite spot with him on a half-holiday.

The boy started up on hearing his voice, and exclaimed,—

'Oh, Jacob! I'm so glad you've come, for I want to talk to you. I've got a beautiful book, and if you can spare time to sit down a-while, you shall hear what it's about.'

'There's no peace for one when a young chap like you gets a thing in his head,' said the old man, professing to grumble, but at the same time quietly seating himself on the low stone-ledge, with an expression of contentment. 'Now, Robert,' he added, 'what is it, this wonderful book?'

'It's the "History of some of the Early Navigators," an odd volume you see. I picked it up for twopence at a bookstall. I have just been reading one of the histories, the life of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He was a fine fellow, Jacob,—the grandest old sailor I ever read about.'

'That looks an old book you've got there. Did he live a long while ago?'

'Oh, yes! as far back as the time of Queen Elizabeth. I dare say you don't quite know when that was,' added the boy, with a touch of complacency at his own superior knowledge, 'but it must have been long before your grandfather, I've heard you tell of, was born. Somewhere about three hundred years ago, Sir Humphrey Gilbert was born.'

'I've heard something about those times,' said the old verger. 'Wasn't it thereabouts that Columbus sailed over the seas in a boat little better than a tub, and discovered America, the New World as they called it?'

'Ah! that was about fifty years or so before this Sir Humphrey Gilbert was born. Well, shall I read you something about him? It's not a very long story, and I'm sure you'll like it.'

Old Jacob willingly agreed, for there was nothing he enjoyed more on a hot afternoon than sitting in the cool cloisters with his young friend, whose freshness and eagerness seemed to make him feel almost young again himself.

Robert thus began his narrative:—

'In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of blessed memory, the hearts of all men were stirred by the thought of the great discoveries which had been made but a few years before, across the wide Atlantic. In those days of peace and quiet which followed the great change of the Reformation, the thoughts of Englishmen turned with wonder and intense interest towards the new continent of America. Full of the spirit of adventure, they

longed to cross unknown seas to discover fresh shores, to extend the glory of their faith and their country, and go forth fearlessly to meet danger or death in what seemed to them a noble cause.'

It was no longer, as in days gone by, kings and princes who were roused to attempt great enterprises,—the heroes were the men of the people, the seamen from the banks of the Thames and the Dart, the Plym and the Avon, who, with only their brave spirits to guide them, went forth from our shores to discover, to colonise, to mark out new channels across the ocean, and to lay the foundation of England's greatness. Queen Elizabeth had the wisdom to appreciate and encourage this spirit. Though she could give but little help in money to these enterprises, she did more by her ready sympathy. Wherever ships were fitting out in the river for distant voyages, the Queen would go down in her barge and inspect them. From the windows of Greenwich Palace, we are told that she waved her handkerchief to Frobisher, one of those sailor adventurers; and he, as a token of gratitude brought her home a narwhal's horn. Amongst the especial favourites of Elizabeth was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, whose history we will now briefly tell, and it will show us something of the spirit in which these fine old sailors went out to battle with wind and wave, and unknown dangers far more awful to them, for they believed that all the powers of evil were banded against them to prevent the spread of the Christian dominion.

On a projecting angle of land which runs into the river about two miles above the port of Dartmouth, the old manor-house of Greenaway had stood for centuries, braving wind and weather, and within a stone's-throw of its windows the largest vessels might safely ride.

Here it was that Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother Walter Raleigh, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream, and grew up with a passionate love for the sea, which thus from their boyhood had been almost their native element.

In those days the port of Dartmouth was one of considerable importance; foreign vessels were constantly arriving there, and we can imagine how the boy Humphrey would linger about amongst the sailors, and eagerly listen to their long yarns and their strange tales of adventure in distant seas; and, above all, how anxiously he would seek for any tidings of the strange New World which Columbus had discovered beyond the Atlantic.

'This passion for a sea-faring life was no mere passing fancy with young Gilbert; it grew with his growth, and became the one object of his ambition. Meantime he was seeking to prepare himself for his future life by studying all the charts he could obtain. He compared one with another and tried to correct and improve them, turning his attention especially to the subject of a North-West passage.'

'What's the meaning of that, lad?' interrupted old Jacob. 'You're getting too learned for me.'

'I'll show you,' replied Robert. 'Here's a map at the beginning of the book; ah! what wouldn't Sir Humphrey Gilbert have given for such a map as this? Well, what he wanted to discover was a

passage by sea from the shores of Europe across the Atlantic Ocean, here you see,—round the north of America to the Pacific Ocean.'

'Why, surely there is a way,' exclaimed the old man, pointing with his finger towards the North Pole. 'And did the brave fellow find it?'

'Wait a bit, Jacob, and I'll tell you all I know about it,' said Robert. 'He was not the first man who had tried to find this North-West passage, nor the last by a great many, and it is not yet found.* Sir Humphrey was so convinced, however, that a passage might be found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that he went up to London, and by means of some friends at court, was presented to Queen Elizabeth. It would take too long to read you the whole story, but he was examined before the Privy Council, and the Queen took great interest in him. Here is the way he ended his memorial, which you will like to hear, as it shows how earnestly and seriously he set about his work:—"Never, therefore, mislike me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever. Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all, that for fear or danger of death, shameth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*"

'Time passed on after this, and poor Humphrey, who had been promised a ship, waited and waited, until at last giving up all hope of help from other people, he started an expedition at his own expense, and sailed out into the North Sea. But they met with rough weather and many hardships, and before long the sailors mutinied and forced their captain to return home. Again he manned another vessel at the expense of his whole fortune, but met with like ill-success.

'Still not disheartened, he made fresh efforts to obtain help from the Privy Council, and at length in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with a commission to their captain, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to discover and take possession of from 45° to 50° north latitude. Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have had a personal friendship for him, gave him a jewel as a remembrance, and requested Sir Walter Raleigh to have his portrait taken, "foreboding not to see him again."

'It was a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of his companions, who wrote the narrative of this disastrous expedition. He thus gives the names and burden of the five vessels. The barque *Raleigh*, of 200 tons; the *Delight*, 120 tons; the *Golden Hinde*, and the *Swallow*, each of 40 tons; and lastly the *Squirrel*, a tiny frigate of only 10 tons.'

'Only ten tons!' exclaimed old Jacob; 'why that must have been a little one!'

'Yes, indeed,' said Robert. 'No fishing-boat of that size now would think of going out in a rough

* This was before the year 1851, when Captain M'Clure, of H.M.S. *Investigator*, who had been sent out in search of Sir John Franklin's expedition, ascertained that Prince of Wales' Strait opens into Barrow Strait, and thus completed the long looked for discovery of a North-West passage.

sea, let alone crossing the Atlantic, which those grand old sailors thought nothing of. But time's getting on, and I want you to hear the rest of the story; so perhaps I had better tell it my own way, and just read a bit here and there from the old chronicler.'

'Ay, do, lad,' replied the old man; 'for you seem to know it all by heart.'

'Well, as I told you, Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed forth from the port of Dartmouth, on a sunny day in June, with his heart full of hope and courage. After a fair and prosperous voyage across the sea, he arrived on the coast of America and landed safely at Newfoundland. Here he planted a colony, leaving as many of his crew as he could spare of those who were willing to settle in a new country. Having done this to his satisfaction, Sir Humphrey next resolved to explore all along the coast of America, down to the south. So leaving two vessels behind, he took the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde* with him, he himself sailing in the little *Squirrel*, the ten ton cutter. In this he did all the dangerous work, going close into the shore amongst all the unknown rocks and sand-banks; carefully marking out on his charts every creek and bay, to guide future vessels.

'Now comes the misfortune of the wreck of the *Delight*, which I will read you in the words of Mr. Edward Hayes, who was himself in the *Golden Hinde*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WHITE INDIAN.

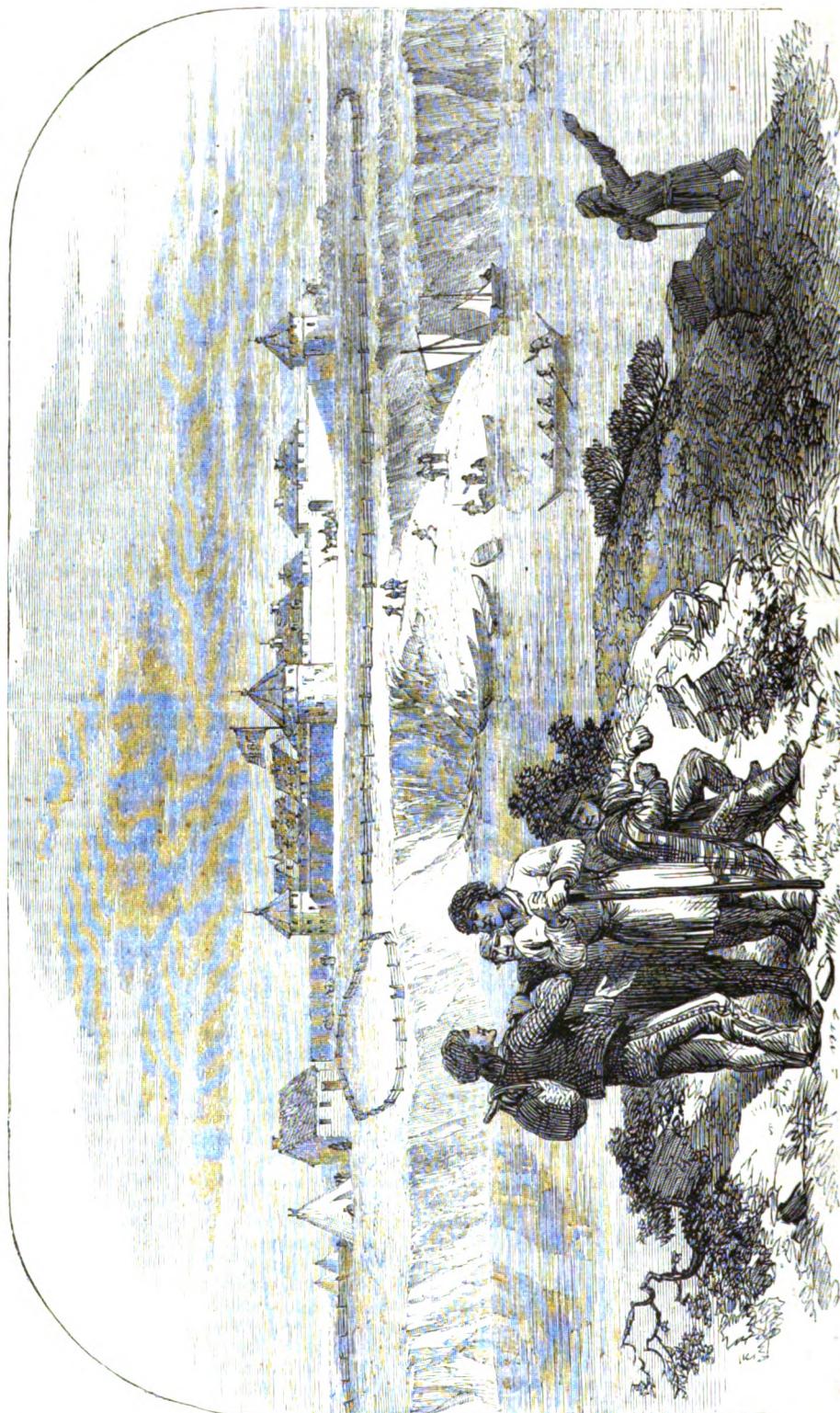
(Concluded from page 357.)

IV.—EDUCATION.

UNTER remained alone, wandering about the wilderness for some time, undecided what he should do next. He was still in every respect, except his birth, an Indian, and he had no idea of ever mixing with the whites. He dared not, however, return to the Osages, and in the wide wilderness where he now was, there were no Indian tribes.

He lived by his rifle and by his bow and arrows, and trusted to the Great Spirit for guidance. One day, after he had wandered a long way eastward, he came across a track made by men in the grass. He followed it, and in a day or two saw smoke arising in the distance. It was from the encampment of five white men out on a fur-hunting expedition. Hunter joined them, and was of great use. He collected a quantity of valuable furs, expecting to change them for another rifle, or a hatchet, or such-like. The men persuaded him to go with them, and part with his furs at a port about two days' journey off. He did so, and dwelt there some time still as an Indian, but learning a few words of English.

His intercourse with these white men led him at last to give up his Indian life, and set up as a fur-collector on his own account. He thus could still follow a roving life. His skill in hunting soon made him rich in skins.



Fort Garry, North America.

He was still very ignorant however, and when he came to sell his treasures had not the least idea of their value, and got cheated. He took paper notes for value in dollars, and buried them under a stone. When he showed them to a honest merchant, he found that he had been cheated of more than six hundred dollars. Hunter had had no knowledge of deceit among the Indians, and at this act all his old prejudice against the whites returned. He was ready to throw off the English dress which he had adopted, and take up the Indian life again. Had it not been for some real friends he

would have done so. They thought some change would be good for him, and so sent him down the Mississippi to New Orleans; but there, again, the wickedness of the white men and the vices of the black negroes made him long once more for his old Indian life and the tawny companions of his youth.

It was not till his friends got him to attend school at Kentucky that he quite gave up the intention of returning to the wilds. He was about twenty-three years old when he sat down to learn A B C.

He soon learned to read, and then to write, and, what was better, returned to the Christian religion in which he had been baptized as an infant. He took the name of Hunter, after the calling in which he was so skilled. He had long been making inquiries after his parents, but, as there had been many quarrels between the Indians and the white men about the time when he was taken prisoner, his inquiries were in vain. All he could remember was, that his father and mother had been killed, and that it was at the time of the fall of the leaf.

He continued to progress so well in learning, that he was able to write his own history and publish it in London in the year 1823.* What became of him afterward we have never heard. There was no reason to doubt the truth of anything he told. His narrative was probable, and he had the witness of Colonel Watkins, whose life he had saved at the expense of his own when he fled in the night from the tents of the murderous Osages.

B.

HERCULES, THE FAITHFUL HORSE.

(Concluded from page 359.)



One of the following days the announcement in the newspapers of the sale by auction of all the cavalry horses which were unfit for service, called me into the town again. I cannot describe my astonishment when among the muster of horses standing to be sold, I beheld the grey Hercules. In order to remove all doubt on the subject I went up to the animal and called him by his name. He pricked up his ears at once and neighed gently as if he was timidly asking, 'Who knows my name, and who troubles himself about me now?' Then I made a quick resolve, I thought, 'Where eight horses' mouths can be satisfied, there is surely fodder enough for a ninth,' and I determined to buy the horse. It was no easy thing to do, not on account of the money, but because of the ridicule which would be poured upon me by my acquaintances and the neighbouring farmers. Nevertheless, it was done. When the turn of the lame, lean grey came, and the auctioneer put him up at three dollars, with the words, 'A grey horse, shot through the left hind leg,' no one in the large crowd offered to bid. Then I summoned up courage, laid down a dollar, and called

out 'Four dollars.' In short, I received the horse amid general laughter and ridicule. This vexed me not a little, and I felt at first inclined to pay the poor beast out on the way home; but the further I got from the mockers the more peaceful became my mind. I felt happy when I thought of the horse's master: 'What will the dragoon say,' I thought to myself, 'when he recognises his horse and receives it back again?'

It went very hard with the poor man; he saw and heard nothing, a violent nervous fever had seized him, so I had for the present to give up the hope of the soothing effect which I trusted the sight of his horse would have upon his mind.

Even from my family and servants I received a derisive welcome when I brought home the lame grey horse, and my wife too did not spare her husband; but I remained calm and contented, for I knew what I was about. First, I had the muddy animal and his severely inflamed wound thoroughly washed, and gave him his food with my own hand. But I could not get him to eat at all. What was to be done? A thought suddenly struck me, I ordered the stable-boy to put on the dragoon's uniform, and a cavalry soldier's sword, and thus dressed, without speaking a word, to feed the horse. This plan occasioned loud laughter among my servants who did not understand my object, but it was completely successful. The horse, deceived by the uniform and the clank of the sword on the stone pavement, neighed with pleasure, turned and looked round at every step of his supposed master. Now and then a suspicion of the truth came over the faithful animal. He was accustomed to kind words, and his present attendant was always silent, though he stroked and petted him like his real master. From that hour the horse took his food regularly; in a few days he stepped out stronger, looked more glossy, and was already less lame.

But how was his young master getting on? The fever was so violent that it seemed as if it must be fatal; but at last the vigorous strength of youth gained the victory, the fever departed, consciousness returned, but not yet the cheerfulness of youth. Even his interest in his faithful horse seemed to have forsaken the poor fellow. He never spoke of him, nor mentioned his name, he passed his days in silent melancholy. This condition grieved me much, and I thought of a cure which was within my reach, so it was not long before I tried its effect.

One day on finding the poor man in the same melancholy state, I said to him, 'Comrade, if you feel yourself strong enough, I wish you would come with me into the stable and give me your opinion of a horse which I lately bought; you are a judge of horses, and will be able to tell me his real value.'

At these words he turned first red and then pale, and trembled all over. I expected from the angry flash of his eyes an immediate refusal, but he overcame his feelings, and replied with a sad voice, 'To-morrow, dear sir, not to-day, I must first accustom myself to the look of a horse!' He held down his head, covered his eyes and wept. I did not try to comfort him, tears alleviate grief, and I was hoping the best from my cure.

* 'Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians.' By JOHN D. HUNTER. Now a scarce book.

Next morning he laid aside his comfortable everyday dress, and put on his uniform, and thus we went together to the stable. Hercules' stall was quite at the end, and he was now pleasantly employed at his second breakfast. On the way I thought it best to prepare my companion. 'The horse I have bought is a grey too, you will be surprised at his resemblance to Hercules, he has even a wound in his hind leg.'

At this communication the dragoon stood still for a moment, and looked searchingly at me. A suspicion seemed to cross his mind, then he walked hastily up to the stable, opened the door, glanced rapidly round it. The grey was there alone, the other horses were in the fields.

This one look was sufficient for him to recognise his favourite. 'Hercules! my Hercules! and you are still alive, and I have you again!' exclaimed the dragoon with trembling voice.

The horse pricked up his ears at the sound of his voice and answered him with a joyful neigh. But the feelings of the poor soldier were too strong, the surprise too great, he sank down on his knees, and it was a long time before the weakness passed away. While this happened, Hercules seemed very much excited too, he pulled at his chain, turned first to the right and then to the left, reared and kicked. I slowly led the dragoon to the restless horse, while I said, smiling, 'Do you recognise the grey? Well, I will make you a present of him. Now horse and rider are together again. Tell each other how you have fared?' The soldier embraced the faithful horse over and over again. His joy and surprise could not find expression in words, I left him to spare his feelings.

What was the consequence of this visit? Hercules behaved so badly when his master wished to leave him again, that he was obliged to take up his night quarters, as he had done at the bivouac, close beside him.

'Do not be anxious on my account,' said the young man to me; 'Hercules will not do his master any harm, and the mild summer nights will certainly not hurt me. I shall encamp for a few nights beside the spoiled child till he has got over his violence and bad manners.'

Late in the evening I left the horse and his master together, both happy and contented. My servants now understood my fancy for the grey horse, and did not laugh any more. It is not necessary to relate how happy the young soldier and his horse were now, and how they both daily gained health and strength. The dragoon cleaned and groomed his horse himself, and led him out in the meadows, and exercised and strengthened his lame foot. Thus he forgot his own sufferings and troubles, and soon regained his former cheerfulness.

At last, horse and rider were both completely recovered. The former proudly arched his handsome neck, stretched out his tail, and reared up bold and straight, his well-shaped body was now covered with glossy hair, every vein and muscle shone through his skin; those who had laughed and mocked, stood and envied now.

One day we had a visit at the farm,—a visit from

a distance. The oddly-shaped carriage and the peculiar harness proved that they came from Hanover. You can guess who our guests were. The father and brother of the dragoon who had come all that distance to take home the son whose absence had caused them so much pain. Great was the joy of the meeting. The faithful horse had his share in it too. The evening was not long enough to relate all the adventures of the horse and his rider, and night still found us in earnest conversation.

Next morning the carriage again stood at the door, Hercules loosely tied at its side, ready to return home again. When his master led the animal out, he said to him, 'Hercules, thank the stable-boys!' These were standing close to the horse. Hercules bent his head and held out to them a little packet between his teeth. It was a handsome present for the two grooms. Then the young man turned to him again, and said, 'Now, Hercules, give our best thanks to the kind master of the house!' At this command the horse knelt down and touched my hands and clothes with his lips as if to kiss them. Then the clever beast jumped up and neighed loudly, as if longing to go home. His master was so overcome by his feelings that he could scarcely say a word. He pressed us to his heart, and then jumped hastily into the carriage.

'Adieu! adieu! good Thuringians. Farewell! farewell! all of you.' A loud crack of the whip, the carriage drove off. For a long time we saw the waving of the white handkerchiefs, and heard the neighing of the grey; at last our guests vanished from our sight, but the soldier and his horse we shall never forget.

J. F. C.

THE NOBLE DEED OF MARGARET WILSON.

By H. G. Adams.



THE name of Margaret Wilson is a very plain, everyday sort of a name, and the little girl who bore it had nothing in her appearance to distinguish her from the miners' children with whom she played; but she has done a great and noble deed, which gives her a claim to be remembered by all who value true heroism, and has left on record a touching and beautiful instance of self-sacrifice.

She, with three other children, was playing on the line of the North Eastern Railway at Leamside, where there is a station for the city of Durham and the Auckland Valley. It was about noon of a glorious sunshiny day in May. The children were sporting about, unconscious of danger, when, hark! the scream of the railway whistle! and round the curve came the great iron horse, like some monster eager to devour the poor babes who had ventured upon so perilous a playground.

They were on the same line as the engine, near the other end of the platform; and the driver, when he had seen them, sounded both whistles to

give the alarm, shut off the steam, put on the breaks, and did all he could to check the speed of the engine, which, however, came on too quickly to allow of the children's escape. One little fellow, four years of age, was making towards the end of the platform, the side of which was too high for him to climb, and Margaret Wilson, nine years old, was following him, when, looking back, she saw her other companions, who were mere babes, between the metals, right in the line of danger, making feeble efforts to escape. Losing all sense of fear in the generous impulse of the moment, she sprang to their assistance, caught them aside, and huddled them up between herself and the platform, just as the engine reached the terrified group, and she received a fearful blow on the head from the connecting-rod, inflicting a wound of which she died in two hours. The children for whom she had so nobly risked and lost her life, were but little injured; but the boy, who had taken the lead in the flight for safety, was also stricken by the rod, and killed on the spot a little further on.

There, in the bright sunshine of that sweet May day, lay the ghastly spectacle of tender human forms, bleeding and mutilated, and where all, a moment before, was life, and light, and innocent mirth, was now death, and gloom, and sorrow. But this heroic action of Margaret Wilson gives us something pleasant to think about. It illuminates the dark picture like a ray from heaven. She died in her efforts to save the lives of those little children, although herself but a mere child; and we cannot doubt that the blow which struck her down—that sudden, sharp stroke of agony which sealed up her senses to all worldly things—gave her admission to the presence of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' That plain, simple name is doubtless inscribed on the muster-roll of heaven, where the high-sounding titles of many whom the world has consented to term heroes will be sought for in vain. Very rarely is a child called on to make such a sacrifice as did this brave girl; but, should it ever please God so to try any of our young readers, we trust that he or she may be found as ready to do their duty as bravely as well.

THE STARLING.

AN old huntsman named Maurice had a trained starling which, if its master said, 'Starling, where are you?' would immediately answer, 'Here I am!' This bird was a great delight to the son of one of the neighbours, a little boy called Charles, who often came to pay it a visit. One day, when he came to see it, the old huntsman was not in the room. Charles caught the bird, put it into his pocket, and was moving towards the door when in came Maurice, who, thinking it would please the child, called as usual, 'Starling, where are you?' And the starling, from its hiding-place in the boy's pocket, cried with all its might, 'Here I am!'

Be a thief cunning as it may,
It soon comes to the light of day.

J. M. C.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the poet of Scotland, was born in a humble cottage near the town of Ayr, January 25th, 1759. His father worked as a gardener for the Laird of Fairlie, and also for Mr. Crawford of Doonside. Afterwards he rented a few acres of land as a nursery-ground, and there he built the cottage in which Robert was born. The poet's mother had very little learning—only enough to enable her to read her Bible, but his father was a man well educated, and resolved to give his son all the advantages within his reach, and therefore he sent Robert to a little school at Alloway Mill.

When Robert was only seven years old he worked with his father on a farm to which he had lately removed, and it is stated that at fifteen he could do the work of a man.

At eighteen years of age Robert again removed with his father to the farm of Lochlea, in Tarbolton, and it was from this place that the poet went to school at Kirkoswald, and thus completed his education. Here, too, unfortunately, he learnt to 'fill his glass,' and joined in many a drunken riot. He continued to labour with his father on the farm until his twenty-third year, and many of his songs were composed and sung as he followed the plough. At twenty-three he engaged in flax-dressing, but owing to a fire by which the mill was burnt to ashes he was reduced to his 'last sixpence,' and compelled to return to his father's farm, where he worked until his father died two years afterwards. On his death-bed the old man reproved his son, which reproof made the poet sob and cry like a child, and resolve to pursue a better state of life. Old Burns was buried in Alloway kirk-yard, and on his tombstone were written by his son the following lines:—

'Oh ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
For e'er his failings leaned to virtue's side.'

In 1786, Robert Burns published by subscription his first volume of poems. This speculation produced a profit of about 20*l.* and gained popularity for the poet. In a year afterwards, a second edition was published, and by this Burns made 500*l.* It seems that in three years after this volume was published, the poet accepted the situation of an exciseman.

When Burns was only thirty-six years of age he began to feel his decline: 'What a transient business is life!' he wrote. 'Very lately I was a boy; but the other day I was a young man, and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o'er my frame.'

A year later he wrote: 'I fear it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel's streams I have sat and wept.' In July, 1796, Burns went to the sea-side for change of air. On the 21st of the same month, his children standing around his bed, poor Burns died at the early age of thirty-seven.



Robert Burns.

 'CHATTERBOX' Volume for 1867, price 3s. and 5s. richly gilt.

STRANGEWAYS AND WALDEN.]

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

Digitized by 

28 Castle St. Leicester Sq.

Chatterbox.



BE KIND.

BE kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?

He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And join'd in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,

His locks intermingled with gray ;

His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;

Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for, lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;

Oh ! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray

As long as God giveth her breath ;

With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;

The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are

The love of a brother shall be

An ornament purer and richer by far

Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love ;

The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown ;

Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

A NOBLE LESSON NOBLY
LEARNT.

(Concluded from p. 363.)



It was towards the end of August and the evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and haut-boys.

'The *Delight* struck upon a sand-bank in the middle of the night and went down in sight of the other vessels, which could do nothing to help. Can you fancy anything more painful to the noble, kind-hearted captain, than to see the companions of his voyage perish before his eyes, while he was helpless to save them ? Most unfortunately too, all his papers and maps, on which Sir Humphrey Gilbert had spent so much labour, even at the peril of his life, were lost in the *Delight*. This was a sad grief to him, for it seemed as if all his work had been wasted.

'But there were worse disasters in store. The

Golden Hinde and the little *Squirrel* were now left alone, the men were disheartened by the loss of their companions, and feared a like fate ; provisions were getting very short, and, worst of all, the summer season was coming to an end. Overcome at last by the fears and complaints of the sailors, the gallant commander was persuaded to lay off for England, though it was with a sad and heavy heart that he yielded.

'So on Saturday night, the thirty-first of August,' continues the writer, 'we changed our course. . . . I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our general ; the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate ; and when he was entreated by the captain, master and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer,—"I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils!"'

'What do you think of that, Jacob ?' exclaimed Robert, his whole face kindling with enthusiasm.

'It was the word of a Christian gentleman, lad,' said his friend ; 'and if any harm came to him, why, they that were with him must have felt proud to their dying day of a leader like him, who stood to the post of danger like a hero.'

'He was indeed a hero ; you may well say that. Well, so they went on their way, Sir Humphrey still remaining in that nut-shell of a boat, and putting some of his own noble courage into the hearts of the most timid. They had gone some distance, about two-thirds of the way home, when they met foul weather and terrible seas, breaking short and pyramid-wise. Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea," had never seen it more stormy and tremendous. Just fancy such weather with those wretched boats, and it seems wonderful that the smaller one could have stood it for a day. But we are fast coming to the worst of it.

'Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate (that is, the *Squirrel*) was near castaway, oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered and giving forth signs of joy, the General sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing ; "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

'The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried, "The General was cast away," which was too true.

'Thus faithfully I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear ; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety, those remote and heathen countries of America.'

'After going on to speak about the "crosses

turmoils and afflictions both in the preparation and execution of the voyage," the chronicler ends in this way:—

"Thus, as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both His and every other high and noble mind have always aspired."

There was a brief silence as Robert Stileman thus ended the narrative, and when he spoke again it was in a low, earnest tone, as though a feeling of awe had come over him.

"Oh, Jacob! If I could but be, even in a little way, such another as Sir Humphrey Gilbert,—so brave, so gentle, so unselfish and noble,—it would be something worth living and dying for."

"Aye, and so thou canst, lad," exclaimed the old man, eagerly; "only be brave and faithful, and do with all thy heart the work God gives thee to do, be it on sea or land."

* * * * *

Twenty years have passed away since that sunny afternoon, when the story of Sir Humphrey Gilbert sounded in the old cloisters of Hereford Cathedral.

It is a stormy night in November, and the great Atlantic breakers are dashing in with tremendous force against the western coast of Ireland. A fearful gale is blowing and the whole ocean seems one mass of foaming waves; it is a night when poor souls who have husbands, sons, or any loved ones out at sea, lie awake in trembling fear, and listen with aching hearts to the roaring tempest.

Within the harbour of Valentia the gale is but little felt, and the vessels which have been fortunate enough to reach it are riding safely at anchor,—but just outside, in the wild bay of Lough Kay to the north, signals of distress are seeking to make themselves heard above the uproar of the storm.

The *Island Queen*, homeward bound from America, with forty-nine souls on board, has been driven upon the rocks and is in desperate circumstances. She has sprung a leak, and is so much damaged that she is gradually filling with water, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the crew to pump out the water. Every moment increases the peril, and certain death seems to await those who have so nearly completed their voyage. To perish within sight of land, almost within sound of brave men who would gladly risk their lives to help and save, seemed to add to the bitterness of their fate.

In spite of the fearful risk,—for the most experienced seamen in the harbour declared that no boat of any kind could live long in such a sea,—the Valentia lifeboat had been launched into the breakers, but scarcely had it started before a terrific tidal wave swept in, extending right across the bay and leaping far up the cliffs on either side. As it neared the devoted boat, it looked like a rolling mountain of water. Never were six men in more desperate strait than that gallant coast-guard crew; but cheering his men forward, the steersman put his boat straight at it, to meet the sea at a right angle. The men strained at their oars, and gliding like an

arrow the boat entered the roaring avalanche. The officer who was steering, and the boatman who was pulling stroke oar were hurled headlong over the boat's stern by the falling sea, the rest of the crew were beaten down and stunned, the boat was disabled, and though the men were saved by their life-belts, all hope of reaching the *Island Queen* and rescuing the crew in that way was at an end.

Meantime one of the ship's boats had already been let down with four men in her, who rather than await certain death in the sinking vessel, chose to risk it, but the boat had scarcely reached the waves before she was quickly swamped and went down, and it was with extreme difficulty that two of the men were got on board again. This disaster had the effect of preventing the crew from attempting to launch the remaining boats, and all in the ill-fated vessel began to realize the certainty of death.

But there was one more chance for them. Suddenly a mortar-rocket was seen to ascend from the nearest point of land,—there was a moment of fearful suspense, then a low cry from the captain:—

"It has missed the ship!"

Again and again was the rocket fired with no more success; then at last a cry of eager hope rose from those on board, and was echoed by the anxious spectators on shore, as the rocket fell on the deck. To the rocket was fastened a string, to the string a rope, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, the rope was made fast to the vessel.

The captain's voice was heard once more above the din:—

"Pump away, my men, with a will. Hold on a little longer, and, please God, some of you will see land again."

His words put fresh courage into all hearts, for he had been foremost all along, working nobly, and encouraging all on board by word and example.

Meantime a basket of peculiar construction, called a 'cradle,' had been lowered along the rope, and one by one, the passengers first, and then the crew, each taking his turn as the captain, in a clear ringing voice, called out his name, were drawn upwards to the shore by strong and willing hands.

It must have seemed a fearful venture to a man,—a moment not to be forgotten in a lifetime, when he was started off in the basket, mid-air one moment, struggling the next in the cold, drenching spray and darkness. No wonder that many a brave fellow shuddered and turned pale as his turn came, and, with a hurried farewell to those left behind, whom he might never see again, made himself fast to the rope.

Yet they all knew it was their only chance for dear life.

Meantime the vessel was slowly sinking, for as one after another was rescued, there were not enough left to continue the pumping effectually. At length there were but two remaining, and they were clinging fast to the mast, washed every few minutes by the waves. One was a young sailor, the other was the captain of the *Island Queen*, who had firmly refused to try to save himself before. 'When every soul on board is safe, then, and not till then, will





The Timely Pardon.

Page 374.

I leave my post,' had been his one answer to all entreaties.

Once more the 'cradle' returned, and the young fellow at his side begged his captain to go first.

'My life's not worth so much as yours, sir; there's nobody to miss me,' he had said.

'There's not a moment to lose,' replied the other, steadily. 'Go, Charlie, lad, and God bless you.'

He did not add that, to his experienced eyes, it was certain that *this* would be the last journey, that ere the means of escape returned again, every fragment of the wreck would be broken up and dispersed. He had scarcely hoped that it would last out so long.

With tearful eyes Charlie obeyed, not knowing how much he owed to his friend, and was about to swing off on his perilous voyage, when the captain pressed a book into his hands.

'Here, Charlie, put this safely somewhere, and send it to my mother, Mrs. Stileman, at Hereford. You'll find the name inside. Tell her, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land."

There was no time for more, a terrible wave dashed over them,—the boy was saved,—drawn

ashore half unconscious, but still clinging tight to the book which had been entrusted to him.

He was the last who was rescued from the sea, for the noblest and bravest on board the *Island Queen*, had perished in her wreck.

The old, worn volume was the 'Life of Sir Humphrey Gilbert,' and the captain, whose noble heroism will long be remembered, was no other than Robert Stileman, whose boyish dream was thus fulfilled, and who, like his hero of bygone days, was swallowed up by the Atlantic, when in the prime of life and strength.

MARIAN ANDREWS.

FAREWELL!

THOSE who have had the good fortune to visit any of the recent Art Exhibitions, whether in England or abroad, have probably been struck with the beautiful and life-like scenes depicted by the Norwegian painter, Tideman. They, most of them, illustrate the customs of Northern Europe. Our picture 'Farewell,' is a copy of one of this artist's paintings, and illustrates a sad and only too frequent scene in mountainous countries like Norway and Switzerland, where the soil is too poor to maintain

an increasing population, and many, consequently, have to emigrate to America or Australia. Poverty, want, a bad harvest perhaps, and other unfavourable circumstances, have obliged the younger members of the family, whose home our picture puts before us, to take up the wanderer's staff, and,—though with a heavy heart at leaving those so dear to them, whom they can never hope to meet again in this world,—to cross the seas to America.

A relative has written to say how easy it is to get work there, and how high wages are, so that dollars there are as plentiful as pence in the old home. And the young people are going. The hour of departure has come, and they must say 'farewell' to their dear old parents. A sad moment it is indeed. The sick, bed-ridden father raises himself up with difficulty, and reminds his son and daughter-in-law of the good Christian precepts which he has endeavoured to implant in their minds. Then he blesses the departing ones. The poor old mother can only sob and weep, she feels most the parting from her grandchildren. The rosy-cheeked little boy cares the least, and looks forward with joy to wandering forth into the wide world. May God bless the honest young folk, and guide them to a happy home in the New World, and may He comfort the sorrowing parents they leave behind them in the Old.

THE TIMELY PARDON.

A true story of war-time, from the German, by Jas. F. Cobb, Esq.

It was in August, 1800; the Austrians were then at war with the French, and, on the 14th of June, had been completely defeated at Marengo. An immense multitude of people were crowding and pressing up to the large square in the city of Brunn, the capital of the province of Moravia. They were mostly Moravian soldiers, who had just been called out to strengthen the Imperial army, which had almost been destroyed in Italy. The men were very angry and excited. The most of them had already been honourably discharged from the army, as their time of service was over. Now they were called away from the plough and the desk, from the counter and the workshop—very many of them, too, from wife and children. One of them publicly expressed in words the feelings of all their hearts. With loud and violent voice, which sounded through the whole square, he exclaimed,—

'We are no longer bound to serve. If we were, we should long since have been in the army. It is the duty of a soldier to fight for his country and his sovereign. But we were only drawn to be the protectors of our own homes. If we were really soldiers now, they would have made us take the oath to our colours again. But we have not been asked to take it. Therefore we are free to go or stay, just as we like. As the Emperor's promise has not been kept to us, we are freed from our promise to him. We

will not be led to Italy, to be mown down by the cannons of the French. We will throw down our arms, and return to our homes.'

This was a serious act of disobedience. It was rebellion against their emperor, as well as a sin against God, who has said, 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors as unto them that are sent by Him, for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well' (1 Peter, ii. 13, 14). But the poor men, who were thoroughly misled and infatuated, did not at this moment think of the commands of God. They only thought that they were about to be led out of their own country, contrary to the promise which their emperor had given them, and their not being required to take the oath this time, served in their eyes as an excuse for their disobedience. They laid down their arms together, or threw them away, and hastened back to their homes.

The punishment for this act of rebellion and insubordination was not long before it came. Four days after all the fugitives had been captured, and sat within the thick walls of the stony fortress of Spielberg, which frowns down upon the city of Brunn. A court-martial was held upon them. Six of them, recognised as the ringleaders, were condemned to be beheaded with the sword; the others to imprisonment, either for life or for a long term of years.

A cry of horror, a wail of lamentation and mourning, was heard throughout the streets of Brunn. Six men, still in the prime of life, were to be given up to a shameful death. Six women were to become widows and their children orphans; and many others would feel that their husbands and fathers were for long, long years, perhaps for life, languishing in chains in a dark dungeon. The grief of the women and children filled every heart with deep sympathy. But the Lutheran pastor, Heinrich Riecke, was deeply moved with compassion for the sorrows of these unhappy people. Late in the evening he hastened to the benevolent Count Berchtold, in order to consult with him as to any ways through which the condemned men might be saved and restored to their afflicted wives and children.

Both these good men wrote to the Emperor's adjutant, Count Kavnitz, and to the imperial secretary, Martin, and begged them to plead for the unfortunate men, and to try to obtain the pardon of the sovereign. Two days after an answer came from Vienna that the emperor could not interfere in this matter, as it had been submitted to the military jurisdiction of his brother, the Archduke Charles, who was with the army in Italy. The count and the pastor at once made a fresh attempt to obtain a pardon, and sent their petition by a courier to the archduke in Italy. A week of painful suspense passed away. The day for the execution came nearer and nearer. At last the courier returned with the archduke's answer. The petition for pardon was refused, and the judgment of the court-martial was confirmed.

Thus the six unhappy men would have to undergo the sentence of death. Only a few days separated

them from eternity. Their sorrowing wives and children looked up with streaming eyes to the dungeon where their husbands and fathers—their only support in this life—were confined. Not far from this fortress was a bare, desolate hill, where the court-martial had been held. This was the spot upon which, in a short time, their beloved ones were to suffer death by the executioner's hand.

The two executioners who had been appointed to carry out the sentence had already arrived from Bohemia. The terror, grief, and lamentation increased; the weeping and mourning of the poor wives and children became louder and more heart-rending. The pastor, Riecke, and Count Berchtold went about among the mourners with anxious hearts. They would willingly help and save them, but did not know in what way to set about it. A rich merchant bribed one of the executioners with a number of gold pieces to feign illness. In this manner they hoped to gain time, and to put off the day of the execution: but this plan failed too. The other executioner offered to perform the work alone. This was on a Tuesday. The military tribunal accepted his proposal. It decided that the condemned men should have two more days, Wednesday and Thursday, allowed them, in order that they might prepare for death; but, on Friday, the sentence was, without fail, to be carried out.

On Sunday evening the noble Count and the pastor sat together in the parsonage with sad and heavy hearts. They had attempted every thing in their power to save the misguided men. They gazed sorrowfully at each other. Then the pastor's eyes fell upon the great map of the empire, which hung upon his study wall; they were fixed upon one point in it, where, in large black letters, the word 'Vienna' was written. Suddenly he jumped up and exclaimed—'We must resort to the only means which remain to us. We have only forty-eight hours left to save the poor men. You must travel to Vienna as soon and as quickly as possible in order to implore the Emperor for the pardon of the condemned. Haste thither, haste, my dear Count! May the grief and tears of the disconsolate families accompany you on your road, and our prayers too will go with you and draw down the blessing of God upon your petition. Tomorrow night you can be in Vienna; if you make no stay there, and are not delayed upon the road, you will be back here on Thursday, and, with God's help, the unhappy men will be saved.'

The noble Count Berchtold immediately consented to his friend's proposal. He hastened home to make the necessary preparations for his journey; they were soon finished. At two o'clock on Wednesday morning his travelling carriage drove through the gate of Brunn by the road which led to Vienna. The pastor heard the rolling of its wheels; he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes to the hills whence alone help comes; warm and fervent prayers moved his heart and lips for his friend's success.

(To be continued.)



UMBRELLAS.

UMBRELLAS, which are now in such general use, were first introduced in France in the reign of Louis XIV. They were then carried under the arm, and were thick and heavy. Only at the beginning of the present century were they used like a stick. At the present day the umbrella is the constant companion of every citizen; in England it was for a long time considered foppish and effeminate to use an umbrella, and if any one was seen with one, he was immediately hooted and laughed at by the crowd, especially by the hackney-coachmen and sedan-chair carriers, because they thought they would lose much of their profits by this new fashion. When, however, the Scotchman, John Macdonald, who brought a new silk umbrella with him from Spain, had patiently borne all the rude laughter of the street-folk for three months, umbrellas gradually came into fashion.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION IN AN AVALANCHE.

IT is well known that, in the mountains of the Tyrol, avalanches are a constant source of peril during the winter season. Fatal accidents are very frequent, and in certain more exposed valleys the inhabitants live in constant danger. They are always ready for death, in the Christian sense, for they are a good, pious, and church-going people.

A peasant of the Zillertal, whose small habitation is perched half-way up so steep a mountain-side, that it looks almost like a perpendicular wall, and whose cottage is called *Millenwänden*, which means 'in the middle of the wall,' had been confined to his house for several days by a fall of snow which had made all the roads impassable. He had a wife and children, and this enforced imprisonment, which is by no means rare in these regions, did not take him unprepared. But one morning he perceived that a formidable avalanche was slowly advancing down towards them; it hung over the poor cottage and threatened it with certain ruin; as soon as it should be detached by its own weight, or a slight thaw, it would rush down from the top of the natural wall which we have alluded to.

The peasant informed his family that they must now only think of how to die as Christ's servants should; he wrote down himself all that had taken place, and a few words of farewell addressed to his friends and neighbours; he nailed this document in a place where he thought it would not be destroyed, and then he went to spend the rest of the time, which remained to them in this world, in prayer with his family assembled together in one of their little rooms next to the stable. The avalanche came down; the roof and the greater part of the cottage were carried away, the stable was buried beneath the snow, but the inhabitants were preserved. Their fervent prayers were changed into thanksgivings, and, after having expressed their deep gratitude to God, they were still able to take out



An Avalanche.

their two cows from the snow before the arrival of

This incident took place early in the present assistance from the valley.

J. F. C.

'CHERRY RIPE,' a beautiful Coloured Picture, will be issued on November 20 with 'Chatterbox,' No. 1, Vol. III. The Coloured Picture and Number together, price One Penny.

No. 48. Oct. 26, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.





WITHERED LEAVES.

HERE is the little boy or girl who does not like kicking about the dry and withered leaves found so plentifully in our country lanes in the autumn of the year? Sometimes I willingly join these happy parties, and laugh as heartily and toss the leaves about with as right good will as the children do, and think it fine fun.

But at other times I like to take a lonely walk through those same lanes, and, looking on and crushing those same leaves, think thus:—Those withered, useless leaves, only a few weeks ago, were as bright and as full of life as I am. How soon will my life be over, and I lie as useless as they! Ah! in a very short time it must be so, for the years roll on quickly, and the older we grow the faster they seem to pass away.

But at the close of my life shall I have done even as much good as those leaves have done? They have shielded many a wayworn traveller from the burning heat of the sun; but have I shielded even a single poor friendless one, weary of life's journey, whom a little help from me, or a kind, pleasant word, would have cheered and helped on his way?

Those leaves have sheltered many an one from heavy storms; but have I sheltered, or even tried to shelter, one poor life traveller who, with the world's storms of sorrow, temptation, and poverty, pouring upon his head, has hurried to me for shelter; but alas! I passed him in disdain, and refused to him a friendly, helping hand. Ah! those leaves, those withered leaves, they have been of some use and help to man; they have done some good in their time: but what have we done, little readers, and what are we doing? Let not the leaves outstrip us in doing good and in being useful.

JULIA.

THE TIMELY PARDON.

(Continued from p. 375.)

CHAPTER II.

IN the ante-chamber of the Imperial bed-room in the palace at Vienna, the Emperor's two valets reposed in their arm-chairs and slumbered. It was nearly midnight. The Emperor Francis was asleep. The repose of night was very necessary for him, as in this terrible period of war each day brought new cares and new troubles. Suddenly the two valets sprang up from their slumber, a carriage rolled across the courtyard of the imperial palace, and stopped at the gate. The Chamberlain, Count Cobenzl, entered the antechamber to awaken the two valets. When he found they were already aroused, he said, 'There is a carriage just arrived in great haste; it certainly brings some important news for the Emperor, perhaps a despatch from the seat of war. I heard distinctly how the man in it spoke to the sentries on guard. Keep the bringer

of the tidings here, in the ante-room. We must be cautious if the news is not good.'

At the same moment the folding-doors of the ante-room were opened. A man entered in great haste; he was dressed in a simple travelling suit; his face was pale, his hair disordered, but over his grey coat lay a broad golden chain from which hung the distinguished order of the Golden Fleece. The Chamberlain and the valets recognised him at once. 'Count Perchtold,' they cried with one voice, astonished and frightened. The Count came up to the table, threw down on it a bundle of papers which he carried under his arm, and said, 'Wake the Emperor for me!'

The three men gazed at each other in amazement; at last the Chamberlain said,—

'Count, I am in attendance on His Majesty tonight. You know that to our master, who is just now greatly troubled and weighed down with so many cares, sleep is a doubly precious treasure. It would be a cruel act to rob him of it. I have, too, strict orders not to awaken him, except in a case of extreme necessity.'

'Count,' replied the noble Berchtold, 'you are young, you are brave and good. Take the assurance from me that if you awaken the Emperor you will be doing him the greatest service which one man can render to another. You were only to awaken him in a case of extreme necessity; if the Emperor hears me, a great misfortune will be averted from him. Each minute is precious, Count! Pray wake the Emperor immediately!'

The earnest and solemn tone in which Count Berchtold spoke, his whole manner and appearance, struck the Chamberlain. He was silent for a few moments, and reflected as to what he ought to do. At last he exclaimed, 'It will be at your own risk!' and he entered the Emperor's chamber. A few moments of painful suspense followed. The Count never turned away his eyes from the door. He was already paler than on his arrival. At last the Chamberlain came back: 'Come in quickly, Count,' he cried, 'I have awakened the Emperor, he will speak to you.' An exclamation of joy and thankfulness escaped from the lips of the noble Berchtold. He followed the Chamberlain, and entered the royal apartment.

The Emperor Francis had raised himself in his bed. Two wax lights, which burned in a silver branched candlestick, and which the Chamberlain had lighted, illuminated the room. 'I must say,' cried the monarch rather angrily to the Count as he came in, 'you have come from Brunn at a very unseemly time to steal my little sleep from me. What is there then so very important? If it were any one else, I should be very angry. My sleep is more valuable to me than gold. Be quick, so that I may rest again, I require all my strength. Do not hesitate to tell it me at once.'

The Chamberlain left the room.

'Your Majesty,' began the Count, 'I beseech you, grant to me and to the land of Moravia the lives of those six men who are condemned to die by the hand of the executioner?'

The Emperor Francis shook his head and ex-

claimed, 'I thought as much! I imagined that you were going once more to petition me for those six malefactors; but I cannot exercise mercy. What would be thought about it in the country? These men are criminals—rebels. They have been justly condemned, and the Archduke has confirmed the sentence.'

'Oh, your Majesty,' implored the Count, 'it is your high right to exercise mercy. If you could only see the grief of the city, and hear the lamentations, you would pardon them, you would deliver them. Moreover, too, those unhappy men were unjustly condemned!'

The Emperor became more attentive, at last he said, 'You are bold, Count—very bold. How can you say that these men are unjustly condemned? What induced them to go away and refuse obedience when they wore the imperial uniform, and carried the imperial arms?'

'My Emperor,' replied Count Berchtold, 'this time the military oath was not demanded of them.' Then he opened his bundle of papers, laid them on the table, drew the light nearer, and read to the Emperor from them. The prince remained quite silent, and allowed him to proceed. This reading lasted a full hour. The noble-minded man concluded with the words—'And now, my Emperor, what does your Majesty say to this? It was not enough that these poor men should be obliged to follow the standard without having taken the oath; my Emperor's word has also been twisted and perverted to them. This word had promised them, that they should only have to fight within the boundaries of their own land, to defend it against the enemy. This word has been broken without the Emperor's knowledge. In this way, the confidence of these poor men was shaken, thus were they tempted to disobedience. We firmly count upon the justice and mercy of our Emperor. This, too, has given me courage to hasten to Vienna, to entreat my Emperor to cancel this bloody decree!'

'Count,' the sovereign said with a firm voice, 'your noble benevolence touches me; but what you have read to me does not convince me. Those men have received a just sentence. It must be carried out.'

The Count turned pale; the last hope seemed to be taken from him. He gathered up his papers, and turned once more to the Emperor: 'I have done everything possible for the deliverance of these unfortunate men, but it is not to be. God has willed it otherwise; He has not turned your Majesty's heart towards us; He knows why it has happened thus, and not otherwise. The poor men will die: perhaps, they must die in order that my Emperor may be more merciful another time. For I am sure of one thing, that repentance will and must come into my Emperor's heart; for he will remember my earnest entreaties this night for pardon. The morning dawns—farewell my Lord and Sovereign. I am returning to Brunn more wretched and cast down than the poor condemned soldiers.'

'And supposing I, my Lord Count,' said the Emperor, 'was to have you arrested for your bold speeches and not allow you to return to Brunn, what then?'

'Then, your Majesty, I should be doubly justified. Then some day it would be written in the annals of the history of the Austrian empire—"The Emperor Francis caused a Count of his realm to be arrested, who had the boldness to remind him of his word, which he had once given."

The Emperor rose up in his bed. He flung a silk dressing-gown round him, and jumped up. He rang, and the Chamberlain entered. The prince went to his desk, took out a sheet of paper, and rapidly wrote a decree. The only sound in the room was that of the decisive pen running over the paper. At last the Emperor was ready and cried, 'Count Berchtold, come nearer and read!'

The Count came nearer and read. With tears in his eyes he perused the words which were written on the paper. *It was a decree to pardon the six condemned men.* He fell at the Emperor's feet, and kissed the hand of the prince; the Emperor withdrew it to fold up and seal the paper. At last all was done.

'Here,' he said, as he handed the document to the Count, 'take it and hasten back to Brunn. Bring with you pardon, happiness, and peace. I pardon you for disturbing me to-night, because you are a benevolent and courageous man, my true friend.' He clapped the Count good-naturedly on the shoulder, and dismissed him with the words—'Good night, my dear Berchtold, I shall now sleep most sweetly.'

The Count pressed the hand of the kind Emperor to his lips, and then hastened away from the imperial palace. In those days there were no railroads nor electric telegraphs. When the sun rose, his carriage was again on its way rolling along the highroad to Brunn. He turned to look back at the capital once more. The houses of Vienna were disappearing in the light morning mist, which had spread, and was now rising over the plain. The old Cathedral of St. Stephen alone, with its gigantic tower, rose above the fog. It was like a finger pointing to heaven; and the Count clasped his hands, and from a full heart and with his whole soul, thanked the faithful God who had thus far helped him. Then he pushed on with all speed, that he might reach the city in time to stop the execution.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FATHER, DON'T SWEAR ANY MORE.

AT Namur, in Belgium, there was a child about ten years old who had heard much at school about sins against the third commandment, especially the wicked habit of swearing. His father was a hot-tempered man. The boy once came home rather too late, which irritated the father so that he swore and blasphemed the name of God, and the poor child was deeply grieved that he should be the cause of such blasphemy against God, he fell down upon his knees before his father, and begged, 'Father! father, beat me if you like, but don't swear any more.' The father was terrified at the sight of the terror which his curses caused his innocent child. He thought the matter seriously over, and he strove against his evil habit, and at last broke himself of it.



THE LARGE UMBRELLA.

OT long ago a great drought prevailed in some of the midland counties of England. Several pious farmers who dreaded lest their expected crops should perish for lack of moisture, begged their clergyman to use the special prayer *'for Rain,'* which is in the Prayer-book. The minister said he would do so on Sunday, and told the children in the Day School that he was going to do so, and explained the prayer to them. When the Sunday morning came, he was surprised to see one of

his litt'e scholars bending under the weight of a huge family umbrella. 'Why, Mary,' said he, 'what could have made you bring that umbrella on such a lovely morning as this?' The child replied, 'Why, sir, I thought, as we were going to pray for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella.' The minister smiled on her, and went into church, and the service began. While they were praying, the wind rose; the sky before so bright and clear, became overcast with clouds; and soon, amidst flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, a storm of rain deluged the country. Those who came to church unprepared to receive the blessing they were going to ask, reached their homes drenched and soaked, whilst Mary was able to give her clergyman the shelter of half the family umbrella.





Ty oles.

Digitized by Google

TYROL AND THE TYROLESE.

By J. F. Cobb, Esq.



TYROL is one of the most delightful countries in Europe to visit. Not only is the grand Alpine scenery almost equal to that of Switzerland, while the valleys are greener and the forest more extensive, but the Tyrolese are a very interesting race. In personal appearance both men and women are tall and handsome, many of the men are almost giants in size, and splendid specimens of the true mountaineer; but it is the simplicity and honesty of these good people which we most of all admire, and which makes their beautiful country so pleasant to travel in. Our readers have already been told of their loyalty and patriotism in the touching story of the noble Hofer, that real hero, of whom Tyrol does well to be proud.

For a walking excursion there is no more charming country than the Tyrol, the little inns are clean and homely, and nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality of the people. They do not try to cheat and overcharge the traveller, the cost of living therefore is uncommonly cheap.

As an instance of the honesty of the Tyrolese, a German traveller relates:—While I was sitting to rest at a way-side inn high up among the mountains, a tall, strong-looking woman entered, she bore on her back a large basket full of the carved wood ornaments of which the Tyrolese make such large quantities during winter, and which she was going to take over to Bavaria to sell. After a short rest she resumed her heavy burden, and paid the hostess a few pence for what she had had herself, and then handed her a larger sum with the remark,—"This is the sum which the strange man had to pay who ate and drank here a few hours ago." The hostess took the money as a matter of course, and the woman took leave of her.

I was struck with the incident, and asked the good-natured landlady what the money she brought was for. She replied, quite indifferently, "This morning a travelling Tyrolese wanted to pay his bill with a crown dollar, but that as she could not change such a large piece of money just then, the stranger had said he should soon come to a place where he could easily change it, and that he would send her what he owed by the first person he met on the road, who was going to pass by her house. This man had met the seller of the wooden ware, and she had brought the money with her. That is the whole story."

I asked whether she knew the man.

"No," she replied.

"Did she know the woman?"

"No; she was only the first person he met after he had changed the dollar."

When I expressed my astonishment that such confidence and honesty should exist among complete strangers, she did not at all understand my amazement, but simply gave the wise answer, "Well, what then is the use of our Christianity?"

The Tyrolese are also a very religious people, their churches are crowded on Sundays and festivals. Distance and bad weather never prevent them from attending their services. On a very wet Sunday which I spent in a Tyrolean village some years ago, I remember seeing, the first thing in the morning, all the roads and paths down the mountain sides in the neighbourhood alive with the large red, green, and blue umbrellas of the peasantry, who were pouring down to an early service at the church, which was so full, that very many were standing or kneeling outside in the rain.

Their piety too, is shown in the many little crosses and tablets which we constantly find by the roadside, and which mark the spots where some unfortunate son of the mountains has lost his life by accident, such as falling from the rock, being struck by lightning, or overwhelmed in an avalanche. The little tablet generally has a rudely painted picture of the sad event, with an inscription under it recording its date and circumstances, concluding with an exhortation to the passing traveller to reflect on the uncertainty of life, and to remember that his end too may not be far off.

The walls of the inns and houses are generally covered with rudely executed religious pictures. If a traveller is passing through a village late in the evening he is sure to hear the inhabitants engaged in family worship in their different houses, chanting litanies or singing hymns.

The Tyrolese are devoted to the chase. Every man and lad is a huntsman. They are expert riflemen and excellent shots; the Tyrolese *jägers* form some of the finest regiments in the Austrian army.

Our picture represents a Tyrolean huntsman in his national costume,—the green hat and feathers, the velvet breeches, richly embroidered stockings, and boots studded with heavy nails; his rifle is slung round his shoulder, and his trusty alpenstock rests by his side.

There are rifle-matches for prizes in almost all the villages and towns. I stayed once at a little inn quite up in the mountains, at a village which was reached by no road, but only a narrow path. The chief room here was surrounded by glass cases which contained all the prizes which the master of the house had won at these matches. They were mostly ribbons, orders, and decorations, but some were of a more substantial kind. A framed document, of which his son, a most intelligent and obliging lad, who waited on us, was very proud, declared that Giuseppe Finazzer, the proprietor of this house, which was both an inn and the one shop of the village, had by his skill in rifle-shooting, specially at a grand contest at Ipsbruck, won the title of 'King of the sharpshooters,' which by this document was officially conferred on him.

Chamois abound in the Tyrolean mountains, and chamois-hunting is the favourite and dangerous pastime of all classes of the population. In the pursuit of these agile creatures many a brave man has lost his life.

Game is strictly preserved in Austria, and poachers abound. Bold, idle fellows in the Tyrol, who love a

wild life of perilous adventure, better than quiet, steady work in the farms, turn poachers. There is a story told of a young peasant who preferred handling the rifle to the pitchfork, and who persuaded a girl with whom he was in love to marry him and elope into the wilderness ; here he built a hut high up among the forests, sheltered by precipitous rocks. In due time a child was born, the father took it down to the village and laid it outside the door of a rich farmer's wife, who brought it up well and kindly. At last the smoke rising from their dwelling betrayed the young pair. Soldiers and gamekeepers arrested them both, the wife was soon acquitted, but her husband was sent to prison. There, on account of his excellent conduct, he was allowed by the governor to execute various carved works in wood. In a table he cut out the whole history of his arrest and imprisonment, and sent it by a friendly hand to the Prince in whose woods chiefly he had poached ; and the Prince, touched by compassion, got the man's term of imprisonment shortened, and he was soon set at liberty. He at once rejoined his wife, and they immediately went to the kind farmer's wife to claim their child. She, however, so loved the little fellow that she would only give him up on the condition that he should be allowed every year to pass two months with her. The poacher now lives happily and contented, and earns his bread by carving in wood, and those fond of the chase particularly praise his animals' heads.

Few poachers ever gave more trouble to the gamekeepers than Hois of Munster ; even when but a boy he began his evil deeds, and at seventeen was quite celebrated for them. In strength and boldness none could excel this little man with his broad chest. Where there was no path he knew how to find one ; his little dog, which he always took with him, he used to hide in his knapsack and carry up the steepest precipices. One day as he was climbing down the rocks of Rothstein, as he was wont, in turning a corner the giant form of the forester, a brave, venerable man with snow-white hair, stood before him. Hois at once brought his rifle to his shoulder, and prepared to defend himself, but the gamekeeper made a sign to him with his hand and said, 'Leave that alone ! Look, there rests my rifle ; had I wished to shoot you I could have done it long ago, for I have seen you for the last half-hour, and have been waiting for you. But I didn't wish to harm you. As a man and a Christian I wish to speak to you, for you are still young, and in other respects brave, hard-working, and honest, as your countrymen tell me. A good and useful man, therefore, can still be made out of you.'

Hois stood quite struck ; such a thing had never happened to him before, he let his rifle slip from his hand. His conscience now spoke to him so solemnly, and brought his wicked ways so clearly before him, that the tears rose in the youth's eyes, and, seizing the old man's hand, he promised never to poach any more. He kept his word, and now he himself holds the position of a brave and honest gamekeeper.



A MISSIONARY'S SUNDAY.

By Rev. John Horden, of Moose,
Rupert's Land.

WE were far from home, far from dear, old England, which we had lately left, and more than two hundred miles from the home to which we were travelling. For weeks we had been toiling in our canoe on the rivers and lakes of Rupert's Land. Winter was fast approaching, snow had already fallen, our dear little ones had already complained of the cold, a dangerous road lay before us—fearful rapids to run, dreary 'portages' to cross, ere we could again enter our humble home at Moose Factory ; Sunday, then, could not be spent exactly as we should have desired.

We encamped on Saturday evening on a 'portage,' near a succession of rapids, the roar of which we heard the whole night through ; and on Sunday morning, after a service with my Christian Indian companions, we started to cross the 'portage,' that we might get upon the comparatively quiet water below ; the way was at first so steep and rugged that we got along with difficulty, for everything had to be carried, I myself carrying one of the children ; then passing over a short level piece, we came to an abrupt descent, down which we scrambled as best we could, reaching the river at the foot of a wild and dangerous fall. Embarking in our canoe, we sped on, running down two or three rapids, where a false stroke of the paddle of our bowsman might have sent us to the other world, and then to the head of another fall, to attempt the descent of which would have been instant destruction ; here another 'portage,' and on and on again in a similar manner, until in the afternoon we came to the 'long portage'—and it is a long one, two miles in length—and over it the men toil with the heavy canoe and all our baggage. For a long time we ascend, then cross a level plain, again descend, cross a small stream, ascend again, and on the top we encamp for the night : a fire had raged here some time before, which had burnt down the trees, which lay in heaps of confusion everywhere.

A clear spot is quickly made, and on this our canvas tent is erected, the burnt trees make good firewood, and presently a large fire is sending its bright flame upwards, the kettle is boiling, the tea is made—and much is both fire and tea needed ; the sky is clear, a cold and biting wind is blowing, the air is sharp and frosty. And now around the fire all stand, the song of praise arises, the prayer of faith ascends, the Word of God is read, and by-and-bye all betake themselves to rest, to sleep if they can ; but no one enjoys sleep, some are moving about all night, the fire cracks and roars, but the influence of the fire hardly penetrates into the tent in which we are lying down, the cold makes us restless, and all are glad when the returning light enables us to leave our cheerless beds and pursue our way, although our road was such an one as would have been considered utterly impracticable to any one who was not accustomed to travel in Rupert's Land.



WHAT CHARLIE DID.

TURNING into a certain street, I saw a company of boys playing very earnestly, and evidently enjoying themselves greatly. I noticed one boy in particular, who seemed to be the leader of their sports; and just as I came up with them, he was proposing a new game, and giving instructions about it. His whole heart seemed to be in the thing.

At this moment a window was thrown open in the house I was passing, and a sweet, gentle voice called,—

‘Charlie, your father wants you.’

The window at once closed, and that mother, as I took her to be, immediately withdrew, without even stopping to see whether Charlie heard.

The boy was so busy that I doubted if that quiet voice would reach his ear. But it seemed she knew better than I. The words hardly escaped her lips when everything was dropped, the boys were left at play, and Charlie was within the doors, where, of course, I could not follow him.

‘A fine fellow that,’ thought I, ‘he will make his mark in the world. If a man would govern others he must learn to obey; and surely Charlie has learned to obey.’

Yes, boys, that is the way. Prompt, cheerful obedience is what you are to render parents and teachers. Do not wait to be spoken to the second time, but drop all and run at the first call.

‘CHERRY RIPE’ a beautiful Coloured Picture, will be issued on November 20, with ‘Chatterbox,’ No. 1, Vol. III. The Coloured Picture and Number together, price One Penny.

Chatterbox.



The General stopped his hand:

Digitized by Google

THE GENERAL WHO DID NOT FORGET HIS WORD.

THE celebrated French General Cambronne, when he was a common soldier, was terribly given to the sin of drunkenness. One day, when he was drunk, he struck an officer and was condemned to death. His colonel, who loved him for his bravery, obtained his pardon on the condition that he would promise never to drink wine or spirits again.

Twenty-five years afterwards Corporal Cambronne had become General Cambronne and had immortalised himself by his heroic retreat from Waterloo. Having retired into family life, he lived quietly at Paris, beloved and esteemed by all. His old colonel one day invited him to dinner to meet some of his former comrades. The place of honour was reserved for Cambronne at the host's right hand. A most exquisite wine was brought in which was only served on grand occasions. 'General,' said the old colonel, 'you must tell us all the news,' and he was just about to fill Cambronne's glass. The General stopped his hand; the Colonel insisted.

'But, General, I assure you it is excellent.'

'That has nothing to do with it,' said Cambronne, eagerly. 'It has to do with my honour and my promise, Colonel—my promise as a corporal; I have you forgotten it? Since that day not a drop of wine has touched my lips. My word and my conscience are worth more than your wine!' J. F. C.

THE TIMELY PARDON.

(Concluded from p. 379.)

CHAPTER III.

THE morning of the sad and eventful Friday had dawned. In the streets of Brunn a restless and anxious crowd moved hither and thither. Numerous groups stood at the city gate. Even further out along the highroad, citizens of Brunn were stationed like sentinels. All were gazing into the far distance in the direction of Vienna. From thence the earnestly longed-for deliverance was to come. Each rising cloud of dust was welcomed with hope. But the Count did not come: all his efforts had doubtless been in vain.

Nearer and nearer came the dark, terrible hour. The commandant of the citadel was a stern soldier; he had his orders, and these orders allowed no mercy. Every one knew that he would execute them to the letter. In a dark cell of the Spielberg the six condemned men sat. They had not yet taken the last heart-rending farewell of their wives and children. Three pastors, who were going about from one to the other, were occupied in preparing the unhappy men for their death.

Outside the walls of the citadel sat the wives and children of these six men. In despair they were waiting for the moment when they would be allowed to press the hands of their beloved husbands and

fathers once more, and to receive from them the last sad, farewell kiss for life and death.

High above the women and children, upon a half-ruined wall, a black figure stood motionless. It was pastor Riecke. He had not given up all hope yet. So much labour and self-denying exertion could not be lost; so many sighs and prayers could not remain unheard. He gazed eagerly and fixedly out along the road upon which his friend would arrive.

Then a bell began to toll—an awful bell: its tones penetrated, and sent a shudder through all hearts. It seems to freeze the blood in the veins of all who hear it. This is the death-bell which calls upon all to pray for those so soon about to be ushered into eternity. It is rung three times; at the third time the six men will have passed into eternity.

The minutes pass slowly and painfully away. A beating of drums is heard. The soldiers of the citadel march out. They are ordered to surround the place of execution on all sides.

The prison-doors are opened; the commandant of the citadel approaches the condemned; the men who formed the court-martial follow him. Deep silence reigns in the prison. The sentence of death is read aloud; the six criminals listen to it calmly. Now a few of them begin to weep and sob aloud. The clock strikes half-past nine. Only half-an-hour more. At ten o'clock all will be over.

Then suddenly a great noise arises outside: it is still far off—very far off; but it is pressing onwards, nearer and ever nearer. 'Stop!' they cry; 'some good news is coming.' The women cry out loudly, and lift up their children as high as they can, while, full of excitement and eager expectation, they press against each other. The pastor silently, and with trembling hand, points to the road. There is a cloud of dust rising upon it; it is approaching nearer and nearer. It is a carriage flying along in desperate haste, drawn by two steaming horses. With beating hearts all eyes are turned towards this carriage. Not a sound is to be heard. At last a murmur arises. 'It is he! It is he!' and with one voice, the anxious, waiting throng, with joy exclaim, 'Yes, it is he!'

It is the noble Count Berchtold. He is standing high up in the carriage; he is waving a white handkerchief; he is holding up a large document, which glitters in the sunlight. Everybody sees the handkerchief and the document. 'He must be bringing pardon and deliverance; let us go to meet him!' the large crowd exclaim, as with one voice. Hundreds haste along the road to meet the carriage, to greet the count, and to hear the tidings of joy.

'Pardon!' cries the Count. 'Pardon! pardon!' the thousand voices of the multitude repeat after him. 'Here is the imperial decree,' continues the brave Count; 'the unfortunate men are saved: our exertions, our prayers, have not been in vain!' With these words he turns to his friend, who, full of thankful joy, has hastened to meet him.

'Heartily do I congratulate you, my dear Count!' cried the pastor: 'you have brought comfort and

deliverance to this town ; but it is indeed at the eleventh hour !'

The people made every demonstration of joy and gratitude round the generous Count's carriage ; he was lifted out and borne up to the Spielberg. There were the six condemned men—the six pardoned men now—in the arms of their happy wives and children. The good pastor pushed quickly through the joyous crowd : he led the six men up to the Count ; and, as they gratefully sank on their knees before their deliverer—as their wives and children, with tears of joy, stretched out their hands to him, and the whole people greeted him with delighted acclamations, the noble-minded man received a rich reward for his self-denying labour of love and benevolence.

AN EXETER STORY.

N the 5th of November, 1790 (a day marked in Exeter by riot and confusion), Miss E., a lady of that city, went to pay an evening visit to the Bishop's family at the Palace. She remained rather later than usual, and felt uneasy at the thought of returning home on foot through the streets, which were crowded with drunken people, discharging fireworks and behaving riotously. She therefore requested that a servant might be sent to let her pass through the Cathedral, by a private passage which was always left open until a late hour, thinking that she could cross the aisle into a lane, and thus avoid the annoyance she so much dreaded. The servant attended her to the entrance and returned. The great clock chimed ten o'clock as she passed hastily to the opposite door, which she was startled to see closed ; still more so to find it barred and locked. She proceeded to the gates which close the side aisle from the opposite choir : they were also fastened, and she saw dimly the perspective of the Cathedral unoccupied by any human being. The vergers, eager to enjoy their share of the night's festivity, had shut up the church unusually early.

Terrified at her singular and unpleasant situation Miss E. hastened back to the Bishop's private door with the feeble hope that the servant might still be within hearing, but though she made great efforts to call attention, they were fruitless ; and indeed a moment's reflection upon the long suite of unused and empty apartments which she had passed through convinced her that all expectation of assistance from that quarter was vain. After an interval of doubt, terror, and distress, she seated herself opposite the door, and endeavoured to compose herself to endure with fortitude what was unavoidable, looking for protection to that Being in Whose peculiar abode she was detained, though against her will.

The night grew darker, and she had reasoned herself into tolerable composure to meet its gloom, when the moon arising threw its brilliant beams down the roof of the building ; and as they stole

along the aisle she often started at the reflexion on sculptured tombs of mailed chiefs long wrapped in the oblivion of the grave ; and, agitated as her nerves were, she could not avoid admiring the beautiful and magical effect of the lights and shades. But as she was gazing listlessly at the shades upon the wall, she started as she traced in one some resemblance to a human form. Her eyes were riveted upon it, and, gazing upon it with horror, she plainly saw the shadow of a face extending its jaws in the act of yawning—she looked—thought it an illusion—but no ! the form was there, and in the moonlight it appeared to rise slowly from a tomb in the opposite aisle. While this amazing and frightful spectacle fascinated her gaze to the light gleam which rendered its profile visible, the moon sunk suddenly behind a cloud, and again all was darkness. She endeavoured to steady her mind and examine how she might have been deceived, perhaps it was a shade reflected from a monument, but the exertion of yawning confuted that idea, and made her willing to ascribe the whole to the powerful workings of her agitated imagination.

She had now been confined some hours, and her distress had somewhat abated, when she was again thrown into alarm by distinctly hearing a loud breathing at the end of the aisle in which she sat.

The darkness was unbroken. Agonized to the highest pitch of terror, riveted to her seat, deprived of the power of speech, her senses only remained to point out more acutely the horrors of her situation.

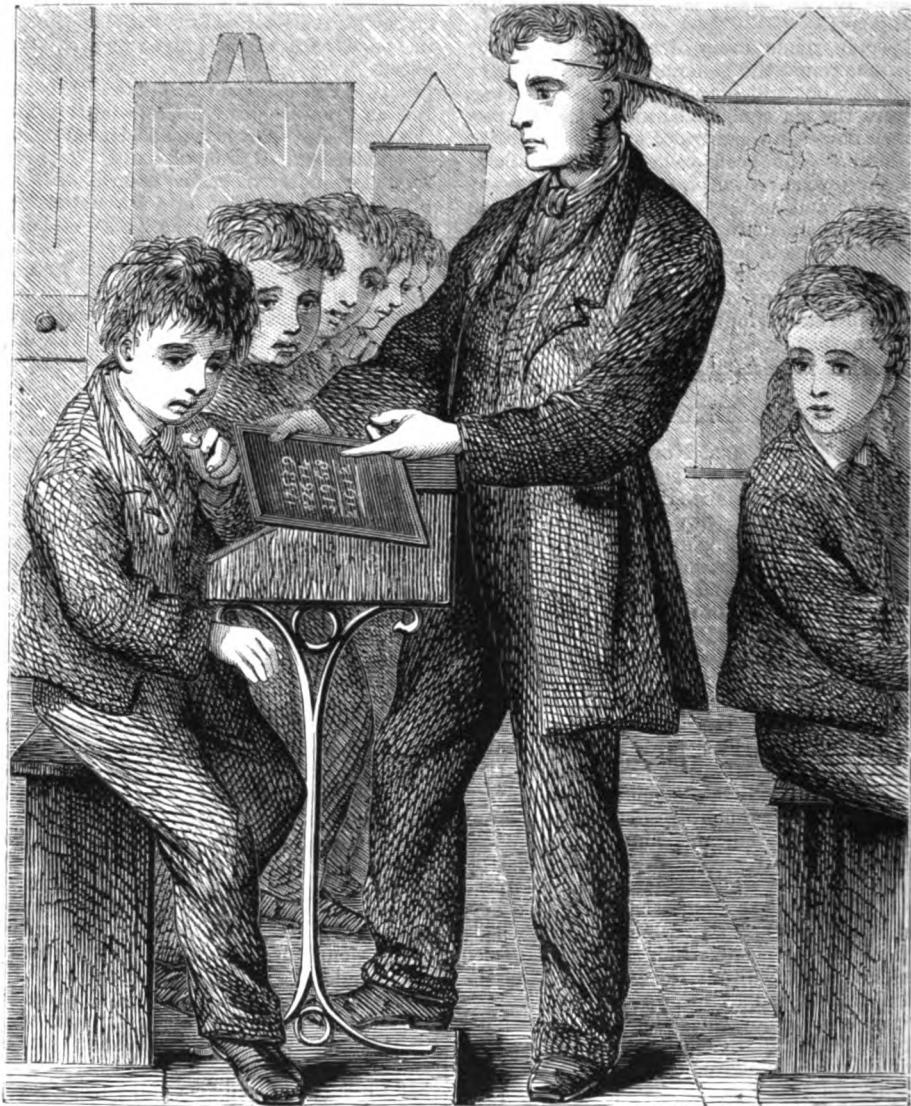
A very light echo brought the footsteps nearer, and the equal pace of the being who walked through the aisle, and its gradual approach, led her to fear that her presence was known to a form her eyes vainly sought to behold.

After enduring some minutes' agony (which she would hardly suffer again to purchase existence) a hand was placed upon her head, and at the same moment an idiotic noise informed her that it was a lunatic of Exeter, who (as was afterwards discovered) would use every means to remain in the Cathedral and sleep among the tombs. Her mind, wrought so highly, relaxed at once ; and being relieved from her fears of a ghostly presence, she was induced to think lightly of her lonely state, although she knew herself to be in the power of a being who had often committed very serious outrages.

Controlling her feelings as best she could she talked to and soothed the hapless maniac.

Soon after the door from the Bishop's Palace opened, and servants entered with lights, calling Miss E. Great was their surprise to find her sitting by a man, and that man so well known as a dangerous lunatic. She joyfully left her unhappy associate ; but for years after she suffered from what she had that night endured.

Miss E.'s servant had called for her at the given time, and was told she had gone home. Returning and not finding her there, he conjectured she had called upon some friend, and expected her until it became so very late that he was alarmed, and again went to the Palace, which caused the search to be made, that relieved her from her miserable situation.



LAZY BOBBY.

I REMEMBER, when I was at school, there was a little boy whom every one called Lazy Bobby. At first I could not understand why he went by that name, for Bobby seemed to me the most harmless lad in the whole school. And so indeed he was; but, as I afterwards found out, that a harmless, good-for-nothing is as great a plague as a mischievous boy any day. The one will not work at all, but the other's fault is in doing too much, though it is often not in the right way.

One day I came up to Bobby, sauntering along by the roadside on his way to school. 'Good morning, Bobby,' said I, 'we must make haste; it is ten

minutes to nine and we have half a mile to go.'

'Oh!' said he, 'I can walk it in less than ten minutes, and I should like to get at those blackberries. You can reach them, I think, for you are taller than I.'

'Very glad to if I had time,' replied I; 'but you see we shall be late enough for school as it is.'

Bobby's eyes were fixed on the hedge; he gave a grumble at me, and lagged behind. I made haste for school and was just in time. At a quarter past nine Bobby came hurrying in. 'Late again, as usual,' said the master. 'What has kept you?' Oh, I blushed for Bobby when I heard him

answer that he had to go a message for his mother, for I knew it was not the case. For the first time I observed how laziness often leads to falsehood or deceit.

When we were working our sums, Lazy Bobby was sitting next me, and he vexed me by peering stealthily at my slate, for I was sure that he was copying my work instead of working for himself.

Now, it so happened that I had done my sum wrong, and the master in his rounds showed me the error. When he came to Bobby he found the same blunder, and charged him with copying from me; for how could he make precisely the same mistakes as I had?

Bobby could not deny the accusation, but muttered that the sum had been 'too hard' for him. Now Bobby had been long at school, and it need not have been a hard sum had he been a hard worker.

This crooked confession did not, however, save him from his punishment; for the master told him that he had acted a lie in showing his neighbour's work as his own. That was a lie, and none the less a lie for being a dumb one.

Having no respect for the good opinion of his master and schoolfellows, Bobby soon lost respect for himself. First he was the laziest, then he became the most deceitful, and by-and-bye he was really the most unhappy boy of the school.

THE FLORAL ALPHABET.

A is the curious Arum
The merry children seek,
When they scamper o'er meadows green
In the pleasant Easter-week.

B is the graceful Blue-bell,
That cometh in the spring,
And rings its fairy peal to usher
The pleasant season in.

C is the starry Celandine,
Catkin and Cuckoo flower,
The Cistus and the Columbine,
That dear old English flower.

D is the meek-eyed Daisy,
So modest and so sweet,
Bespanning the green carpet
For sad and weary feet.

E is the fragrant Eglantine,
Just by the summer bower,
How pleasantly it scents the air
In the calm evening hour.

F is the loved Forget-me-not,
So simple and so true,
Attired in graceful mantle
Of true celestial blue.

G the Germanander Speedwell,
Gentian, and Guelder Rose,
With her pure and snow-white clusters,
The fairest flower that blows.

H is the flowering Hawthorn,
To children all so dear,
The Queen of English hedgerows
In the spring-time of the year.

I is the climbing Ivy,
To the old church-tower clinging,
As if it liketh much to hear
The merry bells a-ringing.

J is the starry Jasmine,
Sacred to memories dear,
Of loving hearts, and accents sweet,
And eyes without a tear.

K is the yellow King-cup,
The merry children praise,
When free from care and sadness
In the morning of their days.

L is the modest Lily,
So pensive and so pale,
Contented with her humble lot
At her home in the quiet vale.

M for the fragrant Myrtle,
And Mignonette so sweet,
And the bright-eyed Morning glory
You may at sunrise meet.

N is the gay Nasturtium,
That climbs along the fence,
Though to sweet-smelling odour
It makes no great pretence.

O is the peerless Orchis,
The belle of hedge and field,
And to its spotted beauty
All other flowers must yield.

P is the Pink and Pansy,
And scarlet Pimpernel,
Which is the poor man's weather-glass,
That bodeth a storm so well.

For **Q** we have no blossom,
No gem in Flora's crown,
So we offer our best wishes,
And leave poor Q alone.

R for the Roses, Roses,
Rich clusters white and red,
Pink, damask, cream, and wax-like,
In border and in bed.

S for Starwort and Speedwell,
Snapdragon and Sweet-pea,
And Snowdrop with her drooping head,
Sweetest of all to me.

T for the flaunting Tulip,
Thistle, and Trumpet-flower,
And wild Thyme on the breezy hill,
Scenting the morning hour.

V for the Violet lowly,
Striving to be unseen,
As it hides its head securely
Among its leaflets green.

Now for the Woodbine, lastly,
To bind the flowers together,
A nosegay sweetly welcome,
Whatever be the weather.

M. B.



WILL MASON; OR, FELLOW SOLDIERS.

'Ere be the key, sir,' said John the gardener to his master.

It was a warm summer evening, the gentleman was sitting on the lawn with his wife and daughters; the gardener stood before them, red in the face and very cross.

'What is all this?' said Colonel Holland; 'the key—what key is it?'

'It be the key of the greenhouse, sir,—that's what it be; and I would just like for you to unlock it yourself, sir, if you please.'

'There's something wrong with you, John,' said one of the young ladies; 'Francis has been teasing you again, I am afraid.'

'You do say right, Miss; he have been worriting of me, but it's not altogether that, it's more t'other one: leaving his work and all. I tell you, sir, that boy earns his three shilling a-week a-flying of kites and a-playing at sodgers, and suchlike; that's how he do earn it, and no other way!'

'Is Will Mason in the greenhouse with Master Francis?' asked the colonel, taking the key from the old man's hand.

'Yes, sir, he be; Will be there, and Bob, and Tom, and Jim, and all the rest of 'em! Here be the enemy! says they, and ups and dodges in and out among the evergreens, and busting through the rhododendrons, and pushing up agin the azaleas as if they was no better than furze-bushes. I don't say so much about Master Francis, but Will, he did ought to know a flower from a weed by this time. And he'd ought to know who he's got to mind too! I don't see as he had any call to dodge away and keep shouting, "Here comes the enemy," when I was after him, whatever Master Francis may please to do. Then they scuttles into the greenhouse, all amongst the flower-pots; but I was even with them there: I just clapped the door to, and there they be, and here be the key, sir, and you can let them out or not, as you think best.' And the old man walked off in one direction, more offended than ever by the laughter which his young ladies found it impossible to hide, while his master went towards the greenhouse to see after his son and heir and young Will Mason, who were pretty sure to be in the same scrape together. The door was unlocked and opened, no one appeared.

'Come out, Frank,' said his father; 'and Will, come here too.' So Frank came, followed close by Will Mason; and not by him only, but one after the other half-a-dozen village lads emerged from amongst the flower-pots.

'What do you mean by this?' asked the colonel of his son. 'Who gave these boys leave to come here into the grounds? Surely you can play soldiers on the common, or down in the park, Frank. And you, Will, "No work, no wage;" and how will your poor mother like that?'

'Please, sir, Master Francis wanted me,' said Will,

touching his cap; he thought that his young master's wishes were good reason for leaving his work any day.

'It's no fun in the park,' explained Master Francis; 'there's no enemy, only the deer, and we're tired of chasing them; we've done nothing else most afternoons these holidays.'

'Oh! indeed; you have done nothing else, haven't you?' said his father, dryly. 'As for chasing, I think the enemy chased you to-day, and caught you too; old John had you safe locked up anyway. Off with you now, all you boys, and, Will, let me hear no more complaints, remember.'

So the army was dispersed for that time; Frank followed his father to the house, and Will Mason, glancing at the big clock over the stables, and seeing that it was already past six, ran down the garden, jumped the fence at the bottom, and went his way home. He thought that his scolding from old John would keep very well till next day.

Will was at that time about eleven years old, and it was true that he earned three shillings a-week at weeding and other odd jobs about the colonel's garden; earned his clothes his mother would tell you, and a little towards the rent, but as for his food, she would shake her head and say that a big boy like Will put away a tidy bit of victuals. His father had died in the spring of the year in which our story opens, and little Jane, the only one of the other children who had lived, was born in the same sad week.

Mrs. Mason had known trouble, but the colonel's lady had been very kind to her, and Will had been taken on to work at the house directly, his mistress insisting upon three half-days' schooling every week, and he was to attend the night-school regularly when it opened again in the winter. Master Francis thought Will a decided gain about the place, for Will was his shadow during holiday-time, whenever the two boys could escape from old John: the little gentleman's pocket-money all went in the purchase of sham rifles, and the little gardener was such a successful recruiting sergeant in the village, that Master Francis had nearly a dozen boys in his troop of volunteers, which met to practise manœuvres in the park, as the deer knew to their cost, almost every fine afternoon.

But it is not with these boys' childish days that we have to do. Later, when young Master Francis had got his commission, and joined his regiment, Will was still at work in the Colonel's garden, although old John, grown older still, was ending his days in peace in a cottage in the village. But poor Will had the 'scarlet fever' badly. He did so long to do as his young master had done—put on a scarlet coat, and join the army—that when a real recruiting sergeant made his appearance in the neighbouring town, it needed all the strength of the lad's really good principles to withstand the temptation to enlist. But what would have become of his mother and little Jenny? So he kept on his own way steadily, and was, as every one in the village said, a good son to his poor mother, an honest, hard-working servant to his master, and moreover the

best cricketer on the club. But for all that there was a sore spot in his heart. The lads who had played soldiers together in their boyhood were of one mind still, only Mr. Francis could please himself while duty stood in Will's way, and kept him to his spade.

One hot evening Will Mason stood by the great gates of the park watching the waggons laden with hops which had been following each other in a cloud of dust all day, and for some days before. His week's work was done. The family were not at home, but he and the head-gardener had everything about the place as neat as two pair of hands could make it. Will had his wages in his pocket, and his work was done, but he was not going home just yet. He was waiting, as he often did, for the evening service, and he was not sure but that he would stay for a game of cricket too before he set off on the two-mile walk between the village and his mother's little cottage.

Her neighbours wondered that Mrs. Mason cared to live so lonely. There was no house near for nearly a mile between there and Hendon, and on the other side nothing but the bleak moor stretching away with the white highroad crossing it. The moor was not bleak on fine summer days, but sweet with patches of wild thyme—the fragrant thyme that covers the Sussex downs, and on which the bees love to feed. Mrs. Mason's hives were the heaviest for miles round, at the end of the season. Jenny liked to play on the common when it was all dotted over with flocks of geese, and here and there a pig or a pony, and little children watching a few sheep. Sometimes the volunteers came there to shoot, and altogether Mrs. Mason loved the place to which her husband had brought her home when they married, and had no wish to leave it. She did not like it so much when the gipsies were there, as they were every summer; rough neighbours she called them, but she was too poor to have much to lose, and, moreover, she kept a sharp look-out while they stayed. The distance from the village hindered Jenny from going to school in winter and wet weather, but through the summer she went most days, and Will would often be looking out for her as she passed on her way home, to send some word to his mother. Jenny was eight years old now, and old John would say that for her age 'she read like a person,' for his own old eyes were failing him, and the little maid would look in now and then and read a chapter to him.

This evening, as Will leaned idly over the gate, the volunteer band was heard in the distance. He saw them coming by-and-bye, the sun glancing on the barrels of their rifles, then the dust from the hop waggons hid them almost completely, and the music seemed to come out of the clouds. He opened the gate, and went a few yards down the road to ask the score at the rifle practice. Several of the lads who had once been Mr. Francis' playmates as well as himself were there, and the sight made him cross, though he could not have told why. After they had passed, and he was left alone again with the dust and his own thoughts, he noticed that the old Mr. Compton had come out of the Vicarage gate, nearly opposite to him.

Will touched his cap.

'I am glad to meet you just now,' said the Vicar; 'I have a letter here from Mr. Francis, and a message for you. Look! read for yourself, Will,' and he put the sheet into the lad's hand, pointing out the place to him. This is what Mr. Francis wrote:—'I hear that you have set up a rifle corps. Well done, dear old Hendon, and Hendon lads! Of course Will Mason is among them? I only wish he were here, but the volunteers are second only to the regulars, and I do look to being met by all the lads of my old school-boy regiment when I come home for that twenty-first birthday you speak of, and Will must be there! Tell him so from me.'

(*To be continued.*)

STORY OF A GOOSE.

(From the German. By the Rev. C. W. Jones.)

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had four children, who were very naughty. When he went out for a walk they used to cling round his legs, and hang to his coat-tails, screaming out, 'Let me go, too! let me go, too! let me go, too!' And then, as soon as he was gone, and they were left alone in the house, they would begin to scream, and quarrel, and fight, and scratch one another, and pull one another's hair, and make such a disturbance that it was a scandal to the whole neighbourhood.

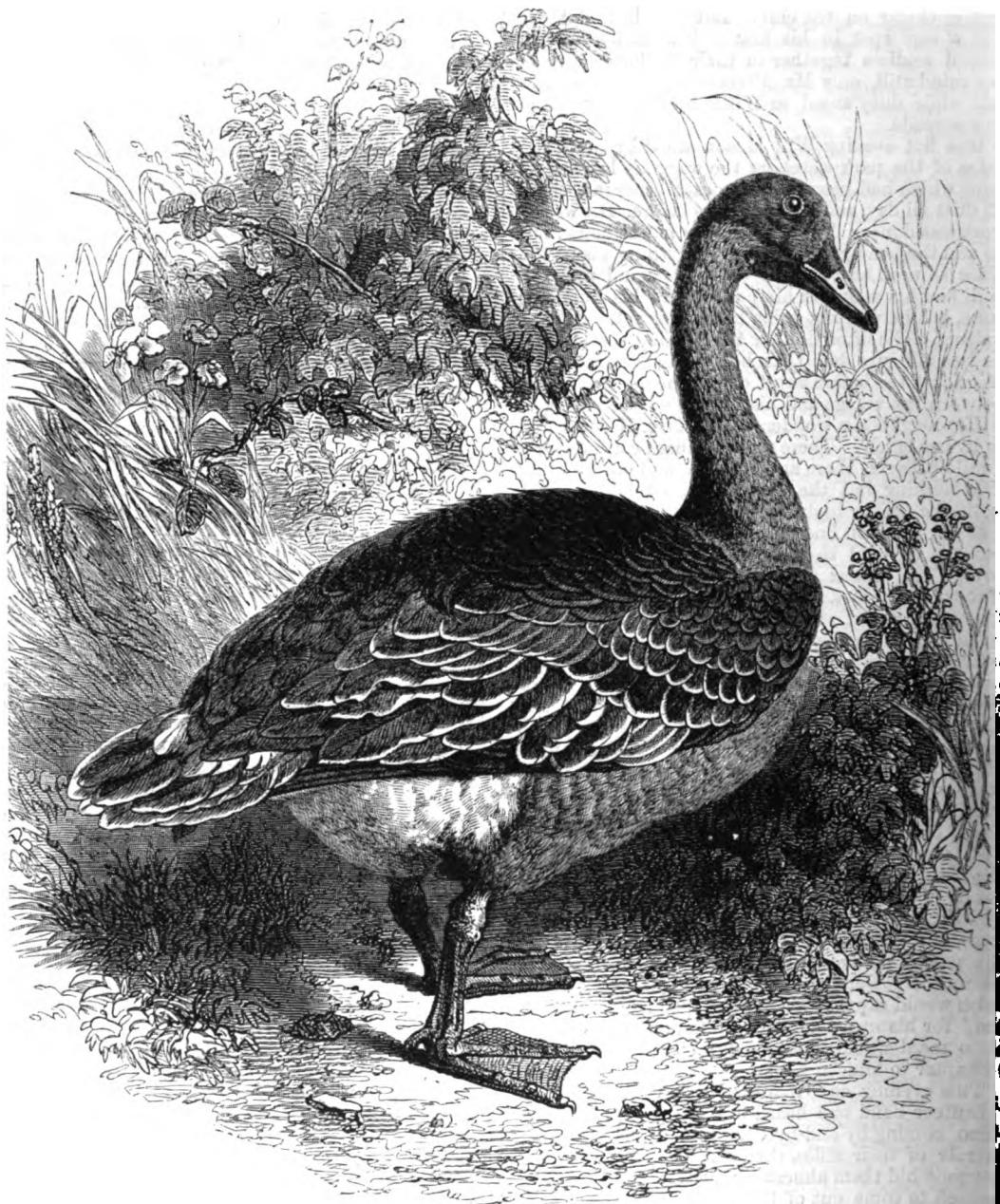
When their father came home again, they would rush up to him, clinging round his legs, and hang to his coat-tails, and rummage in his pockets, screaming out all the time, 'What have you brought for us?' or, 'Why have not you brought us anything?'

One day—it was a Sunday—there was a roast goose for dinner, and, when it was set on the table, the children were so naughty that their father really could not carve it, for they all kept calling out, 'Give me the biggest piece.'

At last their father lost all patience, and said, 'If you don't keep quiet, I will give the goose to the man out of the window.' But the children only made the more noise and disturbance, so that at last, just to frighten them, he laid hold of the dish and handed the goose out of the window, saying, 'There, my man, there is a goose for you!' But there was really and truly a great, ragged, hungry beggar man standing outside; and he, as soon as he heard these words, seized hold of the goose with both his hands, and saying, in a joyful tone, 'God reward you, kind gentleman,' away he went, goose and all.

The father had never thought this would happen, but the goose was gone, and there was no help for it. There they stood in dismay—a disconsolate family, weeping and wailing, for had they not lost their nice Sunday dinner? and all through their own fault; the children, because they had been so troublesome to their father, and the father because he had tried to deceive the children.





Story of a Goose.

Page 391.

‘CHATTERBOX’ Volume for 1868 is now ready, price 3s. in Handsome Pictorial Binding,
5s. in Cloth, extra gilt and gilt edges.
The Volume is a Picture Gift-book well suited to Old or Young. It contains nearly 200 First-class Engravings, including a Beautiful Coloured Frontispiece, and Original Stories, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. &c.

Chatterbox.





GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

WATCH is always a wonder to a child, and others besides children have wondered at watches. In the earliest times of the world men used to measure their days by the course of the sun—sunrise, and midday, and sunset. But since the sun did not always shine, they had to seek some other plan, and, in ages far past, they found out what we may call *water-clocks*—a bowl shaped like a funnel, with a very small opening, was fixed in a frame, so that the water might drop into another dish below.

The funnel-shaped vessel had marks on the sides according to the hours; and by seeing how far the water had gone down, a person could tell what hour it was. Julius Cæsar, the Roman general who invaded and conquered our little island fifty-five years before Christ, found that even our rude forefathers knew the use of those water-clocks.

Then men found out a plan by which the sun told them the time more closely, viz. by putting up sundials. A dial is just a slab of stone or wood, on which the figures of the hours are marked; and a metal pointer is fixed on the slab in such a way that as the sun journeys over the heavens the shadow of the pointer moves round the figures, just like the hand of a watch or clock.

This did very well when the sun shone; but in dull weather, or at night, the dial was of no use. At last, about the year A.D. 996, a wise and skilful man, named Gerbert, made a clock 'so wonderful and surprising as to go by weights and wheels.'

But these clocks were both costly and clumsy, and it was not till five hundred years after, at the end of the fifteenth century, that they came to be used in private houses.

And it was still later before pocket-watches were invented; and, no doubt, the first man who carried one about would have not only little children, but men and women, looking in wonder at his watch; and he would be very proud of it, though it had only the hour hand, and required to be wound up twice a day, and even then lost twenty minutes in the twelve hours.

But nowadays watches are so common, that in this country it is only young folk who look on them with wonder. Though there is a story that a savage who had a watch shown to him, and who heard it ticking, thought it was alive, threw it down and smashed it with his club. He could not understand how the wheels, and chains, and mainspring could make it talk. And it is said that there was once an Irishman who was not much wiser. He had bought a watch, and the next day it ceased to tick, for he did not know about winding it up with a key; so he took it back to the shop and demanded his money again, because, as he said, 'the watch was gone dead,' and was no use to him.

And, indeed, watches do sometimes almost seem to

speak to us. Don't you remember when you were sick and the grave old doctor came, and made you stand between his knees, and told you to 'put out your tongue'; and then put his finger on your wrist, while he held his large gold watch in the other hand, to see how many times your pulse beat in a minute? Did not the watch seem to be ticking out a story about you to its master?

Or if you ever have been called on to sit up at night, with some loved and loving one, who was very sick, when all the house was quiet, have you not heard the watch on the dressing-table ticking so loudly that you could almost think it was talking to you?

And what is it that every watch says, whether it be the good chronometer (time-measurer), that helps the captain to steer his ship when the compass is out of order; or the big silver watch that is nicknamed 'a turnip'; or the thin flat watch, made in Geneva; or the watch so tiny that it takes the place of a stone in a lady's finger-ring? This is what every watch says in its ticking voice: 'Time is passing to eternity!'

Therefore always, but most of all at the end or opening of the passing year, we should lay to our heart the sermon that grandfather's watch is ticking into our ears. It says, 'Gone, gone, gone!' and so we should *Look backwards!* We should grieve for all that we have done wrong in the months and weeks that are past. And we should bring our sins to Him, who 'bare our sins in His own body on the tree.'

But the watch seems to say also, 'Quick, quick, quick!' and so we should *Look forwards!* We should make up our minds to do better than we ever have before, because we know not what a day may bring forth. An Eastern teacher said to his scholars, 'Prepare to die one day before your death.' They said, 'How can we? for we do not know the day of our death.' 'Therefore,' said the teacher, 'prepare every day, since you may die to-morrow.'



AN UNGRATEFUL NEPHEW.

HE train from Paris to Lyons had just stopped at the station of Z—. The platform, crowded at first by the throng of the newly arrived and their friends who had come to meet them, had gradually become deserted, and now there were only two persons left upon it. One was an old man dressed like the well-to-do peasants of that country, who seemed as if he had come to meet some one; the other was a young man, about twenty-five years of age, with a broad red face, who, on the contrary, appeared as if he expected some one to meet him.

After a moment of hesitation the old man approached this chubby gentleman respectfully, and said:

'I beg your pardon, sir, but is it M. Clement to whom I have the honour of speaking?'

'The same, old fellow,' replied the traveller with a self-sufficient air; then he added,—

'And doubtless you are M. Martin?'

'Yes, sir, at your service.'

The young man resumed in the same tone—

'Well, M. Martin, I was beginning to think that you were going to make me wait. It would be a strange start if you wished to gain my good graces.'

Instead of answering, the old man bent his head with an air of deep grief, and conducted the traveller to a shabby old-fashioned chaise, drawn by a pony with quaint harness.

'Here is your carriage, sir, if you will be kind enough to get in; I shall have the honour of driving you to Eclusettes.'

'What! that my carriage! I should like to know who I should be taken for in the country?'

However, as there was no choice about it, M. Clement mounted, making a contemptuous grimace.

The old man sat down beside him, and the heavy vehicle, rumbling slowly along, first followed the highway for a short distance, and then turned off into a cross-road.

Till a few days before this time, M. Clement, who was thus playing the grand gentleman, had been employed in a jeweller's shop in the capital,—had been the simplest and best fellow in the world.

What then had led to this sudden change?

It was simply this,—the day before yesterday he had heard that he had become rich, and so thought that he could not keep the manners of a modest shopman.

M. Clement was then, as we have said, an assistant in a shop, when he received a letter from a lawyer in Burgundy informing him that an uncle, of whom he had heard speak, but whom he did not know, had made him his sole heir, altogether passing over a number of cousins; he was requested to start the next day for Z— by the nine o'clock train, and informed that Martin, the servant of his deceased uncle, would meet him at the station to conduct him to Eclusettes, an estate half farm and half castle, which was his uncle's residence, and which formed the larger portion of his wealth.

Amazed at this sudden windfall, the young man took care not to fail in following the directions of the letter, he started at once, and found the servant at his post.

When they had arrived at Eclusettes, old Martin did the honours of the domain to its new master; first he presented all the servants to him, and then introduced him into the apartments.

'This was your uncle's bedroom,' the old man said, as he respectfully took off his hat on entering a large room, furnished in the old-fashioned style.

But the young man, instead of feeling any emotion on entering the chamber of his benefactor, and where he might have remembered that but a week ago his uncle had probably breathed his last, looked round with a contemptuous air, and exclaimed—

'I can't compliment the old fellow upon his taste.'

'However, sir, it is the best room here, and if you do not like it, I don't know where you can lodge.'

'I! stay here! you don't suppose I mean that! Paris is the place for me, so I shall soon put this shabby old barn up for sale.'

'Sell Eclusettes, which your uncle valued so much! And we, sir, who have been here for so many years, and reckoned to end our days here, what will become of us? Alas!'

'Monsieur Martin! spare your lamentations if you please; order dinner to be served to me, and then you shall conduct me to my lawyer.'

After having done ample justice to the repast which was served to him, though he pretended to find the fare bad and the wines sour, the heir then, accompanied by old Martin, again mounted the chaise and drove off.

After a drive of about two hours M. Clement remarked—

'Why, if I don't mistake, we passed this way this morning, I perceive the station at the end of the avenue. Have we to go by the railroad?'

'You alone have to go by it, sir!'

In pronouncing these words, M. Martin spoke with a grave voice, which did not fail to make an impression on the young man, then after a pause he continued,—

'It is I who am your uncle, and I am thankful to say that I am not dead yet. Having heard you very well spoken of, I had resolved to give you all that I possessed; but before I did so I wished to assure myself if you were really worthy of my favour. I had recourse to a stratagem, which has shown me that I had mistaken your character. Farewell, M. Clement; return to your shop, and reflect that your stupid pride has caused you to lose an opportunity which will never again be presented to you.'

After giving the young man, who was completely discomfited by his adventure, one hundred francs to pay his expenses, the old man took leave of him at the door of the station, and returned home.

We should not act a lie, or tell a lie, even for a good purpose, and so we wish the old gentleman had hit on some plan of trying his nephew's worth without being false himself; but we may learn these two other lessons from M. Clement's loss,—first, that to be ungrateful to our benefactors is a very ugly and evil character; and, secondly, that Pride often leads to its own fall.

J. F. C.

THE COST OF A SOLDIER.

A RETURN has been made by the War Office showing the total amount allowed each soldier for pay, beer-money, clothing, fire, forage, and other allowances. The annual cost of a gunner, sapper, or private in the following corps is:—Royal Horse Artillery, 55*l.* 6*s.* 1*½d.*; Life Guards, 68*l.* 16*s.* 8*½d.*; Horse Guards, 63*l.* 14*s.* 2*½d.*; Cavalry of the Line, 52*l.* 11*s.* 3*½d.*; Royal Artillery (Infantry), 32*l.* 6*s.* 1*½d.*; Royal Engineers, 31*l.* 5*s.* 3*½d.*; Military Train, 31*l.* 15*s.* 9*½d.*; Foot Guards, 28*l.* 17*s.* 7*½d.*; and Infantry of the Line, 26*l.* 3*s.* 5*½d.*



CONTENTED JOHN.

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented,
By a fortunate habit of being contented.



Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare—
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

' For why should I grumble and murmur ? ' he said :
 ' If I cannot get meat, I 'll be thankful for bread ;
 And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
 It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.'

If John were afflicted with sickness or pain,
 He wished himself better, but did not complain,
 Nor lie down to fret in despondence or sorrow,
 But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
 Why, John was good-natured and sociable still ;
 For he said that revenging the injury done
 Would be making two rogues where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
 Passed through this sad world without even a grumble ;
 And 'twere well if some folk, who are greater and richer,
 Would copy John Tomkins the hedger and ditcher !



**WILL MASON ;
OR, FELLOW SOLDIERS.**

(Continued from page 301.)

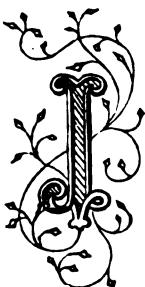
DIDN'T think of it, sir,' said Will, as he gave back the letter ; ' after all it seems only playing at soldiers —like as we used to when we were little chaps.'

' Playing at soldiers ! Will, I am ashamed of you,' replied the Vicar. ' You mean that as you cannot have your wish and serve in the army, you will not serve your country at all.'

Will coloured up at the words: ' Serve your country,' and his eyes brightened.

' Play, indeed ! ' continued Mr. Compton. ' It is the sort of play that makes men of English lads,

and keeps England safe ; it is our "play" that shows the stuff we are made of. The nation that "plays" at drinking and smoking and gambling is not worth much, but the nation that plays at soldiers ! that is another matter. Don't you know, Will Mason, that three hundred years ago there were butts in every village for the men to practise archery, and nowadays there are targets in many a village for rifle practice ? Do you think that it did no service to the country when, a few years ago, one of our neighbours had become too powerful for safety, and Englishmen seeing that, 60,000 volunteers were enrolled within the space of two years ? Do you think that the country where such a thing is not only possible, but where it has been *done*, is the sort of country with which foreigners would care to meddle ? A nation of shopkeepers—we had got to be called—so the young "counter-jumpers" jumped over their counters with a will, and with rifles in their hands, went to the targets. Labourers can only think



of "how to keep body and soul together," people said, "they follow the plough, and find their recreation at the public," so our labouring lads turned away from the public, and those who followed the plough all day marched after the band in the evening. Don't come to *me*, Will, when you want to speak slightly of the volunteers?"

The old clergyman laughed when he ended his speech, and Will laughed too. Then as they paused on the brow of the hill, where stood the fine old church overlooking the village, the bell sounded for evensong. It was a most fair evening. The world looked all green; and from where they stood they could see the cottages and buildings—the whole village in fact nestling amongst the trees. The hayricks, and gathered harvest, and the laden waggons, all told of prosperity, though the hop-gardens looked dreary and deserted. The harvest thanksgiving would be late this season, it had been a good year for hops, the picking had lasted over five weeks, but it was finished now; those were the last of the waggons which were rolling through Hendon to-day. And over all this fair scene the evening sun was pouring his golden beams, which glittered on the window-panes, and the sweet church-bell was sounding the summons to prayer.

The vicar took off his hat, and the sun shone on his silver hair.

"I am an old man now, Will," he said; "the battle of life must be nearly over for me; I cannot hope to sign many more young brows with the sign of the Cross, but I remember when I held you and Mr. Frank in my arms—you were both baptized the same day—and signed you with the Holy sign in token that you should not fear "to fight manfully under Christ's banner." You are still side by side in *that* light, Will Mason. God grant that you may both be good soldiers."

Will liked this thought; he went into church all the happier from its having been suggested to him, and he secretly determined to "fight manfully" against his discontent with his lot.

Late that evening, as he went home to his supper, he saw old John sitting at his door. The old man called to him to stop.

"I see'd you go by along of parson," he said; "did he tell you how Mr. Frank be, and when is he coming home?"

Will told him all he knew, and that there was talk of his young master being at home in another year or so—"for his birthday, you know," he added; "when he comes of age there will be fine doings, I expect."

"And the family will be back then," said the old man. "I hope I may live to see it. Why couldn't they bide at home when they was there? Gone across sea, haven't they?"

Will explained that they had not gone far, only to France and Italy, and they would surely be home when Mr. Frank was.

"What for should they go at all?" grumbled old John; "they with house and land of their own, and all things comfortable; for them to go across was just a tempting of Providence, that's what I call it."

Will thought that to cross the sea was no such

great matter. "I was over a big ship once," he said, "when I was a little lad; Mr. Compton, he took a whole lot of us to look at her; and the room they had there for the captain and the ladies, you'd be surprised! Cabins they all call them. Why, Master Norris, you'd think you were in a drawing-room; sofas there were, and all sorts of pretty chairs—only they were all fixed to the floor—and a piano. You'd no call to look at the sea even, if you didn't like it."

"Aye—aye," answered old John, "but there be one thing they've not got; there's no back-door to them ships; that's what I feel. Now here, if anything comes along that I don't like, I can slip out of the back-door, you see; but there—why there you are, and you can't get away nohow."

Will laughed. Old John and he were great friends now, and the young fellow often called in to have a chat with him, but this evening he could not stay; some of his friends were with him, and had agreed to see him part of his way home. They had to pass the public-house; but what with the cricket-match and the volunteer drill, both of which they were occupied in discussing, the public had no temptations for them. The voices of one or two poor fellows reached them through the open window. Men whose wives were waiting at home; waiting for the Saturday night's money. There were happily very few such men in Hendon.

Seated at his supper that evening, Will looked so grave and full of thought that his mother wondered what ailed him; at last, when he did speak, it was to tell her that Mr. Francis was expected home for his twenty-first birthday in another twelvemonth, and to wonder what he was about at that time on that particular evening.

"So that's what you were thinking of, lad," said his mother. "Well, I've been m'king up my mind to it this long time! You have been a good son to me, and you shall have your way. It's not your body sitting here that I want while your heart is away in a red coat after Mr. Francis! Go your ways, lad, and be content, there's One above will take care of Jenny and me."

It was well that Will had had his thoughts turned to the real battle of life that very afternoon. It was certainly his duty to stay with his mother, at all events until Jenny could earn her own bread, yet his mother's consent for him to leave her might have been at one time too great a temptation for him to resist, but this evening he was proof; he did not dream of deserting his post.

"How would it do if I put my body into a grey coat, and stopped at home, mother?" he asked gaily.

Mrs. Mason stared at him, and he went on to tell her all about Mr. Frank's message, and his own newly-formed intention of joining the Volunteers. His mother made no objection, she only wished that he could carry out his plan "without meddling with them nasty fire-arms," which, as he laughingly pointed out to her, was impossible.

And so that matter was settled, and Will went to bed to dream of winning the challenge cup on Mr. Frank's birthday, though his last waking thought

had been of the fight in which he and his young master 'stood side by side.'

Forty-eight hours passed and how the scene had changed! It was no longer a fair bright evening, but a very stormy one. All day long the rain had fallen. The farmers were glad to think of crops safely housed, the 'hoppers' glad that the picking was over, and that they would not be obliged to stand on the wet clay at work under the soaking rain. At evening, although no longer a steady down-pour as had been the case during the day, there were stormy showers dashing every now and then against the windows of the lonely cottage, and the clouds had so filled the sky, that the moon was only visible at intervals when the wind drifted them apart. In Hendon, every door and window was close shut; the lights shone through the window-panes and the flicker of the fires within looked cheerful—or would have looked so to any who had been abroad to see, but none were abroad that night who could be at home.

It was past nine o'clock when Mrs. Mason's door opened, and she appeared on the threshold. One anxious glance along the lonely road,—a muddy, slippery road to-night, although so dry and dusty only yesterday,—one look upwards at the stormy sky, and then she turned into the cottage. A fierce gust of wind and rain rushed in after her, but she came out again almost directly, and this time little Jane was with her—little Jane crying bitterly, but wrapped up in mother's thick shawl, her own oldest hat tied down with a handkerchief over her ears, evidently prepared to go out into the dark stormy night, and to go out alone.

'Oh, mother! don't send me,' she sobbed. 'It be so dark; and, oh! see the rain!'

Mrs. Watson put her hand on the child's shoulder. 'You know you've got to do what mother bids you, Jenny,' she said. 'There's no one else to send, only you. You just run straight to Mrs. Martin's door, and give your message like a good girl.'

She stooped and kissed her, and then pushed her gently forward, but Jenny hung back.

'No, mammy, no! oh! I can't,' she cried, shrinking from the rain which the wind blew in their faces there at the open door.

'Be you going to mind me, Jane? You must go, so no more about it,' said her mother, quietly; and at the grave look and tone, Jenny—well trained from her cradle to obey, a training that stood her poor mother in good stead that night—hurried forward, and, crying as she went, ran stumbling and slipping along the wet muddy road.

For the first time in her life poor Mrs. Mason wished that she did not live so lonely. The Martins, to whose house little Jane was to go, lived fully three-quarters of a mile up the road, and they were her nearest neighbours. She stood looking after the little figure, which she could not keep in sight above a moment, and only that because the wind drifted the clouds apart just then, and a struggling moonbeam shone out. It was black darkness again soon, and the widow returned to watch by the bed where Will lay, unconscious—for all she knew, dead.

That very night, when she had gone to call him

to supper, she had found her Will at the back of the house lying senseless, stunned by a fall from the roof, on which he had climbed to see if he could remove a crazy chimney-pot which had been threatening all day to come down. He had better have left it alone; poor Will, so ready as he was for any job that came to hand first, so eager to have everything right and trim about the little place!

Somehow or other, she hardly knew how, Mrs. Mason had dragged him in and got him on to the bed, and there he lay, senseless, apparently lifeless, and how could she get the doctor to him before morning? Jenny must go, that was clear; but it was a hard matter to make the poor child do it, and only the strong habit of obedience could have brought it about. So Jenny was sent off with a message to Mrs. Martin, who would send word to the doctor, and who would be sure to keep the child all night; her mother did not look to see her back again, but looked most anxiously for the help which she had been sent to fetch. There she sat by the bed waiting for a faint sign of life; now and then she rose to tend the fire, or to open the door and listen for approaching footsteps, then back to her lonely watch, and so long hours wore away.

Meantime the little messenger struggled on, holding the old shawl tightly about her, slipping often in the mud and nearly falling, or in the darkness stepping right into some great puddle which would splash her from head to foot, still crying too, and every now and then sobbing out 'Mother, mother!' as she ran, but never turning back, by no means a brave little child, for she was very frightened, but surely a most dutiful and obedient one.

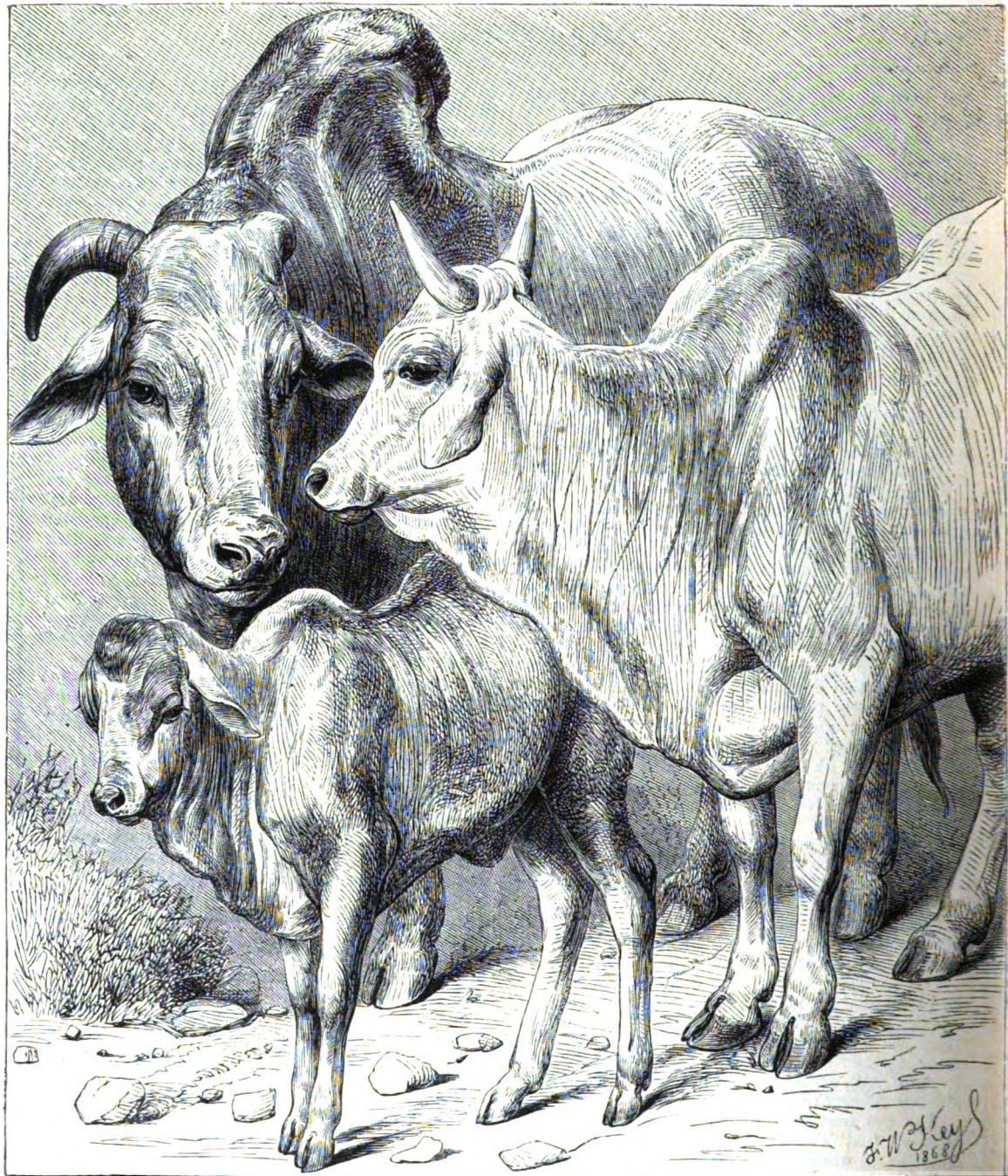
Her eyes became by degrees used to the night; she could distinguish the road from the dark banks on either side, and see the shape of trees here and there which were familiar to her in the day-time. But the very shapes loomed dark against the stormy sky, looking strange and terrible to poor Jenny till she remembered what they must be.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BRAHMINS' CATTLE.

MOST children and young people have heard about the Hindoos' cattle-worship, and the impudence of the so-called Brahmins' bulls. These Hindostani cattle, of the hump-backed breed, are very gentle and docile, and the high-bred ones have a noble expression in their somewhat idol-like faces.

Those in our picture are now alive at the Zoological Gardens, and I sketched them as they seemed such a happy family. It was very touching to see how the big old bull was as fond of the calf as its mother, and put up with its baby ways, and was never impatient. The calf kept between the old ones for many reasons,—for warmth when it was cold, for shade when the sun was out, for a feeling of safety, and mostly to have the flies brushed off by their tails or a movement of their heads. These cattle belonged to a small herd sent to our Queen as a present from some Indian grandee. They were very valuable, and celebrated for their speed in harness, for the Indians use them as we do horses.



Brahmins' Cattle.

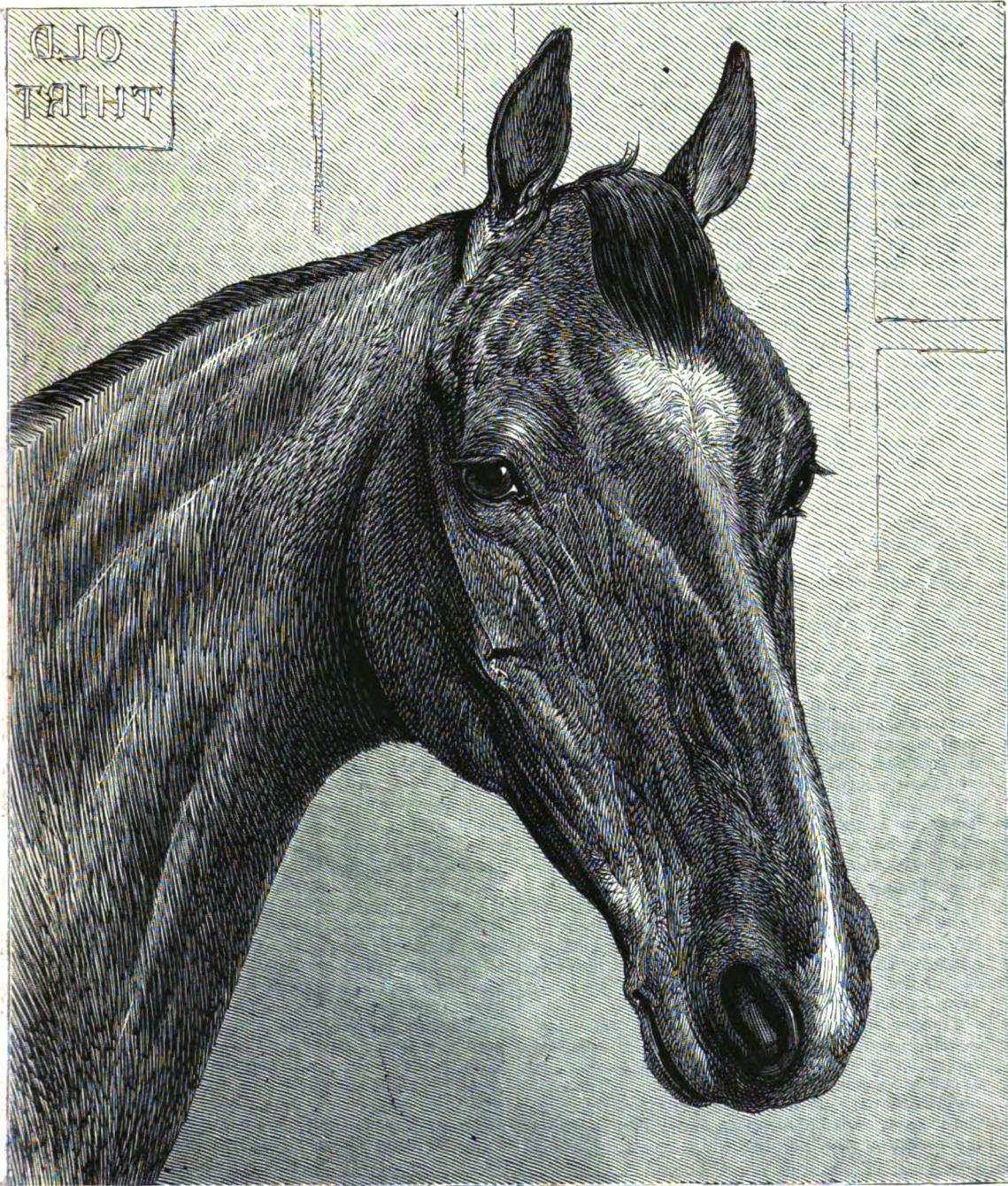
‘CHATTERBOX’ Volume for 1868 is now ready, price 3s. in Handsome Pictorial Binding;
5s. in cloth, extra gilt and gilt edges.

The Volume is a Picture Gift-Book well suited to Old or Young. It contains nearly 200 First-class Engravings, including a Beautiful Coloured Frontispiece, and Original Stories, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. &c.

No. 51. Nov. 16, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



Old Thirteen-and-Four, from Life, by F. W. KEYL.

Digitized by Google



OLD THIRTEEN-AND-FOUR AND HIS FELLOWS.

NCE, while painting them for their owner, I made the acquaintance of a stud of fine hunters, whose quarters were in a small town in Oxfordshire. The first time I went into the stable I could see it was a good home for its inmates, just after my own heart. One sees many excellent stables, well provided with light, air, good food, cleanliness, and all that concerns the bodily care of the horses; but, as soon as the door opens, you see wild eyes, and uneasy attitudes which betray excitement and fear, telling of kicks, blows, and rough voices; while, if you see a horse standing quiet with a placid, happy eye, you can tell that there is no nervous fear, and no cruel treatment. I can never understand why one of the most sensitive and sensible animals should be always shouted at with a harsh, brutal voice, and very often only addressed by kicks and blows. Very different was it to see these animals, whose kind master put his cheek against their faces, and seemed in caressing them to acknowledge the friendliness arising out of long acquaintance and pleasures which they had enjoyed together. For a horse loves his work, especially in the hunting-field, provided he is not required to do more than is within his strength.

Many of these animals were old servants, because Mr. Blank would not part with any that have a claim for good service upon him; he is not like some people, who only care for a horse or dog on account of its market value, and only feel an interest in them as long as they represent a certain sum of money. Nor does he like chopping and changing them as other people do, though he was often tempted by offers of high prices.

During the summer months the horses are turned out into a charming paddock, with a comfortable shed, and abundant grass. There is a pond, too, in the paddock, shaded by fine elms, where they may cool their hoofs, and keep the flies off their legs by standing in it during the hot summer's day. I forgot to mention, that in the stables the stalls and loose boxes were all so arranged, that the horses could see each other, and enjoy a little friendly nibbling and talk.

The horse, whose head you see in the picture is called Thirteen-and-four because he was bought by Mr. Blank as a four-year-old, and is still ridden by him after thirteen seasons' hunting. I saw him one day in the paddock, or, as it is called, playground, when he frisked about like a foal.

Another splendid old hunter, who was called Giraffe, enjoyed himself quite as much. Giraffe was a quiet and gentle horse, except when he is requested to get into a box at the railway station. Then he resists, and puts his whole weight against the men, and it requires six of them to shove him in, while the groom shows him the whip in a threatening

way. He had, perhaps, been badly handled before he came into Mr. Blank's possession; and also he dislikes leaving home, since he never gives any trouble at Winslow Station, as he knows it is for going home after his day's hunting.

Then there was Hillesden, a powerful, handsome chestnut. The box in which I painted was next to his own, and the whole time I worked he stood as near me as he could, behind his railings, watching me closely with pointed ears and an expression of, 'I cannot make you out; you are not a blacksmith, but you look suspicious.' Although otherwise a thoroughly good-tempered animal, he never would allow a blacksmith to come into his box; he would drive him out at once, and be as savage as possible. Some brutal fellow had most likely hit him on his shins with the hammer, and he never forgave or forgot it, and remained suspicious of anybody with an apron on or tools about him. My long coat, easel, and palette, only allowed him by degrees to find out I was not a blacksmith, and he felt bound to enter a protest against me, as I sometimes kept him and the other horses a long weary time. Horses, when weary, yawn as we do; and, if Hillesden saw too much of that, when his friends were held for me, he would snap at me.

Next to Hillesden's box was that of an elegant dark-brown, with a coat as glossy as satin. He had, however, a restless, suspicious eye, always twisting and twirling about and showing the white in it. Yet he was a very good sitter, as quiet as possible; only the moment old Peter, my somewhat shaky help, took his eye off him, he would try to give him a gripe. He was so strong, that by tossing his head up he would sometimes fairly lift him off the chair, as Peter would not let go. He also would continually gnaw something or other in his box, or hammer with his sinewy feet at the partition walls. With all he was fond of being petted and patted, only one had to be on the lookout. Owing to the light, he had sometimes to stand so close to me, that if so minded he might have kicked myself, picture, and easel, into a smash, but he never did. Of course he was famous over a fence or at a gallop.

Horses are often badly treated, because they cannot talk, and their pantomime is not understood. Poor Astrologer gave me a lesson in this. He was the kindest and quietest of all, except at the coverside. Yet he perpetually annoyed me by shaking his head. I scolded him, I scolded poor old Peter, but it was no use. By chance I took the halter off to see those parts of his head which it hid, when, lo and behold, he stood like a statue. The fact was, that, although not so handsome as many of the others, he showed his high birth in a particularly lean head and a very fine, thin skin. The coarse halter (not his usual one), tightened by old Peter's wooden hands, hurt him. Hence, he shook his head as a sign of distress. We often admire proud-looking horses in a carriage, waiting at a door, throwing the foam about and shaking their heads, which we imagine to be a conceited toss of self-satisfaction, while it is only his expression of pain from bit or bearing-reins, and a cramped attitude.

Of course Astrologer was not worried with a halter again for me. He got his name from a trick of throwing his neck and head up, as if he were star-gazing; but he *can* gallop, and no ground is too deep for him, nor any run too severe, albeit he has sixteen stone on his back all the time.

The flower of all was a bright bay, named D. T., because when young he saw imaginary horrors everywhere, and shook and trembled at them; which is one part of the terrible disease called *delirium tremens*, and which is brought on by the sin of drunkenness. Quiet and kind treatment, and allowing him thereby to find that there was nothing to fear, cured D. T. of his nervousness. His owner always calls him the *Gentleman*—and so he is in all he does;—and while he is perfectly harmless, he yet will not allow the undue familiarity of strangers.

I could say much more about the other horses; each has a story, and each has a character of his own, which they showed in their behaviour to such an unusual visitor, and so troublesome a one, as I was; but I am afraid I have already wearied you, and I must not chat any more about them.

WILL MASON; OR, FELLOW-SOLDIERS.

(Concluded from p. 399.)



HE had much ado to keep her footing up the long hill at all, the road was so wet and the wind so strong she really could scarcely stand up against it; but the Martins' house was just at the top of the hill, under the dark belt of fir-trees, and she pushed steadily on. To her right, far out in the fields, were Mr. Meadowes' farm-buildings, she fancied almost that she could see them, but her mother had charged her not to venture there, although the path through the green fields and over the ploughed land might be easier than that up the hill, and would have been safely trodden, even by her little feet in the daytime, in spite of its leading past the old gravel pit, which the farmer left unfenced, and which, after such weather, was sure to be half full of water. So the child struggled on until at last a strange black form, seeming to come out of the fir-wood, moved rapidly down the hill towards her, without any sound that was audible above the roaring of the wind. What could it be? Only a man on horseback; but poor Jenny had by this time quite lost her head from terror at so unwonted a night-walk, and, as the thing which appeared so very fearful to her imagination drew nearer, she crouched in the hedge, trembling all over, and when it was actually passing, gave one shrill scream, which made the horse start and plunge, wheel right, round, and gallop away again, depositing his rider to his great astonishment, in the mud beside the poor little girl. Out shone the moon just then, the man, whoever he was, struggled to his feet, and

Jenny, seeing that he *was* a man, and nothing worse, scrambled out of the hedge, exclaiming—

‘Oh, sir, Will’s dead, and mother wants the doctor; and, oh, please, do take care of me!’

Little Jane’s troubles were over now, for her companion down there in the wet road under the hedge was no other than the parish-doctor himself, who was on his way to Mr. Meadowe’s, where he had been sent for in haste to attend the farmer’s wife.

‘There goes my horse,’ said Mr. Ford, good-humouredly; ‘and perhaps it’s as well, for he would not have carried us both, and, luckily, he is sure to go home. Come, now, little lass, to be sure I’ll take care of you, and of your poor brother, too, if I can, only we must go to the farm in the first place.’

So Jenny passed that night with the good people at the farm, and Mr. Ford went on to poor Will, the moment he could be spared. But there was very little that could be done for him. Will never lived to join the Volunteers. The spine had been terribly injured in some way, and, although he did open his eyes again, after that long faint, and knew his mother, he never fully recovered consciousness, but lay most of the time in a sort of stupor. When Mr. Compton came the poor young fellow recognised him, but, though he smiled, he did not speak except once to say, ‘Side by side with Mr. Frank, sir.’

His mother, with her apron to her eyes, explained how ‘Will always did think a sight of Mr. Frank,’ and said that if she had let him go for a soldier when he first wished it he would never have lain there; but the vicar understood him better.

‘We cannot tell what is best for our dear ones,’ said he; ‘your lad has done his duty; no good soldier deserts his post,’ and at that Will smiled again.

He seemed to like to listen to the prayers and readings; and Mr. Compton was with him often, but, before the Colonel’s family were at home again, long before Mr. Francis came of age, the grass was green upon Will Mason’s grave.

After her son’s death Mrs. Mason went to live at Hendon.

‘I don’t know whatever she will do now,’ said Mary Green, speaking one day to Mr. Compton; ‘Will was the bread-winner, you see, sir; I don’t know what is to be done without him; I expect she must trust to Providence.’

‘She has not waited to do that until now,’ said the vicar, seriously.

The widow and little Jane prospered fairly, and by-and-bye the time came when the poor mother could take comfort, remembering how steady her dear lad had kept to his duty, and began to be glad to think of him as safe in his heavenly home after the warfare of life. Her neighbour wondered that she did not seem more ‘put out,’ as they expressed it, but old John would say—

‘There be them as shows their grief, and them as feels it; Will’s mother be one of that last sort, I take it.’

When Mr. Frank came home he stood sadly enough by Will’s grave as he listened to Mr. Compton’s account of his last hours. Few of us

realize the influence of example. It would be hard to say how often the young lieutenant thought of Will, how often he thought of the simple words, 'Side by side with Mr. Frank,' almost the last words of his young fellow-soldier. It would be hard to

say, too, how much the memory of those words helped him when his own fight waxed fierce,—that fight with Sin, the World, and the Devil, which would never cease for him until he too was laid to rest in the churchyard.



THE SHIP.

HEAVEN speed the canvas, gallantly unfurled,
To furnish and accommodate a world,—
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit the unsocial climates into one.
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave,
Impel the fleet whose errand is to save,
To succour wasted regions, and replace

The smiles of opulence in sorrow's face.
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene,
Charged with a freight transcending in its worth
The gems of India, nature's rarest birth,
That flies like Gabriel on His Lord's commands,
A herald of God's love to pagan lands.



A RUSSIAN FABLE.

'OOD day, gossip Thaddeus !'
 'Good day, gossip Egor !'
 'Well, friend, how are you getting on ?'
 'Ah ! gossip, I see you don't know of my misfortune ; God has afflicted me. I have set my barn on fire, and lost all I had in the world.'

'How so ? that is a poor game to play, gossip.'

'Why, this is how it happened : we had a feast on Christmas-day ; I went with a candle in my hand to feed the horses. I must confess something was buzzing in my head. Somehow or other I dropped the candle ; I just managed to save myself, but my barn and all my things were burnt. Now, how about you ?'

'Oh ! Thaddeus, a bad business. God has been angry with me, too, you know. You see I am without feet. Upon my word, I think it's wonderful I'm alive. I went into my cellar for some beer—it was on Christmas-day too—and I must admit that I had been drinking a little with my friends ; but, to prevent my setting the house on fire in my cups, I didn't take any light with me. Well, a demon gave me such a push down the steps in the dark that he upset me altogether ; and now you see I'm a cripple.'

'Blame yourselves, friends,' said their kinsman Stefan. 'To tell the truth, I don't see anything wonderful in one of you having set his house on fire and the other having to go on crutches. A drunkard is in danger when he carries a light, and more still when he goes in the dark.'—*Khilof.*



THE RIVAL EMPERORS.

On the ramparts of the ancient city of Nürnberg, two youths were strolling together, linked arm in arm, in the soft twilight of a June evening more than five hundred years ago. You could have told by their dress that they were of noble birth, for in those days every rank, station, and calling, had its peculiar dress, and there were strict laws about it. Their embroidered velvet tunics, belts stiff with gold, bright-coloured silken sashes, wrought with exquisite needlework, and the eagles' feathers fastened in their caps with jewelled clasps, all denoted high rank.

In appearance they differed greatly—the one was tall, slight, and graceful of figure, with long fair hair, falling in curls on his shoulders, after the fashion of the day. His features were strikingly noble and beautiful, and bore a stamp of refinement and gentleness seldom seen in those rude times. His companion was of much stronger build, brown-haired, with a face which was pleasing in its frank

and intelligent expression. There was a shade of sadness now on the countenances of both as they walked silently together. Immediately around them all was quiet ; the broad terrace of the city-wall was just then deserted, but the streets of the city below swarmed with a motley crowd of knights and squires, and men-at-arms and gaily-attired townspeople, and the houses were festively decorated with banners and flowers, and rich carpets hanging from the windows. Nürnberg was astir just then, for a great tournament had been held there in the last few days, at which many nobles and princes had assembled, and the Emperor himself, Albert I., of Hapsburg, had been present, and was now in the town.

The two friends on the rampart turned their faces away from the gay turmoil of the city out toward the open country, where winding rivers, and plain, and forests, and distant hills, were all melting into the mist of evening.

'And so we must part to-morrow, Louis. I can hardly believe it yet,' said the fair-haired one. 'How strange it will seem—Vienna without you ! I shall care neither for chase, nor study, nor trial of arms, without you to share them.'

'You should pity me more than yourself, my Frederick ; I have no brother, and sorely shall I miss you. But it is right and natural, after all, that my father should wish to keep me with him now. I must learn to know Bavaria, my heritage, where I seem almost a stranger. Oh, Frederick, is it not fair, a glorious country ?' and his gaze rested with a proud pleasure on the scene before him.

'I can see nothing but the road by which to-morrow I must leave you,' responded Frederick, sadly.

Louis passed his arm round him. 'Think of meeting rather than parting,' he said. 'We shall be sure to meet again before long.'

'Yes, if there should be war, that might bring us together ; for, of course, we should stand by each other.'

'Always !' cried Louis. 'There is the comfort, Frederick ; we may be parted, but nothing can sever our friendship—we are friends till death.'

'Till death !' responded Frederick, whose strange beauty won for him in after-life the title of 'the Fair,' and his hand and that of the Bavarian Louis were clasped together, as in the old German fashion they pledged themselves to be true to each other. There was a short silence, then Frederick spoke again.

'Let us make our friendship famous throughout the ages—an example of fidelity, unswerving and unsullied. Why should Orestes and Pylades, or Achilles and Patroclus, and the Syracusan friends, be the only world-famed types of friendship ? Why should not we, German princes, show to all the world that the much-boasted German fidelity is a reality ?'

'Yes,' exclaimed Louis, catching his enthusiasm, 'our friendship shall be a proverb throughout Christendom ! men shall speak of it in future ages, and shall say, "These two were friends like Frederick of Hapsburg and Louis the Bavarian."

Their farewell talk was interrupted by a shout.

'Ah, there you are ! my father awaits you both at the banquet ; he was impatient to find you. Come, Frederick ; come, Cousin Louis !'

The new comer had the same golden hair and deep-blue eyes as the fair Frederick, and a general likeness to him which might have made one guess that they were brothers, but he was of much stronger frame, and his face lacked the refined beauty of the other ; energy, resolution, and high spirit, made up its expression, befitting him who was afterwards called 'The Mirror of Chivalry.'

'Do you not care to mix with the gallant assembly, Frederick ?' he continued ; 'the townhall is filled with all the bravest knights and the fairest ladies in Christendom.'

'A compliment to your Niurenberg,' whispered Frederick to his friend. 'We are coming, Leopold.'

And the two sons of the Emperor Albert, with the young Bavarian prince, turned their steps towards the city.

Louis had been brought up from earliest boyhood along with the Emperor's sons, whose first cousin he was on the mother's side ; but now his father, the Duke of Bavaria, had recalled him to his own Court. It was after the tournament at Niurenberg in 1307, that the friends parted with vows of life-long friendship, as has been told.

And now we will pass on to relate where and how these two friends met again.

CHAPTER II.

MANY years had passed since the tournament at Niurenberg. In the same Bavarian land, on a plain near Mühldorf, an army was assembled, consisting mostly, as was usual in those days, of heavily-armed knights and their followers, nearly all mounted. Along the ranks of this army, as it stood drawn up in battle array, rode two men ; the one, an old knight, bent with age, whose feet trembled in his stirrups,—the other, a man in the prime of life, in whose grave and care-worn features you would hardly have recognised the bright, frank, hopeful Louis of Bavaria. He was clothed in plain armour, without the least distinguishing mark about him which might tempt an enemy's shaft. He, and old Sir Seifried Schwepperman, an experienced soldier, carefully surveyed the position of the army, and detached four hundred knights to form an ambush in a neighbouring wood. Now and then Louis would turn an anxious and observant gaze towards the further side of the plain, where another and a larger army was drawn up, and where, just in front, could be seen glancing in the moonlight a glittering figure.

The figure was that of a man in gleaming armour, overlaid with gold—on his breast the double eagle of the empire—a golden crown encircling his helmet—a look of proud exultation on the beautiful face, which the raised visor exposed to view.

Never had the princely beauty of Frederick the Fair appeared more striking than on this day ; it seems to have made a lasting impression on beholders, so as to have been specially noted by the chroniclers.

Did Louis and Frederick on that morning, when they were about to meet each other in deadly strife, remember their early friendships and those bygone days when they loved each other so well ? Most likely such thoughts did not come to them then. Each was too much occupied by the absorbing interest of the struggle in which they were engaged, too much taken up with worldly ambition, with the desire for a crown, which, after all, could bring them no true happiness.

Much had happened during the fifteen years that had passed over their heads since that tournament at Niurenberg ; much, which shall be told as briefly as possible.

First of all, the Emperor Albert I., the father of Frederick and Leopold, had been treacherously murdered by his nephew John, out of revenge for a supposed injustice. This happened in 1308. Then the Germans chose Henry, duke of Luxemburg, as their Emperor in his place ; for at that time the Emperor of Germany was always elected or chosen by a certain number of great princes, dukes, and bishops, who were called Electors.

Henry VII. died in 1313, that is, five years after he had been made Emperor. Then some of the Electors thought of the Emperor Albert's eldest son, Frederick, Archduke of Austria, and offered the crown to him. It seemed natural to Frederick that he should be Emperor as his father had been ; and his brother, the brave Archduke Leopold, was far more ambitious for him than he was for himself, Leopold's whole desire was to see his brother great and powerful, and he urged him to accept the crown.

But all the Electors did not wish to have Frederick as Emperor. Some of them fixed their choice on Louis, who had succeeded his father by this time as Duke of Bavaria. When they came to ask Louis to be Emperor, he was grieved at first, and said, 'Why do you think of me ? I gave my word to my cousin Frederick that I would not oppose his election. Let the Princes choose him—he is the best fitted for the crown.' But the Electors persuaded him that his promise was null and void, because he did not know when he gave it that he himself would be chosen. And they told him that all the country looked to him, and that he might do much good if he were Emperor,—and so at length Louis consented.

At that time there were nine Electors. When they met together to elect the new Emperor, Frederick got four votes and Louis five ; but that decided nothing, because it was the custom hitherto that no one should be Emperor unless he had the votes of all the Electors.

Now it was always the rule that the Emperor should be crowned in the ancient city of Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, and by the Archbishop of Cologne.

Frederick tried to get to Aachen to be crowned, but Louis was before him, and got possession of the town. So Frederick went to Bonn, on the Rhine, and there was crowned by the Archbishop of Cologne, who was on his side. Louis, meantime, was crowned at Aachen by another Archbishop. Thus

Louis had been crowned in the right *place*, and Frederick by the right *man*, and there was no deciding which was the rightful Emperor.

So there were two Emperors instead of one in Germany, and there seemed nothing for it but to go to war and settle matters by the sword,—a very sad way of settling them, which brought great trouble on the whole country.

For eight long years the war went on, until at last Frederick and his brother Leopold, who fought for him most faithfully, invaded Bavaria, Louis's own country.

They each had a separate army, and that which Frederick commanded came upon Louis and his army near Mühldorf. And so the rival Emperors met, as has been described, for one last great struggle for the crown.

It was early on a September morning, A.D. 1322, when the battle began, Frederick's wild fierce Hungarians and Croats at first carried all before them; he himself fought with chivalrous bravery. Louis's army held its ground with difficulty. Suddenly there was a cry of victory among the Austrians—a body of horse with Austrian colours emerged from a woody valley on their right. 'That is Duke Leopold! the day is ours!' they cried. But they were speedily undeceived. When the horsemen had advanced close up to them, they rushed forward in attack. They were enemies; the ambush planned by Schwepperman. All was soon in confusion; the Bavarian army advanced, and the Austrians, who were attacked on two sides, gave way and fled over the Tsen river. Frederick himself, with three companions, fought desperately, and was surrounded by the enemy. At last his horse was killed under him, and he surrendered his sword to a Bavarian knight.

Louis meanwhile—the battle being over, and the victory his,—assembled the chief among his brave knights in his tent to supper. But the country around had been so plundered by the enemy, that nothing could be procured but eggs. They were brought in on a great dish. Louis distributed them, one to each man, and one remained. This he gave, smilingly, to the old knight Schwepperman, with the words, 'One egg for every man, two for the good Schwepperman.' It is said that Schwepperman, strange as this may seem to us, caused these words to be engraven on his tomb.

They were just sitting down to their frugal supper when tidings came to Louis of the capture of his rival. He ordered him to be brought him.

With his bright armour covered with sword-dints and blood—with eyes fixed gloomily on the ground—Frederick the Fair stood before his captor.

'We are glad to see you here, Sir Cousin,' was Louis' greeting to him—a somewhat ungracious speech under the circumstances; but we cannot wonder that Louis in that moment of exultation forgot the courtesy which was due to a vanquished foe.

Frederick was silent, and did not raise his eyes from the ground. And thus it was that the two friends who parted at Nürenberg, met again after fifteen years.

CHAPTER III.

THE day after the battle, Frederick was sent off under a strong guard, to the Castle of Trausnitz, as a prisoner of war. His life here was very dreary. It is true he was treated courteously; the Castle and everything in it were at his service, and he was at liberty to go where he liked, within the limits of its outer walls; but that was very different from the free life in wood, and field, and camp, to which he had been used to. And besides, he had left behind him at his Castle in Austria, a wife and four young children, and he longed to see them again. Often as he sat on the ramparts of the Castle and listened to the monotonous sound of the little river which flowed by its walls, and looked out over the wide country where only his eyes were free to roam, he wished that he had never entered on that unhappy strife—that he had never been offered the crown which had brought him nothing but trouble; and he pined like a caged eagle for freedom.

Three years had passed thus, when one day an old Abbot (Godfrey of Maurbach was his name) appeared before Louis at Munich, and told him he came from his prisoner at Trausnitz Castle, whose health was giving way under his captivity, and who was willing to resign his claim to the crown if Louis would release him.

Louis had, meantime, not been reigning in peace. The war was going on just the same. Leopold of Austria fighting desperately to gain his brother's freedom, and Louis was getting very weary of the long struggle. Moreover, the Pope had taken Frederick's side, and had excommunicated Louis, and forbidden his subjects to obey him. When he received the Abbot's tidings, he mounted his horse and rode at once to Trausnitz. Compassion for his former friend, now his rival and prisoner, touched his heart, and he and Frederick met with an embrace. Then they stood for a few minutes gazing silently at each other's faces. Frederick was so changed that Louis would not have known him,—so worn, so aged, and the bright hair all turned grey before its time. The sight of him saddened Louis; the recollection of old days came over him like a flood.

'How hard is my fate,' he said, 'that I am forced to keep the friend and companion of my youth a prisoner here!'

'Oh, Frederick, do you remember how we vowed faithful friendship to each other at Nürenberg? We were but foolish youths then,' he added, with a sigh, 'now we are men, who must not follow where our hearts lead us, but have the interests of our country to think of.'

'Ah, Louis, I have often wished back those foolish days,' said the captive, mournfully. 'The crown has brought me nothing but a weight of care and a weight of chains. Louis, I will resign to you the burden of royalty. Let me return to die in peace among my family.'

(Concluded in our next.)



THE KNIFE GRINDER.

NEEDY knife-grinder! Little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
 'Scissors to grind, O !'—G. CANNING.

‘CHATTERBOX’ Volume for 1868 is now ready, price 3s. in Handsome Pictorial Binding;
 5s. in cloth, extra gilt and gilt edges.
 The Volume is a Picture Gift-Book well suited to Old or Young. It contains nearly 200 First-
 class Engravings, including a Beautiful Coloured Frontispiece and Original Stories,
 Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. &c.

No. 52. Nov. 23, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



THE DANGEROUS BATH.

By Rev. John Horden, of Moose, Rupertsland.

IN Rupert's Land the ice in winter is very, very thick, and there is then very little fear of a person's breaking through when walking on it; but as winter is setting in the Indians sometimes find a difficulty in obtaining food, and will then venture on the thinly-frozen river, to endeavour to catch some fish, by making a hole in the ice, and angling with a hook.

Just after the river was frozen this winter a young woman of my congregation, who was off with her parents, feeling the pangs of hunger, and finding nothing in the woods with which to allay them, thought she would try to get a fish or two. Taking with her a hook and axe, she went to the river, made a hole through the ice with her axe, and, sitting down, dropped her baited hook into the water.

She had not sat long, when crack, crack went the ice, and before she could move towards the shore she was in the water. She struggled hard, for life is worth a struggle, but the ice broke from her each time she tried to rest on it. No one was near; —on towards the shore she goes, for Indian men or women seldom lose their presence of mind;—her clothes are torn from her body, her legs and thighs are lacerated in a fearful manner, still she struggles; the shore is now not far distant, the water has become shallow, and now insensibility comes over her, and in that state she is discovered by her mother, who gets her ashore; but her legs have become paralysed, they refuse to perform their office.

Some days afterwards she was brought to me in a most miserable condition. I feared she was to be a cripple for life, but the means I used for her recovery, with God's blessing, were successful; first there came a little sensation in one leg, then in the other, then she could stand, and then she could hobble with the assistance of a crutch, and now, the crutch thrown aside, she is again able to walk as well as ever.

And are not my young chatterboxes very glad and thankful that they have no such difficulties in getting their breakfasts and dinners and teas, so when they sit down to their comfortable meals let them give a thought to those both at home and abroad who scarcely ever taste of food without having had a hard struggle to obtain it.

THE RIVAL EMPERORS.

(Concluded from page 407.)

LOUIS looked grave and thoughtful. 'You give up all claim to the crown, then?' he asked.

'Yes,' replied Frederick, 'all claim.'

'God knows how willingly, how gladly I would set you free,' returned Louis; 'but I must think of the welfare of the country which these unhappy wars have desolated. If, when you return to your home, your brother Leopold will not lay down his arms—if the war flames up afresh, and your

friends and followers persuade you to alter your resolve—'

'If I find,' broke in the captive prince, with a quiet dignity and firmness which gave weight to his words, 'that I cannot fulfil the conditions of my release, I give you my word as a Christian knight, as a German prince, that by midsummer I will return and give myself up once more to captivity.'

'That pledge is enough. I trust you, my Frederick; you are a free man to-day.'

And once more the rivals grasped each other's hands as confirming their agreement, and then they sat long together, and talked over all the past, and many memories of their former friendship rose up in each, till they began to feel as if all that terrible strife were but a dream, and as if they had never been aught but friends.

Louis stayed that night at Trausnitz; next morning they both received the Holy Communion together as a sign of their reconciliation; and also, according to the custom of the times, as rendering more binding the promises they had made to each other. Then Louis lent Frederick horses and men, and saw him depart on his journey.

CHAPTER IV.

GREAT rejoicing there was at Vienna, when the Emperor, whom all supposed to be captive in a distant land, appeared again among them.

Straight to the castle, in the centre of the town, rode Frederick; he would be first, he said, to tell his wife of his release. His wife was sitting in her chamber; her eyes had grown so dim, it is said, by weeping for him, that she could not see the face so sadly changed of Frederick the Fair, but by his voice she knew him at once, and her mourning was turned into joy. His little children had nearly forgotten him, but when told it was their father, they gathered round him in delight.

The Archduke Leopold was not in Vienna, but absent with the army when his brother returned. Frederick passed some happy days with his family before Leopold joined them. The joy of that true-hearted brother, whose only object in life had long been the success of Frederick's cause, was doubtless great when he heard of his release, and he hastened to meet him. He was all exultation, and full of plans for the future—plans which Frederick was forced to overthrow, though at first he shrank from doing so.

'Now that you are among us again, all will be well,' said Leopold. 'I have raised a large army; your presence alone is needed to inspirit it; we will march into Bavaria.'

'Stop, Leopold,' said Frederick, sadly. 'I have promised to resign the crown, and put an end to the war.'

'Promised! and to whom?'

'To Louis of Bavaria as the condition of my release.'

'To Louis!' repeated Leopold, scornfully; 'to a man under the excommunication of the Church, and the ban of the empire!'

* It should be explained here, that in those days, if a person was excommunicated, he was regarded as beyond the pale of humanity; no obligations to him were considered binding on any one.

'I have promised, and I shall keep my word,' said Frederick, firmly.

'Are you mad?' returned Leopold, almost angrily; 'keep your word to an excommunicated man!'

'God forbid that I should dishonour myself by breaking faith,' replied Frederick, calmly.

'And you expect me to aid you in destroying your own prospects?' said Leopold, indignantly. 'No! if you are so romantic and unpractical, I am at least not bound to keep what you may have promised. And I never will sheathe my sword until the enemy of our house has been thrust down from the place which is not his!'

'Then you condemn me once more to captivity? Then you will not let me enjoy the freedom which I have but just tasted!' said Frederick. 'For unless you promise to put an end to the war I must return again to Louis, and deliver myself up. I have sworn it.'

'Mad indeed you must be if you do that,' cried Leopold, half incredulously.

'I will do it if you do not lay down the sword.'

'Better even so, then, if you are such a fool, than to give up all and make peace,' Leopold replied, bitterly. 'Then, at least, I shall have something left to fight for. Oh, Frederick!' he continued, in a sadder tone; 'I have given all my life to win power and glory for our family—for you! And is all to be in vain? Now at length fortune favours us—you are free. I have an army ready; is this a time to make peace? No! one struggle more, and the crown will be yours.'

In vain Leopold tried to shake Frederick's resolution; and in vain Frederick tried to make his brother consent to peace. They talked till late into the night, and when at length they parted, Frederick saw plainly that his brother's obstinate resistance in this matter was not to be overcome. But he almost feared that his own resolution might be shaken if he listened to the persuasions and entreaties of his family and friends. So his decision was quickly made. He did not sleep that night, but as soon as day broke he ordered horses to be got ready. He would not see his brother again, neither would he take leave of his wife, lest her grief should unnerve him; and early in the morning, without the knowledge of any but two faithful servants, whom he took with him, he departed.

It must have been with feelings of bitter sadness and regret that he thus turned his back once more upon his home, with its just tasted joys. But we may believe that his captivity and his intercourse during that time with the good old abbot had not been without an elevating effect on his character and to do right, to follow his conscience, at whatever cost, was now his chief end and aim.

A few weeks after his release, Frederick presented himself before Louis at Munich.

'Midsummer Day has not come yet,' he said, with a smile.

'But I am here, Louis. Receive your prisoner again. I cannot fulfil the conditions of my release.'

Surprised—touched—completely conquered by

his captive foe, Louis clasped Frederick in his arms.—

'O noble heart!' he exclaimed, 'who hast left freedom, home, wife, and friends, to keep faith with an enemy! Nay, now no longer an enemy. Frederick, you shall not sit in prison, but on the imperial throne. You have lost your brother for my sake, now take your rival for a brother. Let us revive our ancient friendship; let us rule the Empire jointly, and share everything together.'

These were no mere empty words, spoken on the impulse of the moment; Louis of Bavaria meant what he said. The Chancellor of the Empire was called, and a deed drawn up, stating that they would both reign henceforth as joint Emperors; and the two rivals ate at one table and slept in one bed as in the happy days of their youth. Thus the boyish wish of those days was fulfilled, though in a way far different from what they had then expected; and German emperors did indeed give to the world a lesson of high-minded fidelity and generosity.

But the war was not yet over. Leopold, thinking his brother a prisoner, marched an army into Bavaria, and Louis was obliged to take the field against him. Before he went he committed all power into the hands of Frederick, who remained at Munich; so that the world saw the strange spectacle of a prince, when going forth to war, leaving behind him to guard his home, the very foe against whom he was about to fight. It is said that when tidings of this were brought to the Pope (who had done everything he could to stir the enmity between the rivals) he thought it so impossible that he refused to believe it.

Soon afterwards peace was made, and the sad civil war put an end to all over the country. Frederick and Louis agreed to divide the empire between them. Louis was to have Germany, and Frederick Italy. But all desire for rule had departed from Frederick. His health had suffered in his captivity, and two years after the peace he died in a convent, whither he had gone for quiet and retirement. Louis lived and reigned until 1347. He tried to maintain peace and to do good to his people, and was one of the best emperors the Germans ever had.

So ends the true story of the rival Emperors.

A KIND-HEARTED DOG.

IN a village in the East Riding of Yorkshire, there lived a blacksmith whose wife had a very small spaniel, or half-bred Blenheim, which was a great pet. One day I entered the cottage, and sat down to have a chat with the good woman. We talked about this little dog, which, she said, was useful as well as ornamental, for it caught mice; and then she told me that the blacksmith had been trying it with a rat which he had caught in a trap, but for fear it should bite the little dog, the cruel man had broken all the rat's teeth with a pair of pincers.

It makes one shudder to think of the agony the poor rat must have suffered, and it reminds me that there are farmers who are equally cruel to their



The Dog and Rat, by F. W. KEYL.

poor sheep, breaking their teeth to prevent them eating the roots of turnips in the fields, instead of the turnip-tops only.

When the poor rat was let out of the trap it was so exhausted with pain, that it lay down instead of flying at the dog. When the little dog saw this, he pitied it, though his master did not, and he began to lick the poor rat all over, and lay down by it, and even growled at the man when he wished to

take it away, and snarled at him whenever he came near.

I loved the little dog ever after I heard this, for it showed a kind heart. The dog knew what pain was, for he had broken his hind-leg when he was a puppy. Let us learn a lesson from this kind-hearted, little dog, and do what we can to soothe the pain and relieve the distress of any around us who are in any trouble.

A. S.

With our next Number will be issued a Beautiful Coloured Picture 'CHERRY RIPE.' The Coloured Picture and the Number together, price One Penny.
Cases for Binding the Volume, 1s. each.

A Series of 'SHADOWS ON THE WALL' will be begun in our next Number.